AUG 3, 1946 10c

Liberty

Beginning:

Murder on 52nd St.

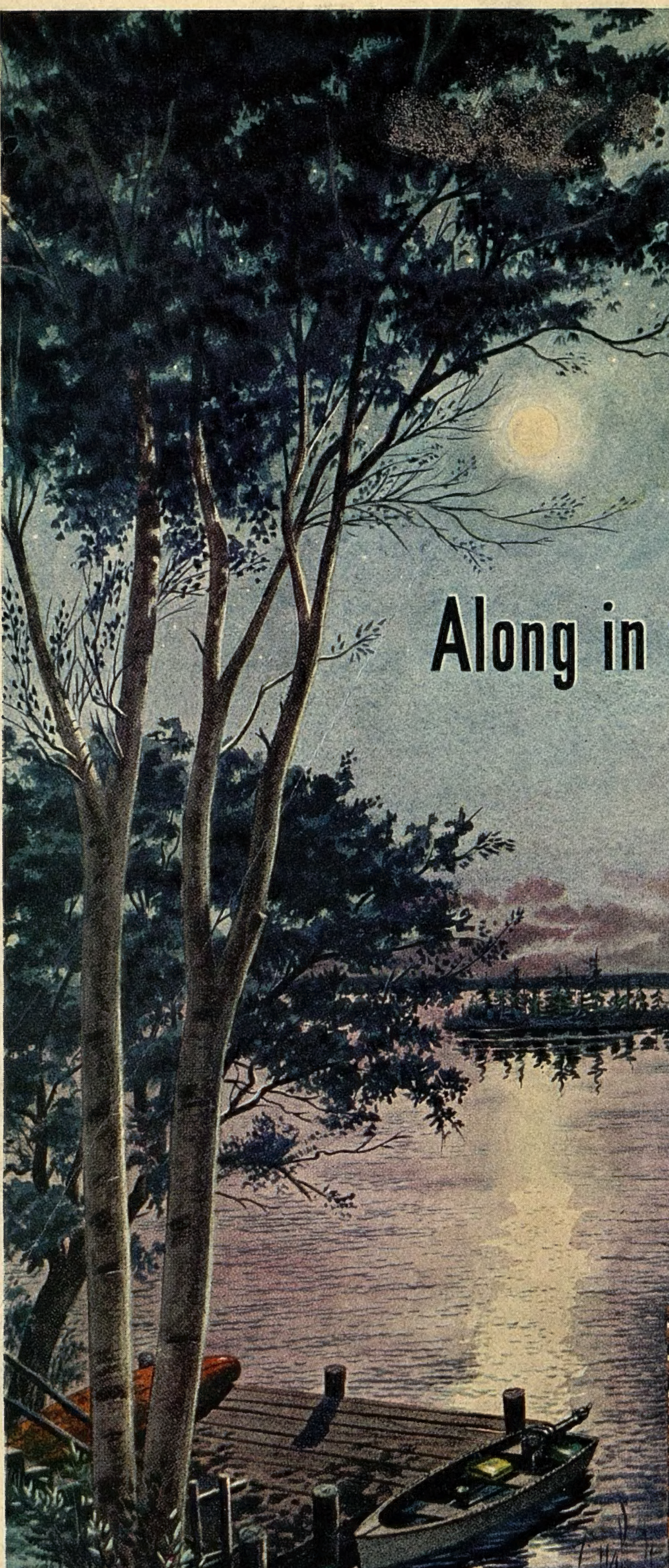
BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

HOUSES AT $25 A MONTH? YES!

Book: WASHINGTON TAPESTRY

By Mrs. Raymond Clapper

L5539-303



Away from the hustle
Away from the bustle
Away from those city lights!

There's little, we think,
Can match a cool drink
In that cabin on moonlit nights!

H. E. Kelley

Along in the cool of the evening

Just put yourself in this picture. An easy arm's reach away is something that fits it, too—a tall one made with mellow Old Thompson. For there's no whiskey like "Thompson"—it alone has the Glenmore touch-of-quality plus the matchless flavor of Old Kentucky.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

A Glenmore Product

OLD THOMPSON
Glenmore's
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

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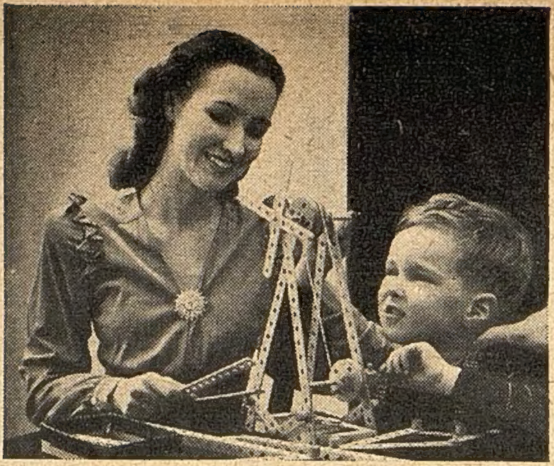
A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS



A Physical "Ed" major in college, this young Westchester (N.Y.) matron knows more about health than windmills. She knows that tender gums often leave a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* He may suggest, as so many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

No one knows better than a successful model how important a smile can be. And sparkling teeth call for healthy gums. So Natalie sees to it that Jojo massages his gums with a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste after each brushing. This speeds up circulation and helps keep gums from becoming tender.

Many parents could learn from their youngsters about gum massage. For care of teeth and gums is taught in thousands of classrooms today. Not only do 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage (as shown in nationwide survey), but they prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice for *their own use!*

Can a MODEL Mother be a Model MOTHER?

Judging by little Jojo's bursting health, cover-girl Natalie Reid does two jobs well

Who's afraid of the great big falcon? Jojo smiles to show *he's* not. Not much, anyway. Training falcons for hunting has been a lifetime hobby of Dad's. More than a hobby with the Reids, however, is proper care of teeth and gums. Yes, gums, too. For today's soft foods don't always give gums the exercise they need. So the Reids use the dentifrice that is specially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness...Ipana.

ONE OF AMERICA'S best-known magazine cover girls is Natalie Reid.

Less well known is the fact that this slim, dark, beautiful model is the wife of newspaper-editor Edward Reid and mother of a strapping 5-year-old, Michael John Reid—"Jojo" to his intimates.

As you might expect from a mother who is also a model, Mrs. Reid is especially concerned with the future of Jojo's smile—the proper care of his teeth and gums. So she has taught him to follow the dental routine she herself follows so religiously—*Regular brushing, followed by gum massage with extra Ipana.*

For this former Brooklyn College student knows what thousands of dentists and schools throughout the country are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And that sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums. So get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today!

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TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
Ipana and Massage

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of all time
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Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
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In This Week's Liberty

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Lee Pasquin, *Management*
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Stacy V. Jones, *Washington*
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Cover: Anticipation

KODACHROME BY BLACKWELL-KERLEE, FROM THREE LIONS

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

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Liberty, August 3, 1946, Vol. 23, No. 31. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1946, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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Kristin Lavransdatter

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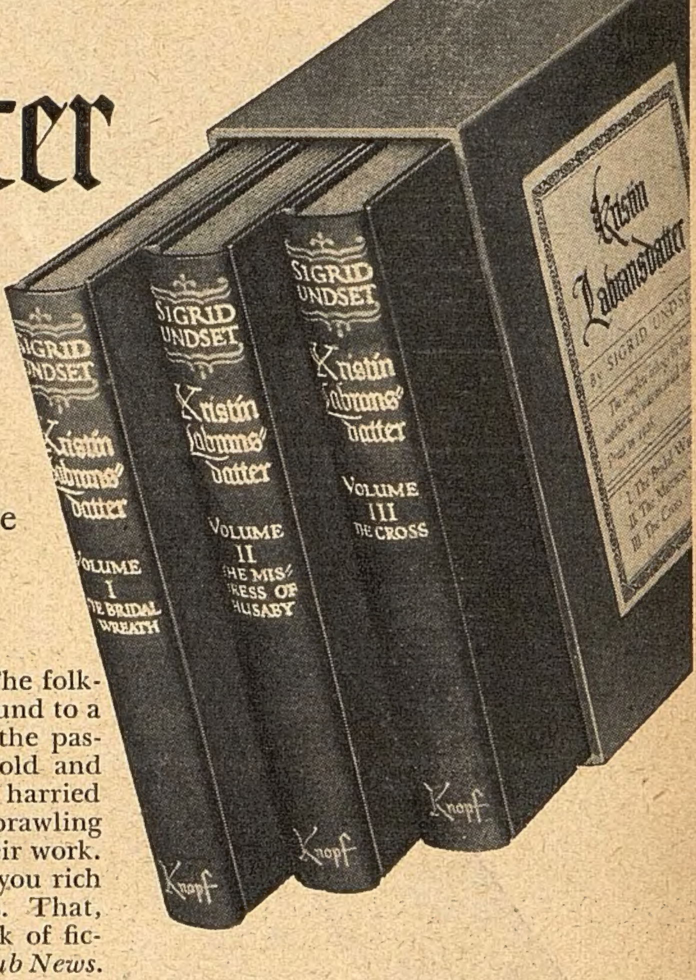

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

CHICAGO, ILL.—Voluntary rationing is a fine idea. But at this rate we aren't being of much help to a world in distress. One recalls that England is rationing her own inadequate supply of food as strictly as during the war. In English periodicals one does not encounter bilious accounts of alimentary excesses like Paul Gallico's clever article, *I Hate* Cocktail Parties! (June 22). Rather, one finds such rueful jests as this:

"SH-H-H! OTHERS'LL EXPECT EM!"
F C

A man who was dining at Crewe
Found a very large mouse in his stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout
Or wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one too."

—*Patricia Staebler.*

THE LEGAL LIGHTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I think it's a shame that the Supreme Court, the one institution in our democracy that seemed least touched by human frailty, should fall from its high pinnacle of prestige into a public gutter of feuds and bickerings. These men are supposed to be the brains of the country, and if reason does not rule them, you can't expect much from us common folk.—*Mrs. G. L.*

THANKS FOR THE GESTURE

TULSA, OKLA.—I wish to commend you for your new series, Thanks for the Memory. It's a very nice gesture to remember some of our outstanding Americans. What we need is more of the same.—*Mrs. A. V. B. Candler.*

MIAMI, FLA.—The Thanks for the Memory feature about George M. Cohan (June 15) was particularly good. By the way, is Allen H. Witwer, who writes the feature, a relative of the famous H. C. Witwer, the great author of funny stories years ago?—*Arthur F. Myers.*

Yes—his son.—VOX POP EDITOR.

OFF THE BEAM

RANDADO, TEXAS — Doesn't Ted Shane read Liberty? In his Quizz-ical Crossword (June 8) he asked us to (Vertical 6) "Name the great new jet-propelled passenger plane." This worked out to be "Constellation." Wayne Parrish in On the Beam (April 20) fully describes the Constellation as a four-engine plane—not jet-propelled. Ted Shane should get back "on the beam."—*M. A. Cohn.*

SLANT ON THE VET

METUCHEN, N. J.—Morton Thompson's book, How to Be a Civilian, which was condensed in Liberty (June 8), is great stuff.

I sell life insurance, call on many veterans, and this will help me to understand them.—*L. H. Hart.*

THE GIRL BACK HOME

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Your bathing-suit cover (June 8) brought back to mind the topper of all bathing-suit covers for any magazine—yours of June 25, 1945.

Liberty

Book: SHAPE OF DANGER

HOW WE ARE PLANNING FOR LOTS OF JOBS

SWIM SUITS OF 1945 —A PREVIEW

I still have it and so does every member of my outfit. We are all civilians again now, but at the time we were still in the South Pacific with MacArthur.

Your model, Rita Corday, became our "Girl Back Home." We learned from your magazine who she was and that she was under contract to RKO studios. We contacted her and found her a charming correspondent. Until June '41 she'd lived in Shanghai with her folks. Her father was still there at the time, working as an intermediary for the American Red Cross and prisoners of war in conjunction with his duties as an attaché to the Swiss Embassy in Shanghai.

We located her brother on Leyte, then on Okinawa, where he was a walkie-talkie operator.—*H. Brennen.*

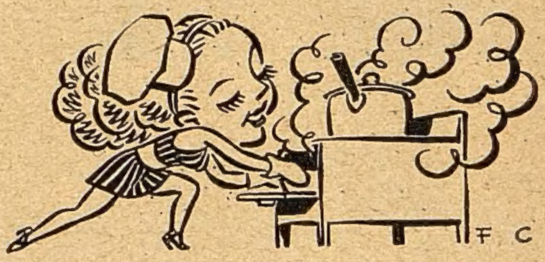
IRISH FLAVOR

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I speak not only for myself, but also as past president of the Gaelic Society of New York, when I say that the short stories by T. F. Healy with their Irish flavor are about the best of their kind I have read.—*Sean L. O'Scannlain.*

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'm not in the habit of writing fan letters to magazines, but in the June 22 Camera Eye you printed a picture of a movie starlet called Mary Tharp.

I knew her as "Bunny" and, for your information, she has a lot more to offer than just a pair of beautiful legs.



I was stationed in Dalhart, Texas, with her husband, and through my friendship with him was on the receiving end of many a feed cooked by Bunny. And I mean she can cook—everything from apple pie to homemade bread.—*Capt. W. M. Sullivan.*

APARTMENTS UNRENTED

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—In the June 22 Vox Pop, Frank Greenberg takes issue with Paul Hunter's editorial on the housing shortage and states that the only way to more housing is just that: more houses.

There's more to it than meets Mr. Greenberg's eye. In this city alone there are plenty of vacant apartments and houses. Every one of them is furnished and, from the outside, apparently occupied, but owners are quietly going about leaving them unrented because it's cheaper than the wear and tear when occupied. Maintenance, labor, and food have been allowed increases by the OPA, but not one red penny for the landlords. And that's the result.—*R. K.*

PARENT TRAINING

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—It's become a habit recently to jump to the conclusion that behind every problem child there's a delinquent parent. Mary Ellen Mayse (Vox Pop, June 15) is just another example.

If that's the majority view, why doesn't somebody do something about it—like offering some decent courses of training for all parents?—*Carol Prestine.*

Not a bad idea.—VOX POP EDITOR.

COMEBACK ON COCKTAILS

YONKERS, N. Y.—Paul Gallico must have had a hangover when he wrote I *Hate* Cocktail Parties! (June 22). It can't be that bad.—*Carol Spette.*

BOSTON, MASS.—Gallico did a beautiful job of tearing off the tinsel and showing cocktail parties for what they're worth.—*G. H.*

FLINT, MICH.—Paul Gallico ought to read this poem by Margaret Fishback, your woman's page editor, on the subject of cocktail parties:

The smoke is thick, the guests are thicker,
Their roving eyes in search of liquor.
There are no chairs in which to sit,
I crave a door through which to flit.
But who am I to fuss and fret
At cocktail party etiquette?
I can't say I was forced to come,
So let's conclude I'm just plain dumb.
—*Fred Rosenkranz.*

DRUDGE WITHOUT DIAMONDS

REDLANDS, CALIF.—I just finished reading Diamond-Decked Drudge, by Alyce Canfield (June 22). It is very interesting to know that the gals who make the millions have to sweat for it. I don't envy Vivian Blaine her success or her money, but perhaps she will feel better when she knows that I, just one of a million, was a drudge for years and was never diamond-decked for it.—*Mrs. C. H. K.*

"SO EXHAUSTING!"
GOLD

WE PAY THE BILLS

GLENDALE, ARIZ.—People like Lenore Ferber (Vox Pop, June 22) make me sick. It seems to me the United States is doing more than its share to care for the hungry world already. How about the hundreds of war orphans who have been brought over here and adopted by some generous American family? How about all the bundles of clothes and food sent across by the government, and all the other relief and welfare organizations? And to top off the bitter pill, the United States is supposed to rebuild the war-torn countries of enemies and allies alike.

Who pays the bills? We, the little people, with our labor and our taxes. And all we get for it are shortages! I say we should do all we can, but let's feed our own poor and keep up our own strength first.—*Mrs. Clita Whisenhunt.*

(*Continued on page 8*)

TWA
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PATENTED

TWA uses
CHAMPION
The Dependable Spark Plug

When TWA, "Trans World Airline," selects spark plugs, you can be certain that it is exercising expert judgment backed by experience. This outstanding air line uses dependable Champion Spark Plugs for the great majority of its domestic and international planes including the famous TWA Constellations. Here once again is conclusive proof that Champions are the choice of experts and make every engine—on land, water, or in the air—a better performing, more dependable engine. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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...for almost 40 years!

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You found a better "car carrier" in LEE DeLuxe tires because LEE of Conshohocken workers put *more* into these tires. You received your reward in tires that give you more for your dollar in dependable, economical service year after year.

And year after year *advances* are made... advances in engineering, construction and manufacturing methods which have gained and held the friendship and respect of a legion of buyers who prefer LEE DeLuxe tires.

LEE *Double-life* RAYON *Cord*

Replace with LEE *of Conshohocken TIRES*

LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION
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Republic Rubber Division... Industrial Rubber Products... Youngstown, Ohio

(Continued from page 7)

YOUTH SOUNDS OFF

OLYMPIA, WASH.—After reading Europe's Children, by Harry Edward Neal (June 22), I wonder how people in America can live with themselves.

Sometimes I think it's too bad that we of the younger generation aren't older. Maybe we could set a better example for the coming generations.—*Miss Bennie Stauffer.*

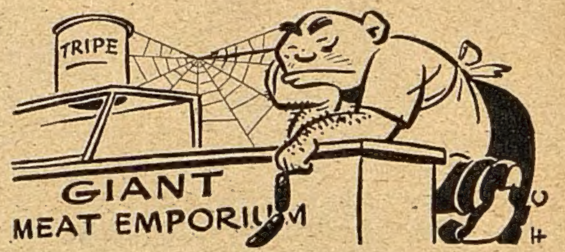
Proving once more that the child is father of the man.—VOX POP EDITOR.

A FREE PEOPLE?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—What a laugh! To illustrate your lead article, The Most Powerful Man in America, by Harold L. Ickes (June 8), you have a picture of John L. Lewis. On this picture (on Lewis' sleeve, in fact) you have the words "Liberty, the Magazine of a Free People"! What do you mean "free people"? There ain't no such animal any more when men like Lewis can control the economic life of us all.—*J. A. C.*

MODERN MEAT MARKET

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Harry Edward Neal's article, Look Before You Eat (June 15), about the federal inspection of meat, is all very interesting. But the pictures of all that meat made my mouth water with nostalgia.



If you want to be realistic, why don't you show a picture of a legal modern meat market with what it has to sell (?). Cold cuts and sausage would be all you'd see.—*Clifford Brown.*

Anybody got a thick steak?—VOX POP EDITOR.

TRIBUTE TO THE SHRINERS

BASTROP, LA.—Thank you for telling the world what the Shriners are doing for the bodies of helpless children in Putting Them on Their Feet, by Morris Markey (June 15). It is what thousands of us have wanted to do for a long time.

Twenty-two years ago I was carried into the Shriners' hospital at Shreveport, Louisiana. After four months I was walking! Many like me are the living testimony of the skill and interest of the late Dr. Durham, a prince among surgeons, and of the interest of our respective sponsors, who, for me, was Dr. C. E. Spivey.—*Carl E. Farrar.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

PHYLLIS OF NEW ENGLAND

PHYLLIS DUGANNE comes from a long line of New Englanders — seagoing Cape Codders on one side and inland farmers on the other. But a literary aunt introduced her to a crew of authors, who seemed to have such a lovely time that she decided to become one too. After an interlude of New York newspaper work, she did. And since 1922 she's had "that lovely time" on Cape Cod—turning out reams of fiction, like SHOT IN THE DARK (page 26), and trying to make vegetables and flowers grow in sand. She was married first to a writer, then to an artist; had a daughter in 1921 and a son in 1939. After the latter, her daughter remarked that, unlike stories, "Mother has a baby every eighteen years."

REAL-ESTATE ACE

IN line with his newspaper work, Noel C. Cobb has poked his nose into all sorts of real-estate projects north, east, south, and west. And, for soundness and lack of red tape, his vote goes to the Lambert housing plan in New Brunswick, N. J., where rents are $25 PER MONTH PER HOUSE (see page 16). During the last twenty-odd years he's been a reporter, editor, writer, and public-relations expert. He's traveled from South Carolina to New Jersey to California and back again. But the worst trip of all, he says, is the commuting he does now to and from New York City by train, Hudson tube, and subway.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty

Book: STATES OF GRACE
Gay, Witty Novel
THE SAD FACTS ABOUT FILLING STATIONS

Close-up of MONSIGNOR FULTON J. SHEEN
who converted some of America's leading citizens to Catholicism

MONSIGNOR FULTON J. SHEEN, who converted Clare Boothe Luce, Henry Ford II, and a prominent Communist, is a leading figure in the Catholic world. Stacy V. Jones paints an inspiring picture of THE FERVENT FATHER. . . . There's more to THAT VINE-COVERED GAS PUMP than meets the eye. Morris Markey gives the sober facts to would-be filling-station owners. . . . Amy Vanderbilt introduces THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSEKEEPER, whose culinary problems will strike a familiar chord. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, STATES OF GRACE, by Francis Steegmuller, is the gayest and wittiest satire of the year.

Summerproof your Hair
with
Vitalis
Golf Club

SOME WAYS, it's too bad a man can't store his hair, come summer. Hair-shielding scalp oils get baked out by the sun, dried out by the wind, washed out by showers and swims.

Most summers, you could wind up with a thatch so dull, brittle and ornery that only a porcupine would envy it.

But not *this* summer. For now that Vitalis is back, you can "Summerproof" your hair, give it a fast weatherbeating workout that'll keep *it* reasonable and *you* handsome!

here's how

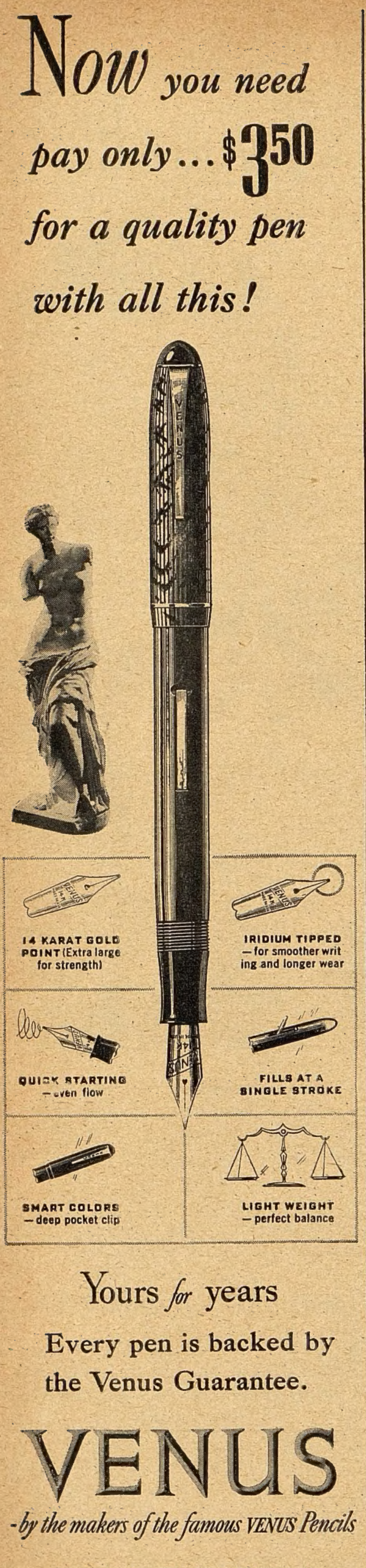
Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

1. **Before you exercise**—50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp give Vitalis' pure vegetable oils a chance to help natural scalp oils protect your hair . . . no matter *what* you do. Then, 10 seconds to comb . . . and see how the lovelies perk up when you pass!

2. **After you exercise**—repeat. This time Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" help replace the protective oils you lost to sun, wind and water. Feel that stimulating tingle as you work Vitalis in your scalp, routing loose dandruff, helping retard excessive falling hair. So . . . comb. You're handsome enough to whistle at. Start with Vitalis today . . . and let the *weather* take a beating this summer!

VITALIS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

Product of Bristol-Myers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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

O, the farmer needs a plane, the farmer needs a plane! Heigh-O . . . No kidding: he really does need a Model-T Ford of the air

THE flying farmer is really here, and at last the airplane manufacturers have a solid utility market—provided they build planes of the type the farmers want.

Not in a long time has your On the Beam editor been so thoroughly stimulated by a public statement as he was in reading the testimony of Forest Watson, president of the Oklahoma Flying Farmers, given recently before a Congressional committee studying a bill to establish a National Air Policy Board. Mr. Watson was strictly on the beam when he said that one of the great surprises in aviation has been the way the farmer and the rancher have taken to the use of the airplane.

When the Oklahoma organization held its first annual meeting last year on the campus of A. & M. College, some seventy-five farm planes were expected. Two hundred and sixty actually landed at the airport. Flying farmers in other states began to organize, and now there is a National Flying Farmers Association. And it has all been a revelation to the manufacturers.

As Mr. Watson explains it, the meeting last year "was a sock in the eyes for the industry. For two days the huge crowd examined the new model airplanes and asked questions. The industry found that almost everyone wanted starters and larger luggage compartments for bulky objects. Many wanted balloon tires, because they are better in soft fields as well as on rough ground. The women, especially, wanted door locks that kept the doors locked, windows with less rattle, and seat cushions with more cushion in them. Some wanted to know why windshields had to have seventy-five rivets and screws in them, when they have to be changed so often. Too, they wanted to know why cowlings could not be designed so one could change the oil and drain the sediment bulb without having to remove the whole front end."

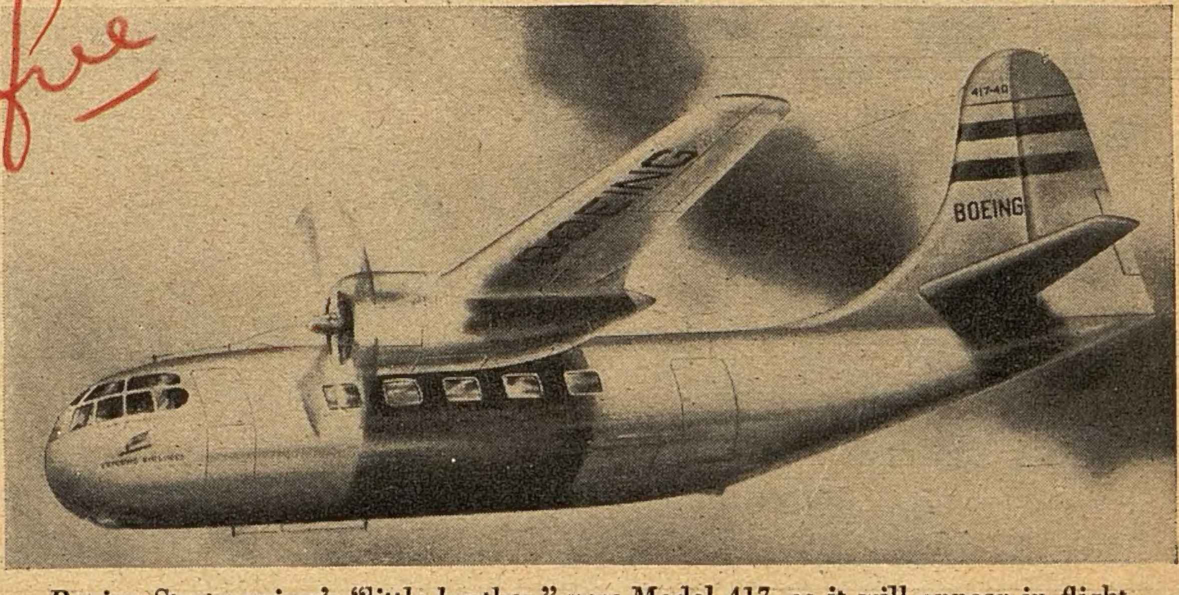
Mr. Watson struck at fundamentals. What the farmer wants is a Model-T Ford of the air. He wants to use it as he uses his automobile; prefers to fly because he can accomplish more in an hour than he can in a day with an automobile.

"The ideal farm plane has not yet been built," Mr. Watson said. "The farmer will be using a plane built not so much for speed as for utility. It must be built to withstand more rugged use. Extra seats must be removable when the farmer wishes to haul bulky objects."

Planes are used by farmers for checking fences, water gaps; for inspecting flood damage and checking erosion. They are useful in checking range conditions and in finding strayed livestock. They are especially helpful in rough or timbered country, where a man can in a few minutes cover thousands of acres.

"During harvest we make hurried trips for repairs. Sometimes these are made one or two hundred miles away, but this isn't so bad if one uses a plane. We fly over the wheat belt in order to select the best places for custom combining. Today many

five



Boeing Stratocruiser's "little brother," new Model 417, as it will appear in flight.

of the men who follow the wheat harvest from Texas to Canada keep a plane with them. Hundreds of dollars may be saved in a few hours.

"If we are in the market for a farm or a ranch, we fly over it. Many men are now refusing to purchase land until they have studied it from the air. Many county agents are now using planes. We sometimes haul cream or eggs. We fly to distant ranches to buy stock cattle, or to the stockyards to buy or sell, and if the roads are blocked, we will fly anything in or out that we can get inside our plane. We'll fly the doctor to the sick or the sick to the doctor."

WHAT Mr. Watson wants is many small airports in the rural areas. He believes that in the near future 70 per cent of the light planes of the country will be found in the rural communities.

"Just drive through the residential district of a city and, as you look at each house, ask yourself this question: How many of these families will have enough practical use for an airplane so that they will purchase one, keep it at an airport, pay monthly storage, and drive to and from the airport each time they wish to fly?

"Then take a drive through the farm communities. Get off the main highway and, as you look at a farm or a ranch home, remember that the farmer's is an outdoor life. He covers great distances and he can keep a plane in his own back yard with no more trouble or expense than for his automobile.

"The town and city airports will derive much of their income from the farm flyers—and they in turn must provide us with suitable landing fields. We need a place as close in as possible, with bus service to the business district.

"Rural America is taking aviation in its stride. That old idea, left over from the barnstorming days, that only a superman could fly an airplane, has been cast aside. At one of our recent meetings one man who flew his plane to the meet was seventy-six years of age and had learned to fly at the age of seventy-four. Rural America is today a believer in air power."

A plane on *every* farm is quite a distance in the future, Mr. Watson believes, but he says thousands of orders are on file. Planes cost too much today, he says, but he recalls the early days of the automobile when prices were very high.

A few in aviation have long preached the gospel of the utility airplane and have predicted that the future mass market for airplanes will begin in the farming areas. It was the Model-T Ford which opened up the vast market for automobiles. But, as Mr. Watson says, the Model T of the air has not yet been built. The first manufacturers to concentrate on this market will be making a wise move.

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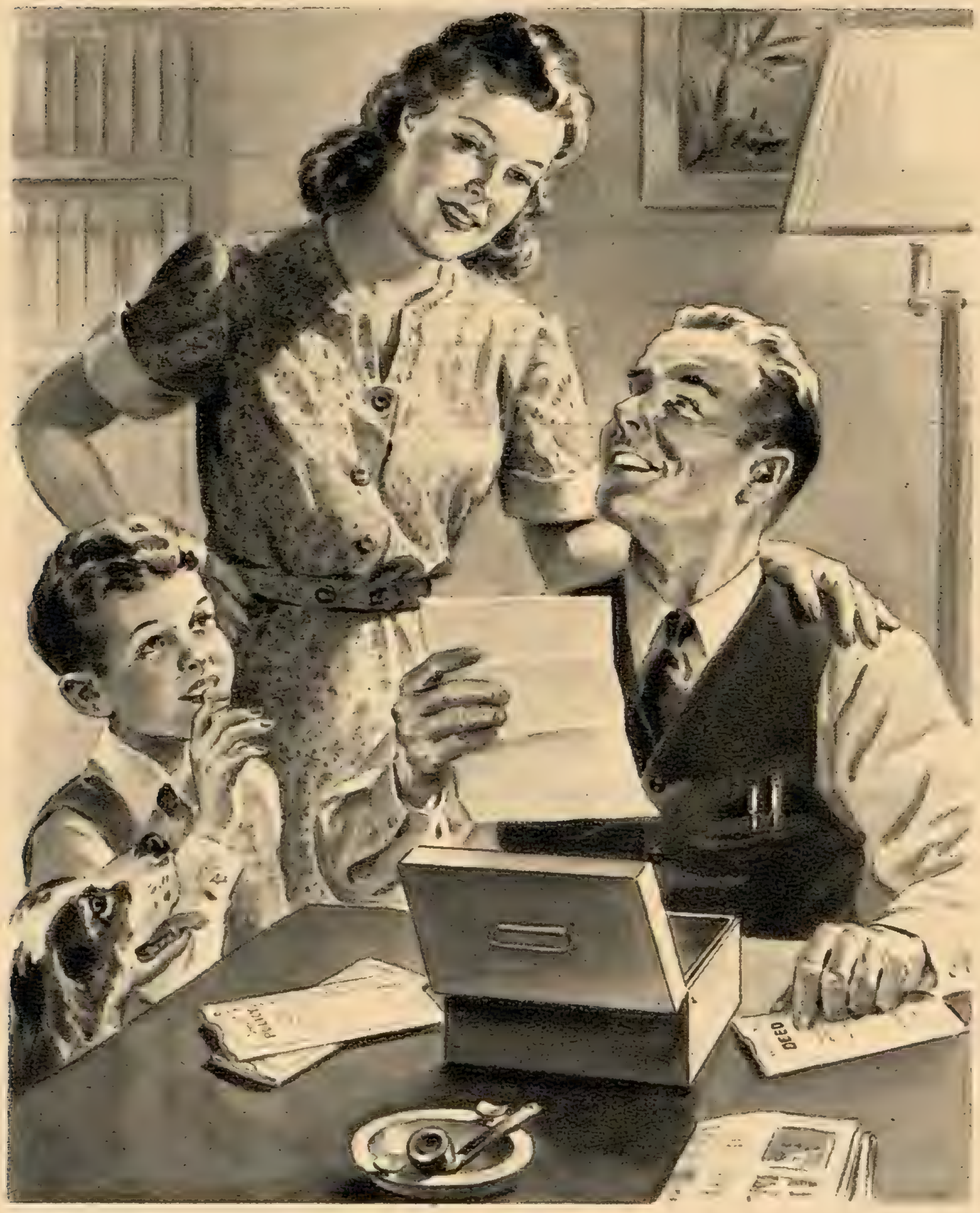

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The National Cemetery Association

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

KEYSTONE PHOTO
German peasants farming the land they once worked for their Prussian master. No longer serfs, the Russians gave them the estate.

L5794-25,25

FARMS

The Fourth Reich

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

Russia's influence on that part of Germany she occupies will never be erased. An American reporter who was permitted to look around and ask questions tells what she saw and heard

Germany

Berlin.

IN rather a magnificent gesture, the Soviet authorities had said that a party of seven correspondents could visit the Russian zone in Germany. What's more, they told us we could choose any province in the zone for our tour. We decided on Mecklenburg chiefly because it was virgin soil as far as foreign correspondents were concerned. Mecklenburg lies directly north of Berlin on the Baltic Sea, the capital is Schwerin, and the region used to be referred to by the Germans as "the land where milk and honey flows." In those days Junkers flourished in the area.

"You're meeting the Russian conducting officer at ten o'clock on Thursday morning at OMGUS," our public-relations officer informed us, "and for Pete's sake try to get there on time."

Punctually at ten we met at OMGUS headquarters, armed with maps, Baedekers, typewriters, and sundry equipment. Punctually at 1 P.M. the Russian conducting officer showed up. His name was Captain Ivan Ivanovitch Zelenko. He was a big amiable young man with typically Russian features. After the first day we called him by his nickname, Vanya. The party was traveling in three American cars driven by G.I. drivers. Being the only member of the party who could speak any Russian, I was assigned to the same car as Vanya, and thus got to know him quite well. He aspired to be a writer himself, he said, and also wanted to learn English.

We arrived at the Soviet Military Government headquarters in Schwerin at around seven in the evening. Through a slip-up, neither the commanding officer nor anybody else in Schwerin knew we were coming. We stood around in front of the Military Government headquarters until Vanya untangled the knotty problems brought on by the unexpected arrival of a bunch of Americans in the middle of the Russian zone. Finally we were ushered into the presence of Colonel Seribriski, deputy to General Skossarov, top kick of the province of Mecklen-

(*Continued on page 70*)

KEYSTONE PHOTO
The muddy feet of German children tramp stairs once trod by arrogant Junkers.

When a hard-boiled night-club owner invites a lovely heiress for midnight supper in his apartment, a lot of things can happen. Most of them happen here, including murder

BY
OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

L5598-100

MURDER *on*

L5500-300

L5647-25

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

AT eleven thirty on the night of the murder, Eddie Buell, in evening clothes, stepped out the side door of the Club Biarritz into a small hallway. While he waited for the elevator, he glanced toward the vestibule. Outside, honking taxis filled with after-theater pleasure seekers, jammed Fifty-second Street. Eddie never noticed it any more. He went into the self-service elevator and up three floors to his apartment.

Sam had just finished setting a table for two in the living room. Sam wore a white jacket and when he grinned his chocolate-colored face revealed big teeth. "Look all right, Mistuh Buell?" he asked.

Eddie considered the table—heavy crystal glasses, heavy sterling cutlery, china that had cost him forty dollars a plate, hand-woven napery from Madeira, and in the center a bowl of cut flowers.

"It'll do," he said. Out of a side pocket he took a little square box covered in red velvet. He put it down beside one of the plates. Not a bad gift for a lady, he thought—even for a lady like Mrs. Marian Westleigh. He wondered how she'd react. The thing had set him back three hundred and fifty dollars. Smiling, he took a white flower from the bowl and pulled its stem through the buttonhole on his lapel.

Sam asked, "What you going to drink first, Mistuh Buell?"

"Bacardis for the lady. Whisky for me."

Sam said, "Yes, suh." Halfway to the kitchen, he stopped. "You won't want me to hang around an' serve, will you?"

"All I'll want you to do," Eddie answered, "is get the hell out."

"I'll leave the food over an alcohol lamp."

Eddie glanced around the rest of the room. Quite a layout for a lug who'd started in the Canarsie swamps of Brooklyn. The modern furniture, yellow as bananas, and the burgundy-red drapes that hid the windows cost more than his father's family had ever seen. Still, Eddie wasn't ashamed of what he'd spent on himself. He'd earned this background. He'd fought for it. He'd made suckers of a lot of guys who'd laughed eight years ago when he left Brooklyn to sign a night-club lease on Fifty-second Street.

"*I'm* the one who ought to be jittery," she said. "Do you know, Eddie, I think George knows I'm here tonight."

His appraising eyes found the small bronze figure of the Dancing Satyr on the coffee table. It was a pretty thing, some twelve inches high, and he liked it. Eve Lanham, who handled the office details of the club, had given it to him last Christmas. But it didn't belong on the coffee table. That was a false note in the room, and tonight—with Marian Westleigh coming—Eddie didn't want imperfection. He picked up the statuette, looked around, then set it on the mantel over the fireplace.

In the circular mirror, he saw that his hair needed combing. It was dark hair, and thick, and it had a way of becoming mussed every couple of hours. Eve Lanham liked it that way. But this wasn't Eve's night.

He went to the bedroom mirror to study his face critically. It wasn't a bad face; not handsome maybe, but firm, with a good jaw. You could hardly notice the tiny scar over the right eyebrow where a sliver of Japanese steel had slashed at Kwajelein. He filled his evening clothes nicely—though he sometimes wished he was an inch or two taller. With a woman like Marian Westleigh, who was his own height, he felt stunted.

BACK in the living room, he heard somebody walking. It must be Sam, he thought. He went to a window, pulled the drape aside and looked down into Fifty-second Street. He wondered if Marian would come in her own chauffeured car or by cab. If she came with her chauffeur and kept the man waiting, that would mean she intended to leave at a reasonable time after supper. On the other hand, if she came by cab—

She'll come by cab, all right, he thought.

He turned back to the living room with a pleasant sense of anticipation. But in the doorway he stopped.

It wasn't Sam he saw by the table. It was Eve Lanham.

She had opened the little red velvet box. With a frown she examined the gold compact it contained. It was a beautiful thing, heavy, its top monogrammed with an "M."

"Why don't you come right in and make yourself at home?" Eddie asked. "Why bother to knock?"

She glanced up, ignoring his sarcasm. Her voice was as level as her eyes. "M for Marian?" she asked.

Eddie Buell crossed the room, tight-lipped, walking in his slow, casual way. He took Eve's chin in his left hand, tilting back her head so that her chestnut hair swept against her shoulders. He looked down into her eyes.

"Is that why you came up here?"

"No." She held a piece of green paper out to him. Eddie took it. It was a check for eighty dollars, signed by Martin Gell.

"Does Gell want cash?"

"No. His bill runs sixty dollars. He wants me to give ten to the waiters and ten to Doris."

EDDIE smiled. He had met Martin Gell only once, at the races, in Marian Westleigh's box. "The check's O.K.," he said. "What's he want to give Doris ten bucks for? She didn't take ten shots of him, did she?" Doris was the redheaded bit of glamor in black nylon tights who wandered about the Club Biarritz with camera and flash bulbs.

Eve said, "Maybe he likes the look of her legs ten dollars' worth." She touched the gold compact, ran her fingertip over its monogram. "Some guys will pay out a lot for a good-looking leg."

Eddie took her arm and led her toward the door. "You've made your point," he said. "Now let's drop it."

Eve's small face was pale.

"Did you know," she asked, "that Marian Westleigh's husband is down at the bar?"

He stared. "Alone?" he said.

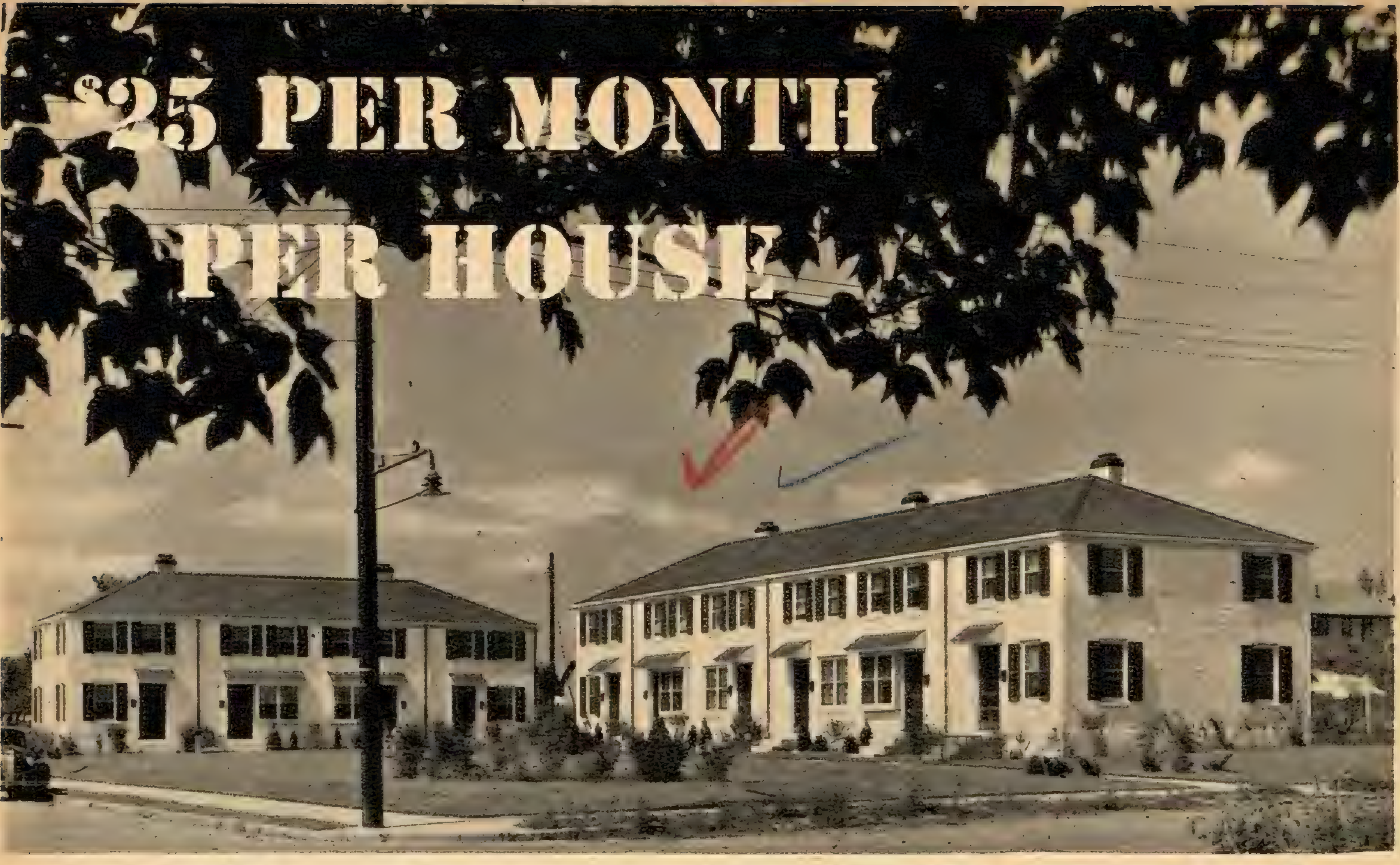
"Like a wolf on the prowl."

Eddie's lips hardened. He didn't like that. Not that Marian would come in by way of the club; she'd use the private street entrance through the vestibule into the side hallway. Still, suppose George Westleigh decided to leave just as his wife stepped out of a taxi. The canopied entrance of the club was hardly fifteen feet from the private door. That could spoil everything. She wouldn't walk in right under his nose.

(Continued on page 62)

Housing

$25 PER MONTH PER HOUSE



New Brunswick's apartments are sturdy and avoid that "institutional look" by limiting the number of units on each lot.

Six years ago, private capital tried a housing experiment with five-room homes renting for $25 apiece. It works

BY NOEL C. COBB

L5-691-8

Pix came with mss.

A LOW-RENTAL housing plan that could easily be adopted by any community to provide badly needed homes has been working successfully in New Brunswick, New Jersey, for six years without benefit of philanthropy or government subsidy. The money was advanced by New York financiers who considered the proposition solely as a sound investment.

Under the plan the city benefits in service fees, the investors get a 4-per-cent return on their money, and thirty-two families get attractive homes that comprise a living room, two bedrooms, bathroom, and streamlined kitchen with a dining alcove for the unbelievably low rent of twenty-five dollars a month.

Since May 1, 1940, New Brunswick's airy new apartments have been occupied by a class of rent-payers for whom new dwelling units had never been built previously in America. Yet, according to Charles S. Ascher, New York Regional Housing expediter: "All available information confirms that the great bulk of veterans—like the bulk of American people of whom they are a cross section—cannot afford more than fifty dollars a month for shelter, whether as rent or as payment on a home."

The need for additional housing facilities in New Brunswick became evident back in 1938, and for a time low-cost housing financed and subsidized by the federal government was considered. Elmer B. Boyd, publisher of the daily Home News in New Brunswick and an advocate of free enterprise, assigned reporters to investigate low-cost housing projects to learn if private capital rather than government monies had been used anywhere. He also hoped to find a project that did not include full tax exemption to keep rents low.

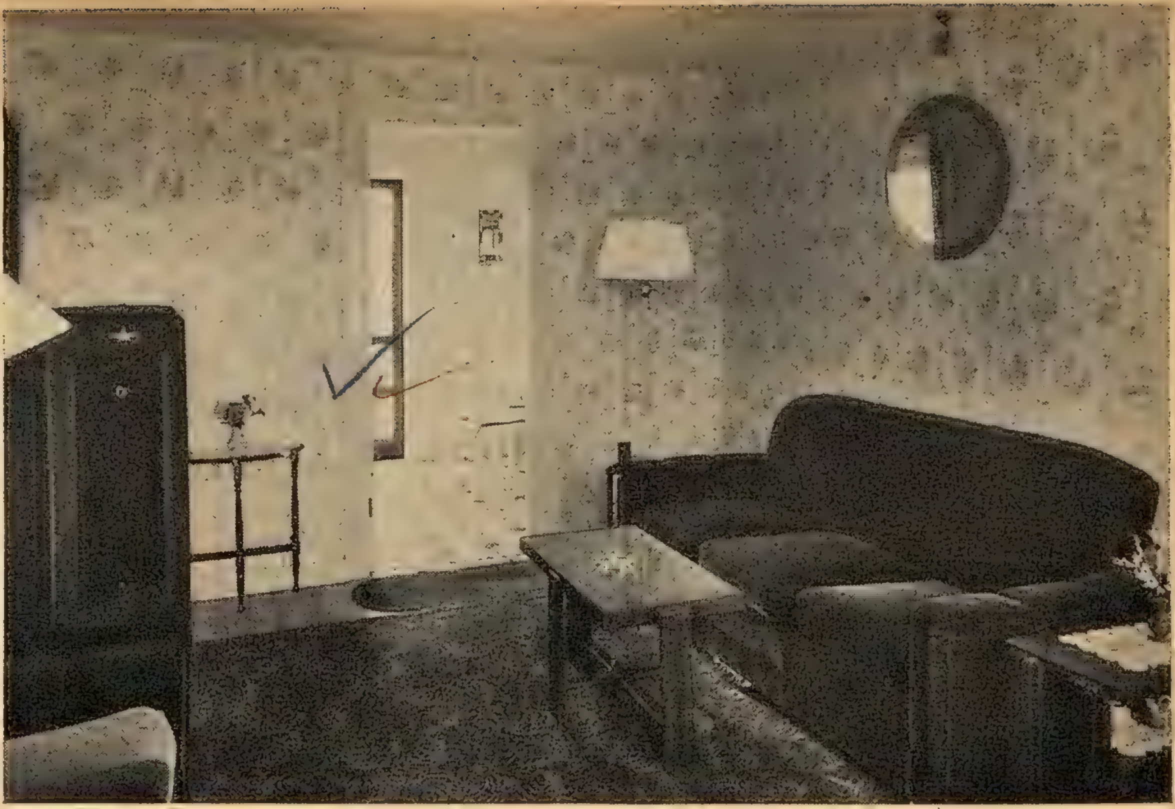
Surveys of housing programs throughout the South and Middle West failed to reveal what was sought. But what couldn't be found at a distance was discovered at Princeton, just sixteen miles from New Brunswick. For in Princeton there was a small housing project financed and operated under a plan which answered the major objections raised against low-cost housing. The plan was both simple and sound, and, with some modification, was adopted by New Brunswick to bring about a housing program unique in America.

Gerard B. Lambert, a director and former president of Lambert Pharmacal Company, who lives near Princeton, was the father of the original plan. Studying housing in the middle 1930s as a problem even then facing the country, Mr. Lambert found that for years private capital had held it was impossible to build rental units returning less than ten dollars a room a month. But he formulated a program that provides four-rooms-and-bath apartment for twenty-five-dollar-a-month rent.

He decided that the surest way to eliminate big profits and thus high rents in building is to arrange to have ownership claim on the property pass from the investor as soon as the original investment and a modest return thereon are received by the investor.

"In other words," Mr. Lambert says, "all speculative gain of the future must be impossible after the recovery of the original sum invested. This can be accomplished by limiting the annual return to a maximum fixed interest rate and taking away the title to the property when the original investment has been amortized.

"This may seem revolutionary, but in fact it isn't. For illustration, no



Living rooms are attractive, well lighted and adequately heated.

Bathrooms feature the latest fixtures.

one holding a mortgage on a property expects to get back more than the exact sum invested and an interest charge on the money advanced."

A level payment of 6 per cent per annum on principal will retire each $100 invested in twenty-eight years and yield 4-per-cent interest on all outstanding balances. The figure is used for convenience, and a shorter amortization period will raise this charge and a longer period will lower it. However, the 6-per-cent payment was used under the Lambert plan in both Princeton and New Brunswick.

THEN arises another question—to whom shall the title to the property pass after the original investment is returned to the investor?

The answer to this, as worked out by Mr. Lambert, also solves another problem—how to minimize local taxes in making up the cost of rent. Why shouldn't an agreement be made to deed the housing property to the municipality, after the investor gets back his money at a fixed interest rate, in exchange for a lessened local tax? The idea is sound, for, in reality, it is only delayed taxation. Princeton agreed to the plan of delayed revenue, as did New Brunswick when the Lambert program was advanced for adoption there.

To translate his theory into reality Mr. Lambert constructed a demonstration project that would show the cost, maintenance, and the amount that must be obtained from rents. He erected a ten-family group of buildings at Princeton to rent for twenty-five dollars a month for four-room apartments. They are one-story brick buildings.

When construction was completed, he sold them for $30,000, or $3,000 per family unit, to the Princeton Housing Authority, a public corporate body established under state laws. In exchange he received $30,000 in bonds of the Housing Authority, the bonds to bear 4-per-cent interest and to be amortized in twenty-eight years.

The Lambert plan was just about what the New Brunswick publisher had been seeking, and through the columns of his newspaper, interest was created in such a project for the larger community.

First, a local Housing Authority, composed of four men and one woman, to serve without pay, was set up. Almost immediately some taxpayers protested that local tax-producing land would be used for the project. Practically every municipality has land that it has taken over because the owners failed to pay taxes.

So, to avoid taking tax-revenue-producing lots, the Authority asked the city for a list of municipally owned land.

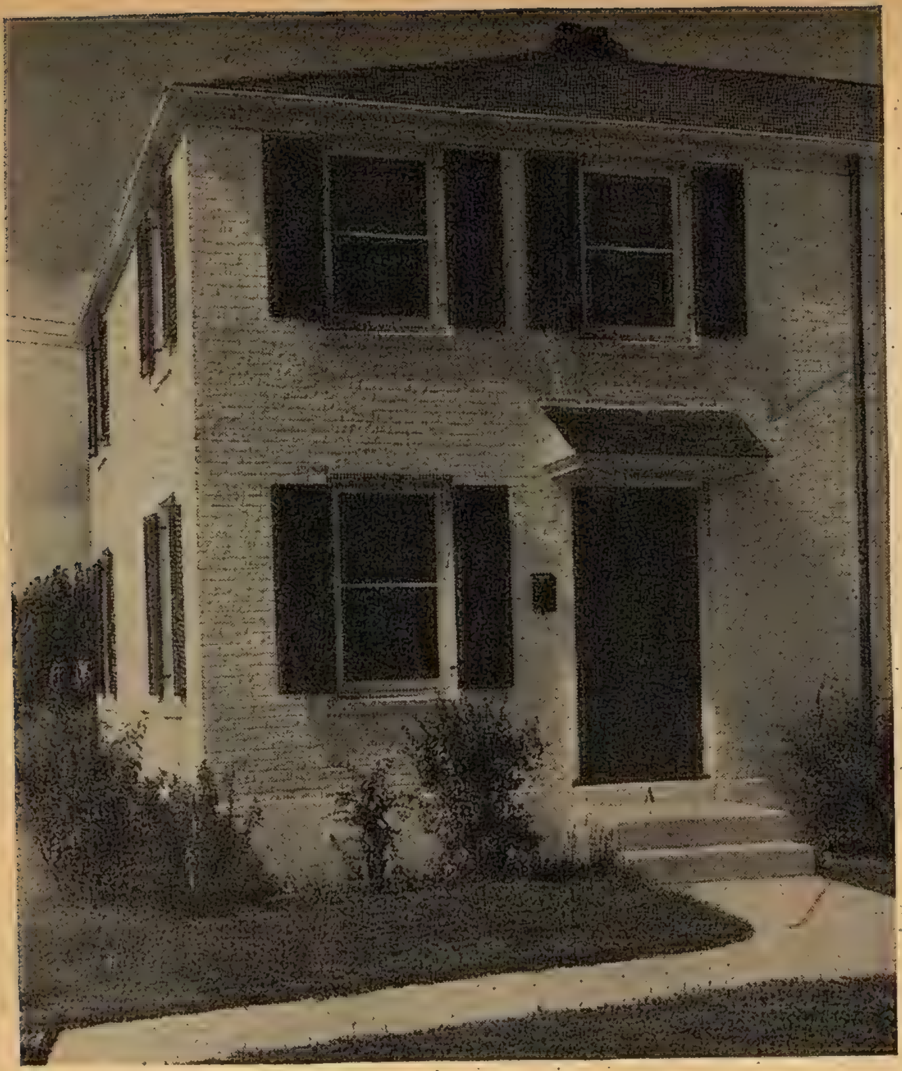
WHEN three separate lots suitable for the proposed housing were found, the Authority requested the city to transfer the title and, in exchange for the deeds, offered to pay an annual service fee equal to what the unimproved properties would bring in tax revenue if they were on the city's tax ratables.

The local Authority found that as a public corporate body it had many rights and powers which enabled it to carry out the housing program under the Lambert plan. After many conferences with the Authority members, the architect settled upon plans for two-story buildings with a living room, kitchen, and dining alcove on the first floor, two bedrooms and bathroom on the second.

When the plans and specifications were approved, the latter calling for buildings of standard brick veneer on wood frame on poured concrete

PHOTOS BY GOTTSCHO-SCHLEISNER

The bedrooms are attractive, stress ventilation and ample closet space.



Each unit is actually a two-story house in itself.

foundation, the Authority advertised for competitive bids for construction of the buildings and the landscaping of the grounds, and awarded the contract. The specifications were written to provide not only well-constructed buildings but also attractive homes for the families who were to occupy them.

To avoid that "institutional" look, the number of apartments on each lot is limited. On each of two of the lots two buildings are located, one consisting of four apartments and the other of six. On the third site, an irregularly shaped lot, there are three separate buildings of four apartments. The buildings are placed to provide large lawns in front of the apartments, and there are no "Keep off the grass" signs.

Since the Authority had received the building sites under the service-fee agreement with the municipality, the land provided it an equity and the Authority issued its bonds to finance all construction, architectural, landscaping, and other costs. It set the interest rate to be paid at 4 per cent and the amortization period at twenty-eight years and advertised the bonds for sale. At that interest rate, and because they are issued by a public corporate body established under state and federal laws and are tax exempt, the bonds are attractive to investors.

The Authority was careful to select ill-housed low-income families from the more than 200 applicants for the apartments before the application list was closed. The Authority did not accept tenants solely on the basis of income, but rather selected those living in poorly lighted, badly ventilated, and inadequately heated homes—the only type of apartment then available in New Brunswick at anywhere near the twenty-five dollars asked as a monthly rent for the new homes.

It was explained to the New Brunswick tenants, just as it was to those in the Princeton demonstration project, that under the Lambert plan, 60 per cent, or fifteen dollars of each tenant's monthly rent, was to be set aside for interest and payment on the principal. The balance of ten dollars a family unit was to go into a fund to be used for costs of maintenance, insurance, the service fee to the municipality, and management.

It also was pointed out how the investor can never make more than 4-per-cent interest on his money, and how the municipality co-operates under the plan by waiving full tax payments during the amortization period.

To make it clear to them that they were not becoming recipients of municipal benevolence, the tenants were told that the city would not lose money under the housing program. Instead, it would benefit from the annual service fee of ten dollars in cash per family and also would receive title to the land and buildings at the end of the amortization. It was also explained that the title to the property during amortization is held by the Housing Authority, with bonds issued by the Authority and paid for by the investor as a lien against the property during amortization only.

When the interest and principal have been paid in full through payments made annually for twenty-eight years, the investor has no further claim on the properties. The Authority and its members cannot, under the law, benefit in any way from the properties and so have agreed to transfer the titles of the three groups of buildings to the municipality at the end of twenty-eight years.

At that time the municipality may either sell the properties to a private corporation or individual and thus restore them to the full tax ratables or may operate them for the rental revenue.

Mr. Boyd, the New Brunswick publisher who sponsored the Lambert plan in his city, has been a member of the New Brunswick Housing Authority from the first, and has been Authority chairman the last three years. In discussing the project recently, he pointed out the city is receiving $320 a year in service fees. These fees will total $8,960 during the twenty-eight years.

"We believe the buildings, which are sturdy as well as attractive, will be worth nearly as much at the end of the amortization as they cost to erect. Today, with increased building costs, their value is in excess of what they cost. But even if their value should decline twenty-five per cent, the city would realize about $75,000, if it decided to sell (*Continued on page 77*)

The kitchen is spacious, modern, and scientifically arranged.

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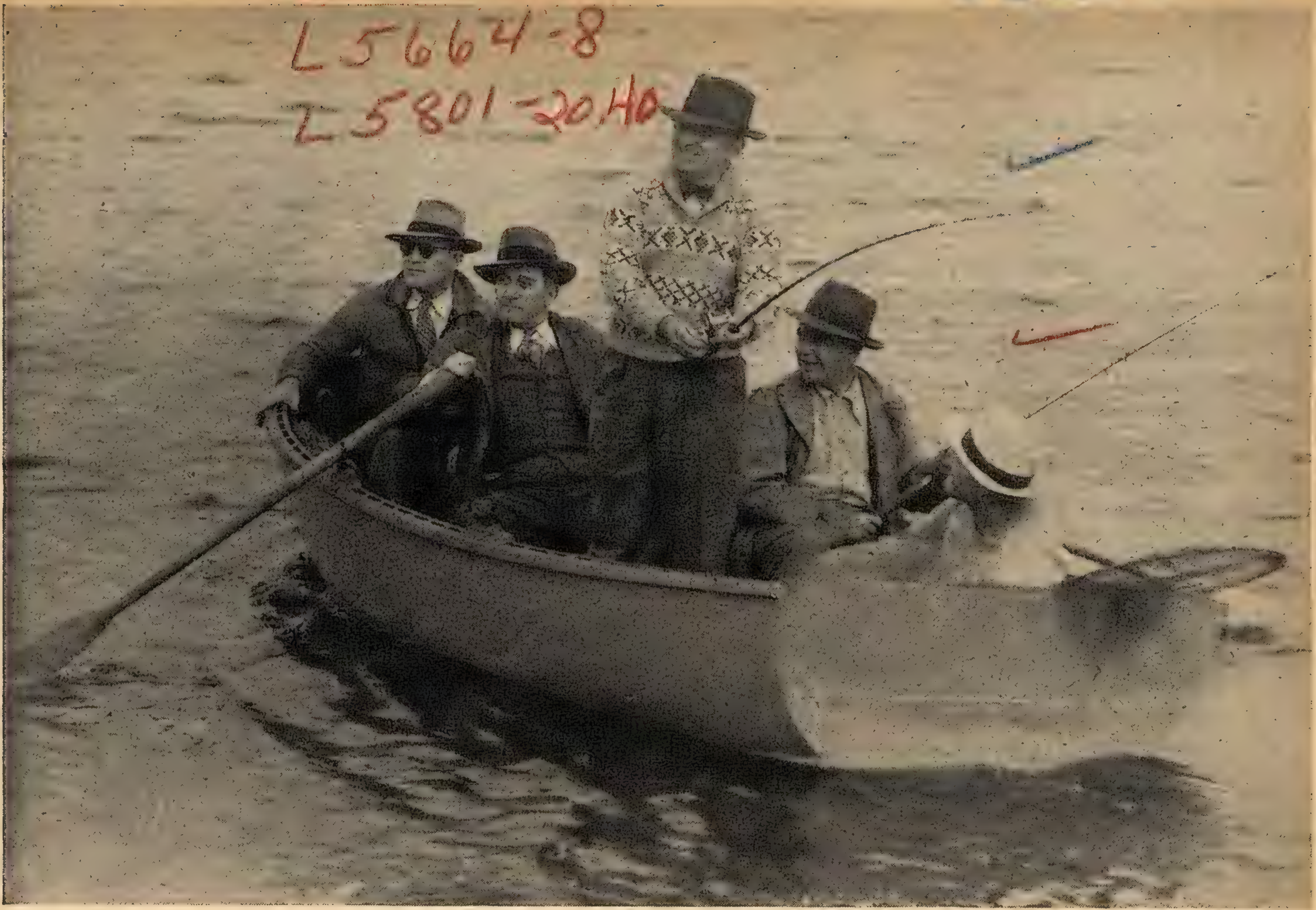


PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

The man at the oars is Nick Bez, mystery man of the Pacific Northwest until this picture of President Truman trolling for salmon last year on Puget Sound aroused interest in the oarsman's identity.

BIG NICK

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

The West has had blustering barons by the barrel, but Nick Bez, the lord-high-everything of the salmon industry and friend of Presidents, tops them all for color

A GENTLE west wind caressed the blue water of Puget Sound. The stubby white-painted rowboat drifted lazily, kept bow to the breeze by a big hulking man who handled the oars with expert deftness. Two anglers fished from the boat for sockeye salmon. One of them wore a bow tie and a knitted sweater with a loud Indian pattern. Harry S. Truman was on his first vacation since moving into the White House. The President had borrowed the vivid sweater from the other fisherman in the boat, Governor Mon Wallgren of the State of Washington.

People on shore, peering through binoculars and telescopes, wondered who swung the oars of this important craft. The wonder increased as the big man brought the boat to land and came up the pier talking to the President in a thick Slavic accent.

In this spectacular fashion the residents of the Pacific Northwest became aware of the fabulous man who is king of the world's salmon industry. They know now that if Harry Truman wanted to fish for salmon in the presence of a master, he could pick no other companion than Nick Bez.

Nick landed in this country from Yugoslavia in 1910 at the age of fourteen. He had $1.50 in his pocket and could not speak a word of English. Today he is the dominant owner of three of the biggest canneries in Alaska, principal source of salmon for mankind's salad bowls and broiling pans. Last month he added to this empire the Columbia River Packers Association, which cans nearly half of all the great Chinooks, lords of the salmon tribe. He owns the only floating canneries on the Pacific coast, steamers that cruise from the California-Oregon line to the Arctic Circle in quest of the finny wealth of ocean and rivers.

PORTRAIT

PHOTO BY CLAUDE PALMER

Burly Nick Bez, the immigrant who built an empire. In it: fish, gold mines, air lines, and a friendship in Washington.

I-151

In addition to all this, Nick runs the Pacific Exploration Company, which has just been commissioned by the U. S. government to drag the bottom of the Bering Sea for the huge king crabs that were a lucrative Japanese monopoly before Pearl Harbor. Mariners are now readying the 8,300-ton Pacific Explorer for the first big American fishing venture in the waters separating Alaska and Siberian U.S.S.R.

Vast piles of Chinook salmon awaiting treatment at Nick Bez's Columbia River Cannery.

The Northwest has had lumber barons, railroad barons, copper barons, and beef barons. The region's tempestuous history is full of tales of the men who ruled woods, range, or diggings. But Nick Bez, the six-foot-two, 215-pound immigrant from the Dalmatian island of Brac, is the first salmon baron. He alone has built a barony on fish.

An enemy of Nick once said that the burly salmon packer had "the ethics of a frontiersman." Had he heard the criticism, Nick would probably have approved. The frontier, whether it be of sea, land, or air, fascinates him. This restless searching beyond horizons actually is responsible for his phenomenal success. In 1931 he was doing modestly well as a packer of Alaska salmon. One day he had to get to Petersburg in a hurry from Ketchikan. It took him two days to travel 105 miles.

"Boat fine for fishing," he said. "Too slow for people."

Nick scraped together all he could from his fish sales and bought three single-motored Lockheed Vegas on the thinnest kind of a shoestring. He recruited bush pilots from the "trap-line" runs in the Yukon Valley. A few weeks later the planes of Alaska Southern Airways were making the first scheduled flights in the history of the Territory. The little air system earned money from the start. Its pontoon equipment needed no costly landing fields. Three years later Nick sold out to Pan American at a big profit. This windfall started him on his way to the top of the salmon industry.

A huge salmon, the king of American food fishes. A $59,000,000 a year industry.

Nick remembers when he was a forlorn young man without even citizenship papers, fishing for the lowly smelt from a borrowed rowboat off Quartermaster Harbor in Puget Sound—not far from where he would one day row the President of the United States.

"Only in America could it happen," he insists.

NICK has foes, and some of them claim he is not as guileless as he seems. They charge that friendship with two Presidents—the late Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman—has served Nick well. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is putting up $3,750,000 for Nick's Bering Sea undertaking. Some quarters insinuate that his status as an ardent New Deal Democrat has made this possible. They call him "the Henry J. Kaiser of the fishing industry."

Nick has replied that the idea of catching the six-foot crabs of the Bering Sea really originated with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, because the Japs took nearly $8,000,000 worth of king crab each year from waters off the Alaskan coast—and undoubtedly charted anchorages, to boot. Nick says the RFC will be reimbursed for its investment, taking 55 per cent of all profits from the venture. He also astounded the Northwest with the statement that the Soviet Union had approached him for advice on investing $100,000,000 in a Bering Sea fishing enterprise under Russian auspices.

"Our government," added Nick, "spent seventeen millon converting Russian ships for fishing purposes under the Lend-Lease Act. Why shouldn't the American government spend a fraction of that sum to promote American interests, especially when the money will be returned?"

Nick's own words do not sound like this. His Slavic accent is thick and heavy. When he wants to write a letter or issue a statement, he has a member of his staff shape his ideas into good grammar. Nick never went to school after he was ten. He admits that the only genuine studying he ever did was of the Constitution of the United States so he could qualify for citizenship at the Alaskan port of Ketchikan in 1917, when he became twenty-one.

Nick has a magic touch where fishing is concerned. He can look at the shallow riffles above a gravel bar in a river and know whether salmon lurk there. The staid old Seattle Argus decided it was only logical that any government or individual interested in catching fish should contact Nick Bez for counsel.

"Bez is to fishing," declared the Argus, "what Ford is to automobiles and Carnegie was to steel."

Five great fishing outfits are under Nick, although his exact title varies. He is managing partner of the Todd Packing Company, president of the Intercoastal Packing Company, president of the controversial Pacific

Beach-seiners use a team of horses to drag flat nets heavy with salmon up on the shore.

Exploration Company, and, most recently of all, chairman of the board of directors of the Columbia River Packers Association. Todd, Peninsula Packing Company, and Intercoastal operate mainly in Alaska, although they do some fishing in Puget Sound and the Swiftsure Bank off British Columbia's Fraser River. Columbia River packers is the largest salmon cannery in the Pacific Northwest, for half a century source of the world's best salmon. No other figure in fishing ever ruled so extensive a domain.

The Trans-America Corporation, investment affiliate of Amadeo P. Giannini's California banking kingdom, underwrote Nick's purchase of Columbia River Packers. This was one of the biggest deals in the history of the salmon industry. It also represented the pinnacle of Nick's ambition. Columbia River Chinook is the sovereign of the salmon family, and Columbia River Packers can 45 per cent of the whole run of this greatest of American fishing rivers. Last year the firm sold $8,600,000 worth of fish products.

Nick Bez was a mystery man until he rowed Harry Truman on Puget Sound. Many in the Northwest had heard of a legendary individual who was rising to leadership in the salmon industry, but few knew his name or what he looked like. Nick's appearance with the President changed rumor into reality. It was a dramatic appearance, too, for Nick is a massive man with a ponderous jaw, dark Slavic face, wide shoulders, and powerful hands. At first, people thought Nick might be some sort of super-bodyguard for the President, because he towered ponderously over the secret-service detail from the White House.

This would not have been a bad guess, for Nick knows how to take care of himself—and his friends. The man who rises from the planks of a fishing boat to wealth and power in the salmon industry can be no weakling; it is not that kind of industry.

Outfits using different kinds of fishing gear have contested bitterly for superiority. Men have lost their lives in this rivalry. The most famous battle in Alaskan annals was waged twenty-five years ago along the Karluk River on Kodiak Island. This is one of the great red-salmon areas in the North. The purse seiners, who drop oval-shaped nets in the water and then pull them tight like a woman's purse, were challenged by the beach seiners, who use horses and donkey engines to drag flat nets loaded with fish up on the shore. Leader of the purse seiners was the brawny master of the fishing boat Starling—Nick Bez. The Battle of the Karluk River lasted a month. Rifles, crowbars, and bare fists were wielded. But the beach seiners finally withdrew, leaving Nick and his crowd bosses of the fishing grounds of the Karluk River.

The problems of the average fishermen are still close to Nick. When he hears that a purse seiner or troller is ill, he peels the outside off a fat roll of currency and says, "Here—send him dis."

Nick's accent often confuses people. He phoned the White House last month to speak to General Harry Vaughan, military aide to the President.

"Is General Wan dere?" asked Nick.

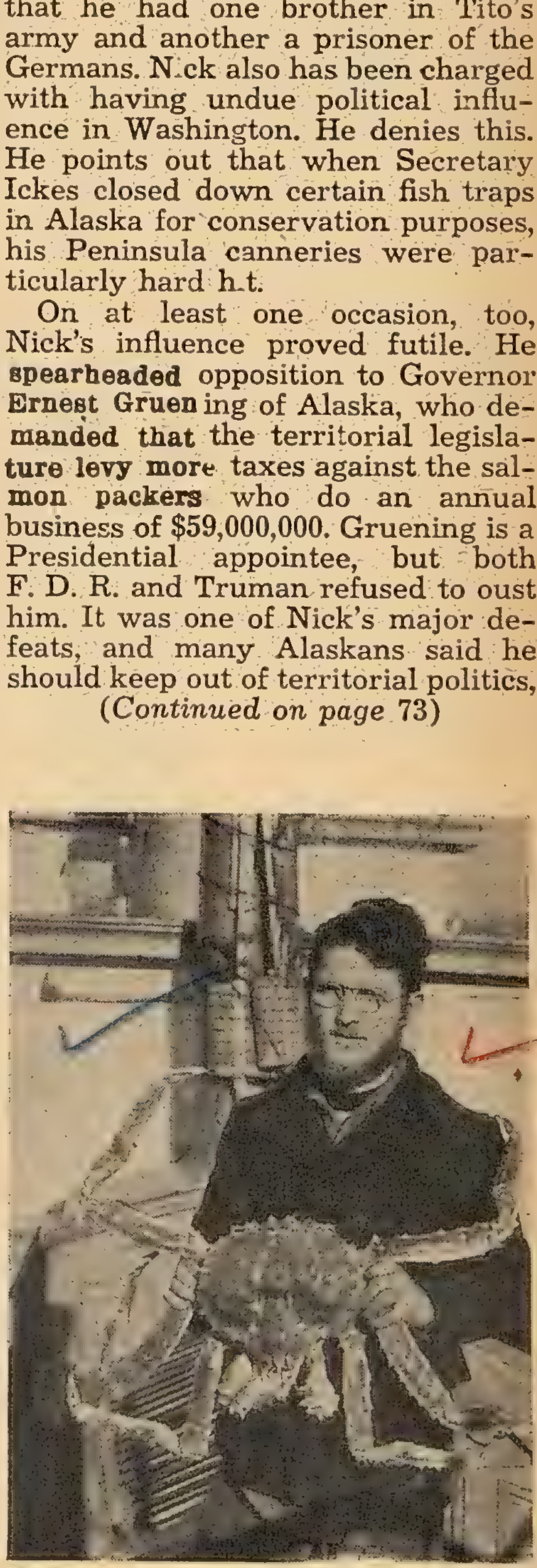
"There is no General Wong here," replied the White House operator. "Have you tried the Chinese Embassy?"

Nick spends money freely and gives generously to charities. He also contributes to the political campaigns of such personal friends as Governor Mon Wallgren and Senator Warren Magnuson, leading Washington Democrats. He is one of the few big business men in the Northwest supporting the Democratic Party. He attributes this stand on his part to admiration for Franklin D. Roosevelt. "He was a wary great man," says Nick. "I vote for him, one, two, t'ree, four times."

During the war Nick was criticized for the financial aid he sent the Tito faction in Yugoslavia. He answered that he had one brother in Tito's army and another a prisoner of the Germans. Nick also has been charged with having undue political influence in Washington. He denies this. He points out that when Secretary Ickes closed down certain fish traps in Alaska for conservation purposes, his Peninsula canneries were particularly hard hit.

On at least one occasion, too, Nick's influence proved futile. He **spearheaded** opposition to Governor **Ernest Gruening** of Alaska, who de**manded that** the territorial legisla**ture levy more** taxes against the sal**mon packers** who do an annual business of $59,000,000. Gruening is a Presidential appointee, but both F. D. R. and Truman refused to oust him. It was one of Nick's major defeats, and many Alaskans said he should keep out of territorial politics,

(*Continued on page* 73)



PHOTOS BY CLAUDE PALMER

The six-foot king crab. The Japs used to catch $8,000,000 worth each year.

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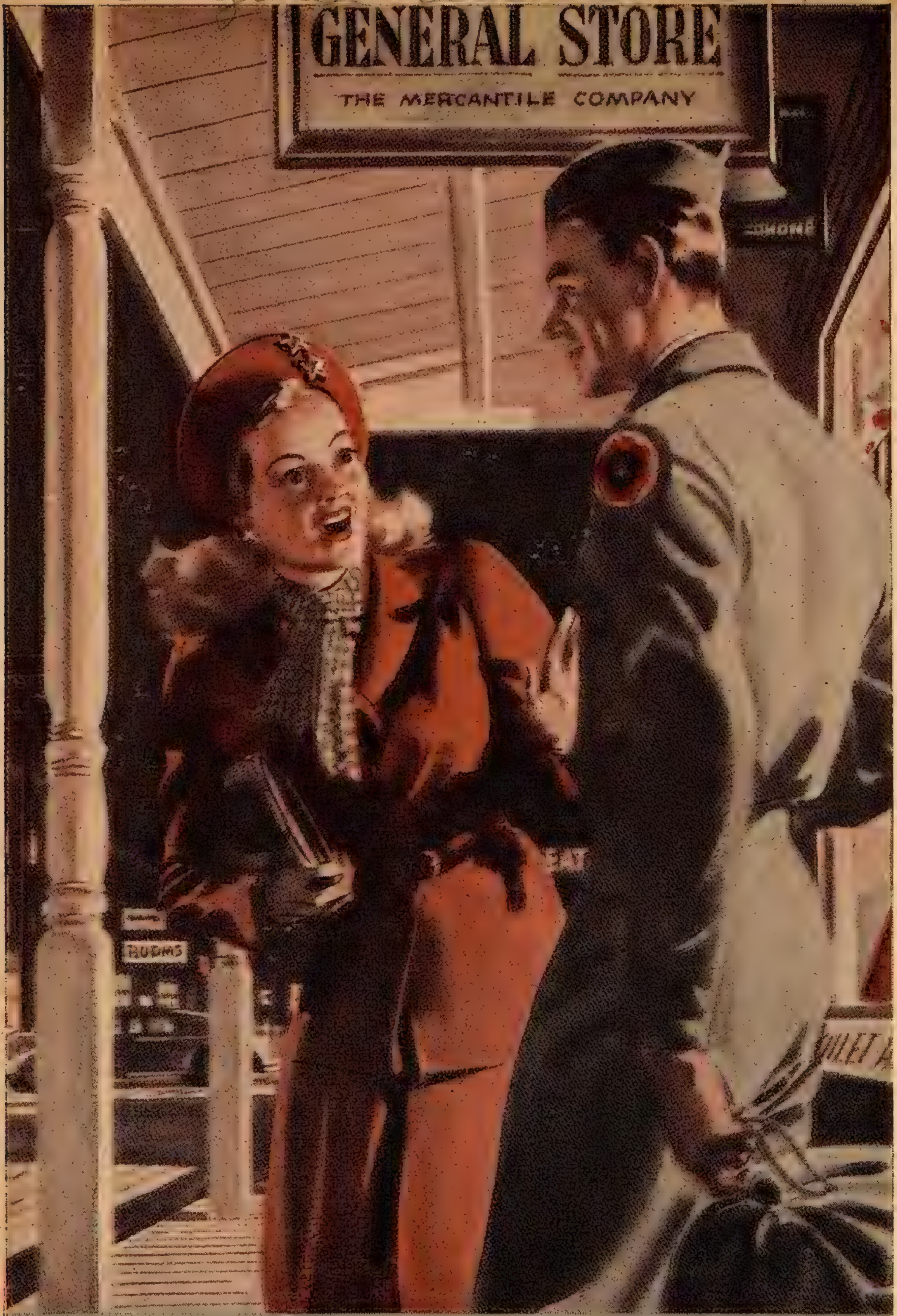

THE GOOD-CONDUCT MEDAL

It's awful how a young man, if he's not too careful, can fall into virtuous ways

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY DONALD HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN THOMAS

"I don't know what you're talking about, Marybelle," Allie said uncomfortably. "What medal? What ribbon?"

L5520—300

PFC. ALLIE BERGQUIST had to lean hard against his seat companion, a sergeant of marines (still active) whenever he wanted to look out the bus window into the Minnesota night.

"Look, Mac," the marine said. "If the town's so little you have to keep looking out the window for it, you should of stayed in the service and hung on to your grade."

"Never mind," Allie said, glancing down at his pfc. stripe, the result of having kept strictly on the ball. "At least it's in the Army. Another thing. I'd just as soon be pulling in here right now as Chicago, or any place you want to mention. It ain't the size. It's who you know."

"The town having a celebration?"

"Well—if you want to know it, they're having a party for me tomorrow night. They wrote me and asked me, and I wrote back and said it was O.K. with me. It was some association. I suppose Gus will let them have it in the back room."

"You live right in town?"

"I got a room upstairs of the bar, Gus Lindstrom's place, where I work."

"Does that waitress work in the saloon too?"

"The restaurant adjoining. Almost there," he said, looking out.

"The waitress good-looking?" the marine asked.

"I should tell a marine," Allie said. "No, she's all right. But we have got a girl in this town as pretty as any girl you would ever want to see. Her name's Marybelle Olson."

"You go out with her?"

"I could if I wanted to. She belongs to a different crowd, but she always speaks to me. Her father runs the Mercantile Company. He's the head man, whatever you call it, of the Lutheran church."

As the bus moved toward the bright windows of a store, Allie went up to the front.

"Take it easy," the marine called. The bus stopped and Allie got off. Then he turned away and walked up to the wooden sidewalk. As he started on toward Gus's, a girl came out of a store and started past him, then stopped, came back, and placed a hand on his arm.

"Allie!" she said.

"Hello, Marybelle," he said. "Good evening."

"But, Allie," Marybelle said, "we didn't expect you until tomorrow. It was supposed to be a surprise. Dad had Jules make a big model of the medal—the ribbon, you know—to hang right here in the store window so you'd see it the minute you got off the bus. And your picture, and all."

"I don't even know what you're talking about, Marybelle," Allie said uncomfortably. "What medal? What ribbon? Who is it?"

"Oh, we know all about it," Marybelle said. "The Army at Fort Bragg sent the news to Hibbing—to the paper. The Good-Conduct Medal, Allie."

"The what?" Allie said.

"Isn't that what it's called? We were all so proud of it, you being the only one from here to get any kind of decoration in the war. It was such a—such a change, dad said. I mean, it was probably harder for you to get than for the other soldiers to get."

"I see." Allie stood there stiffly. "Sometimes there is a slight misconception about what the Good-Conduct ribbon means. It just means, you could say, you were able to keep out of jail."

"You're shivering," Marybelle said. "Come over to the house for some hot cocoa?"

"Thank you," Allie said, "but I got something I got to do."

"Well, anyway, I'll see you tomorrow night, at the party."

"Yes," Allie said. As he turned toward Gus's, the impact of Marybelle's attendance at his welcoming party hit him, and vague misgivings disturbed him. He put them aside, however. He had rehearsed this entrance to Gus's in his mind many times. He stepped inside.

"Gus!" he cried.

GUS was drawing a beer for Old Nels, the town marshal, the only customer. He looked at Allie, who was advancing, hand extended.

"Hello, Allie," Gus said, without exclamation mark.

"Hello, Allie," Old Nels said, with equal fervor.

Gus wiped his hand inadequately on his apron and gave it to Allie, who took it and shook it.

"Well, well, well!" Allie said, rather loudly. "Well, this is wonderful! Make it a double one all around." He glanced through the opening that connected the barroom with the restaurant. "Ruby!" he cried, and bolted through the archway. A dark-haired girl was placing a bowl of soup before a customer. Allie had his arms apart, and just before he got to Ruby he stopped and braced himself for the impact.

There was no impact. "Hello, Allie," Ruby said.

"Ruby!" Allie said miserably.

"It's nice to see you back," Ruby said evenly. She turned and walked back toward the lunch counter. Allie returned to the bar.

"Listen," he said desperately. "Will somebody let me in on this? What the hell's the matter around here? Don't I even get a drink?"

"You don't want no drink, Allie."

"The hell I don't!" Allie said.

"You and your Good-Conduct Medal," Gus said.

"Gus, there's a very great misconception about the Good-Conduct ribbon," Allie said. "It has nothing to do with a man's private life. It just means the Army never caught you doing anything to get in the guardhouse about. Fix me a drink."

"Maybe you could explain about the medal tomorrow night," Gus said significantly, "at the Young People's Association meeting."

"It's a meeting," Old Nels said, "about Gus's retail liquor store. Against it. That's the issue in this town right now, about the license. Gus has built a nice little store up the street, where a man can step in and buy something of high quality to take home."

"Allie knows all about it, Nels," Gus said.

"I do not!" Allie shouted.

"You're going to make a little speech at the meeting about how you got the medal," Gus said.

"I am not!" Allie shouted again.

"Well, however it is, I can't have you standing here at the bar, Allie," Gus said. "Even if you didn't know about it, it will be my fault getting you back in here and taking a drink."

"Well, all I can say is," Allie said, "there certainly is a great miscon— Now what?" he demanded, as Gus snapped the bar lights out.

"Closing time in five minutes," Gus said.

"The new law," Old Nels said bitterly. "Everybody out in the cold at ten o'clock."

"Gus," Allie said, "does all this mean I don't get my old job back?"

"How many jobs you want?" Gus said. "You already got one job waiting for you at the Mercantile. Olson has been bragging about it all over town."

"But I wouldn't take the job," Allie said. "I want my job back here. I believe a man is free to work where he wants to."

"Maybe," Gus said, "but I got no time to hurt my business. You can see what it would do to me around here." He took off his apron. "Allie, I want you to get out of here; but for the sake of old times, I could manage one drink for you. Go to the men's room, in case somebody should look in the window, and I'll bring it."

ALLIE went to the men's room and waited. In a minute or two Gus came in and shut the door behind him. He took a pint bottle from his hip pocket and gave it to Allie. "Hurry up," he said.

Allie helped himself.

"Gus," he said, "there is really a misconception about this Good—"

"Put it in your pocket and bring it out with you," Gus said. He opened the door and sidled out.

Allie tipped the bottle several times. Then he went out.

"Well, Gus," he said, "that was a good drink." He handed Gus a five-dollar bill. "I'll keep the bottle for an eye-opener in the morning. Now I think I'll go upstairs to bed."

Gus shook his head.

"What do you mean by that?" Allie said. "I don't get my room?"

"It would be like cutting my own throat," Gus said. "Look, Allie, you get out of here. Go on out and look up some of your new friends."

"O.K., Gus," Allie said. He went into the restaurant. He looked around for Ruby. She wasn't there. A new girl was wiping off the counter. "Where's Ruby?" he asked.

"She's went on home," the girl said, "with Joe."

"O.K.," Allie said. He went out. He stood on the board sidewalk and looked around. "Some war," he said aloud. "Some war." He thought of stepping back into the restaurant and having a cup of coffee, but decided against it. The thing now was to get a place to sleep. Where? He thought of throwing himself on the mercy of the townsfolk, as a forlorn soldier, but there were no lights in any of the houses. He remembered that when he had come to the town, four years ago, he had slept the first night in a barn. Well, that was good enough for now.

HE walked slowly up the street, following the worn path that he used to know. It would be cold in the barn, and by way of getting ready for it he stopped and took a stiff drink.

It was at this point that he saw Old Nels coming toward him, his limp visible even in the faint light; and it was at this moment that Allie had his idea. Later, he was able to look back upon it as being not so much an idea as it was sheer instinct.

It was not just the idea of a night in jail; anybody could think of that. It was the idea that the night in the warm jail would accomplish all the things he felt he had to accomplish, bringing to an abrupt and satisfactory conclusion this whole nonsense about the Good-Conduct Medal. It would constitute a complete nullification of that nuisance and reorient him completely.

In fact, he now ripped the Good-Conduct ribbon from his blouse and threw it away.

This was all he had time for, for Old Nels was now only about a hundred feet away. Allie had seen the pile of bricks at the instant he had seen Old Nels, and this of course was part and parcel of the idea. The reason for the bricks being there also was clear—the small new building with its expanse of front window. There was no time for hesitation. Allie picked a brick from the top of the pile and threw it—accurately.

He could not remember, later, whether it was at this instant, as the brick left his hand, that he had seen the lettering on the window in full, or whether he had pieced it together when all that was left of the window was "IQUOR STORE," but in any event, he could see the quickened limping pace of Old Nels, and he knew that his moment of destiny had arrived. He knew now that the time of his own decision was past, that he no longer was a creature of his own interpretation but was in the hands of what he hoped would not be too hard a fate.

THE END

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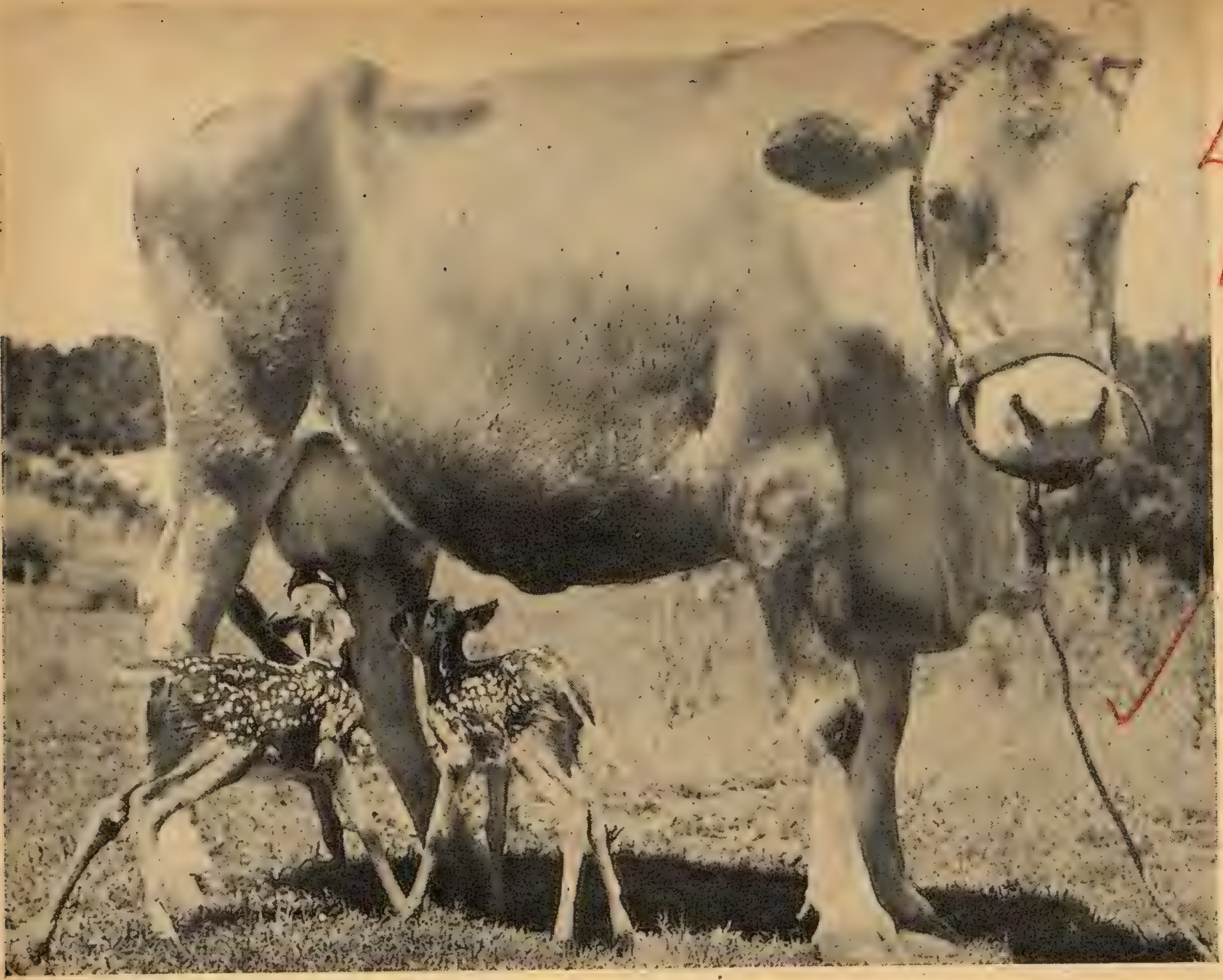
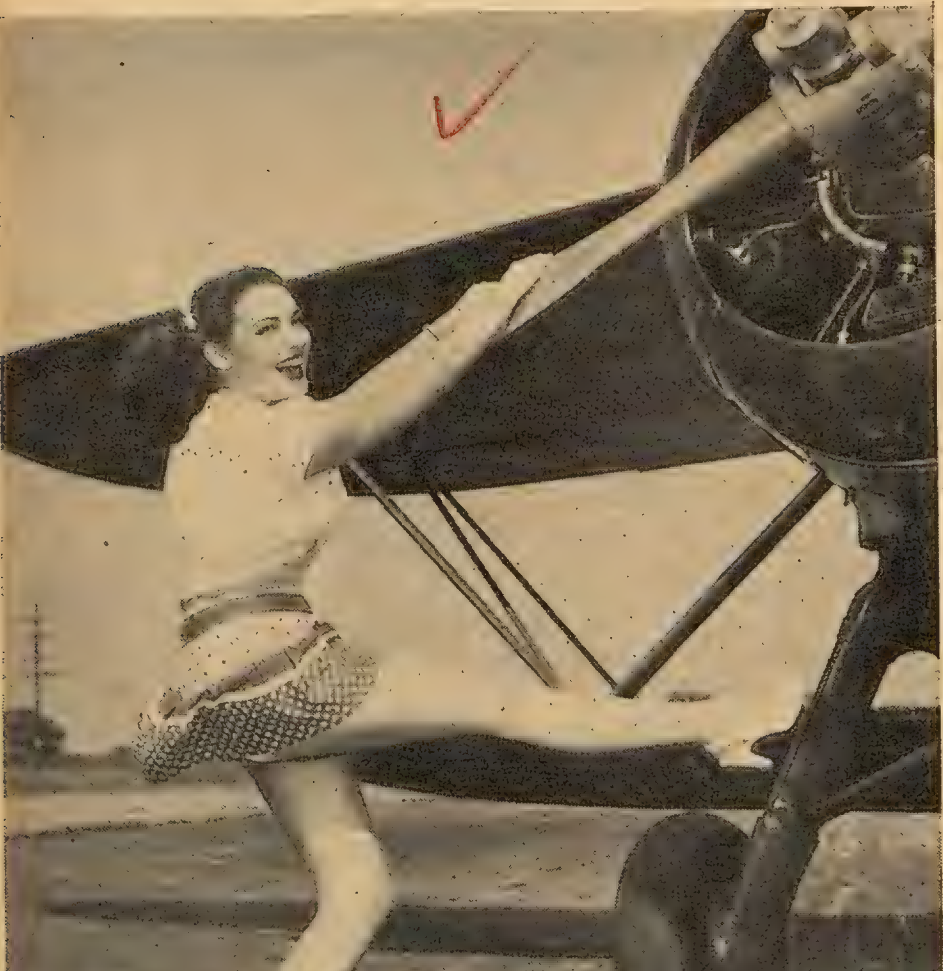
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



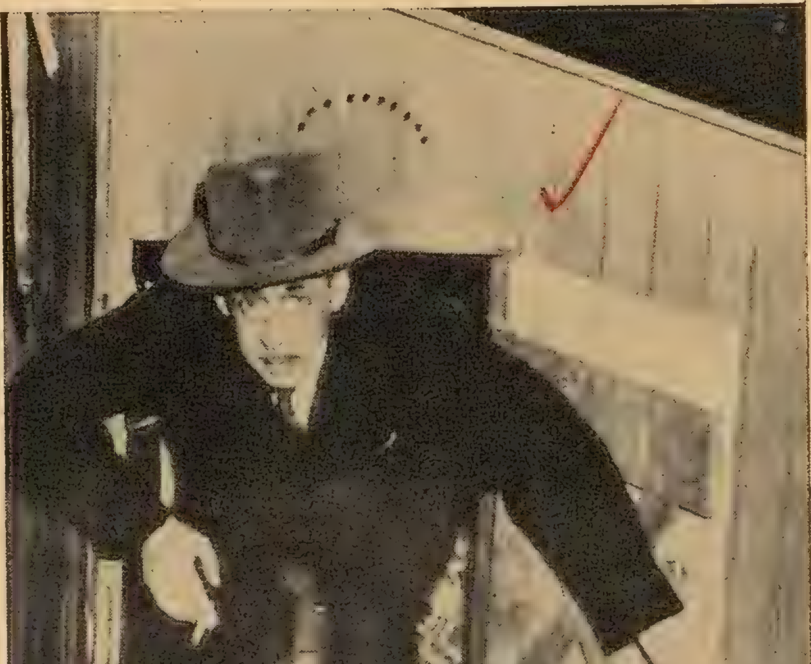
DAIRY LUNCH—When these two fawns were orphaned by a hunter, Elsie adopted them. She is really very pleased about the whole thing, inasmuch as her own son has been drafted by Swift & Co.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

CONTACT—Some gossips say that Linda Darnell is getting stout. We think this picture of Linda reveals something in the feminine line that hasn't been seen since Venus de Milo.



PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

MOVE OVER ROVER—Harold Andrews' wife had her husband barred from the premises, so he got a court order permitting him to occupy the doghouse.

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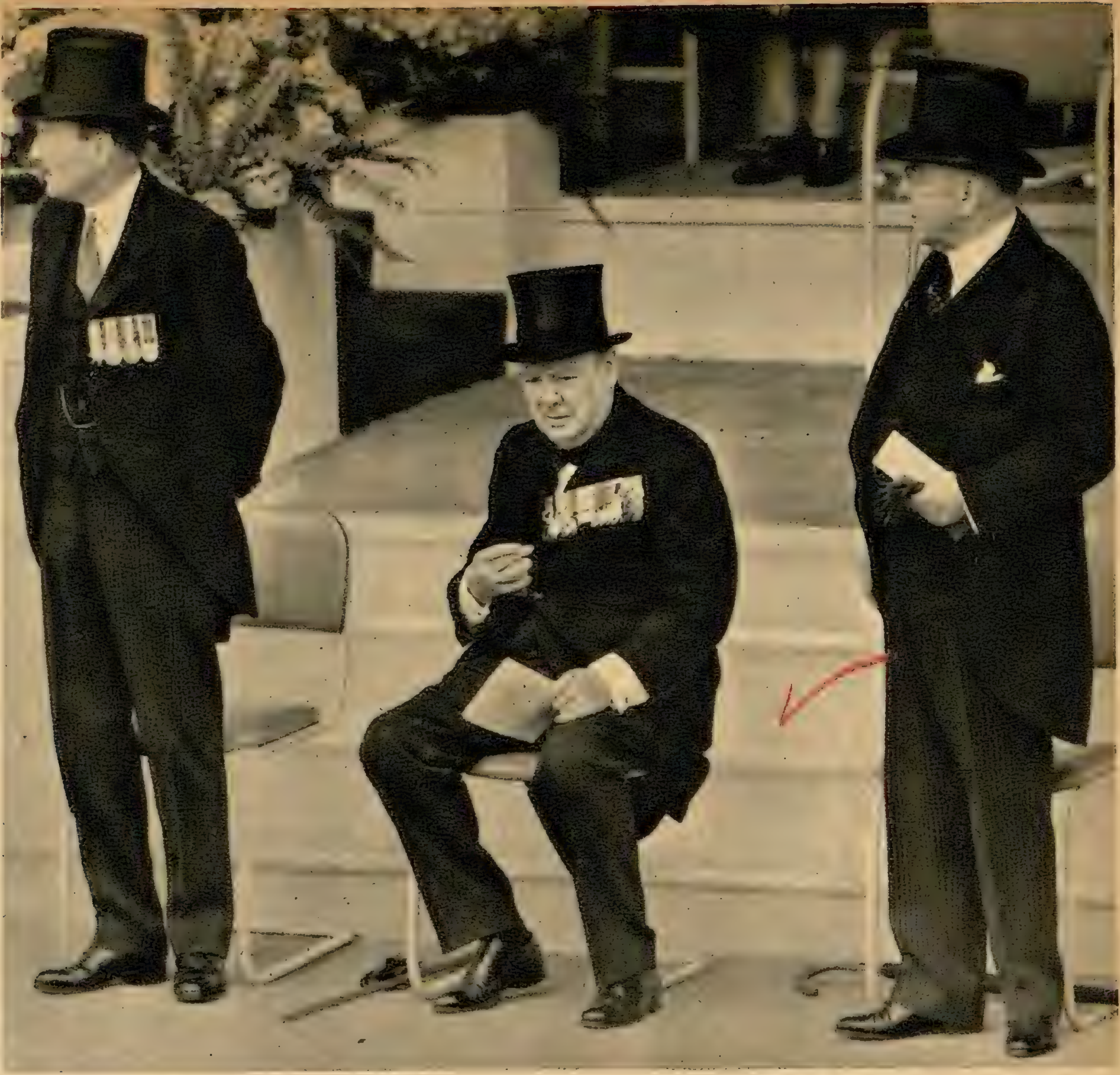
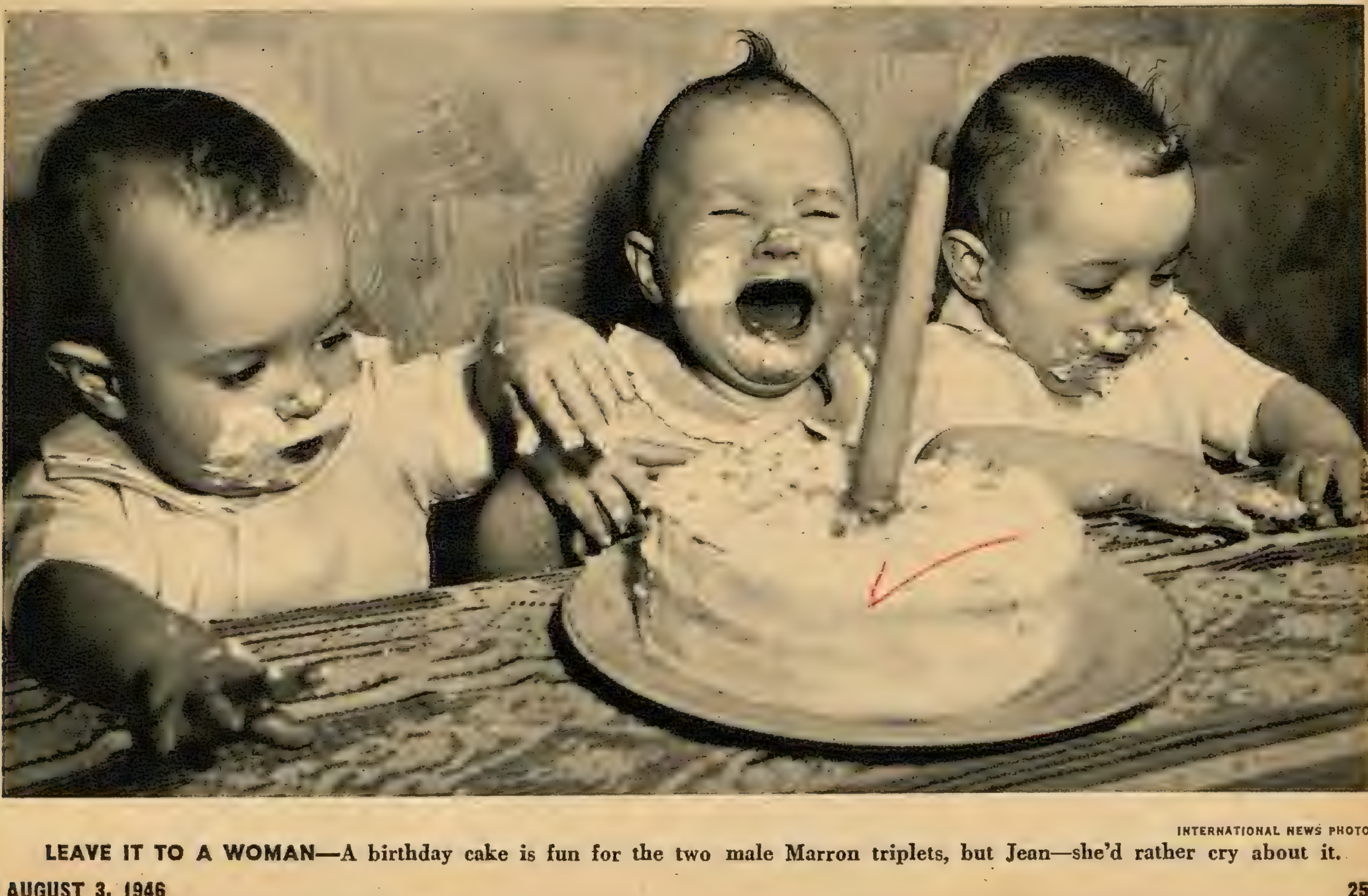


THIS IS PRIME— At a recent function in London, former Prime Minister Winston Churchill decided to sit this one out. With him are Prime Minister Attlee and also Prime Minister MackenzieKing.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO



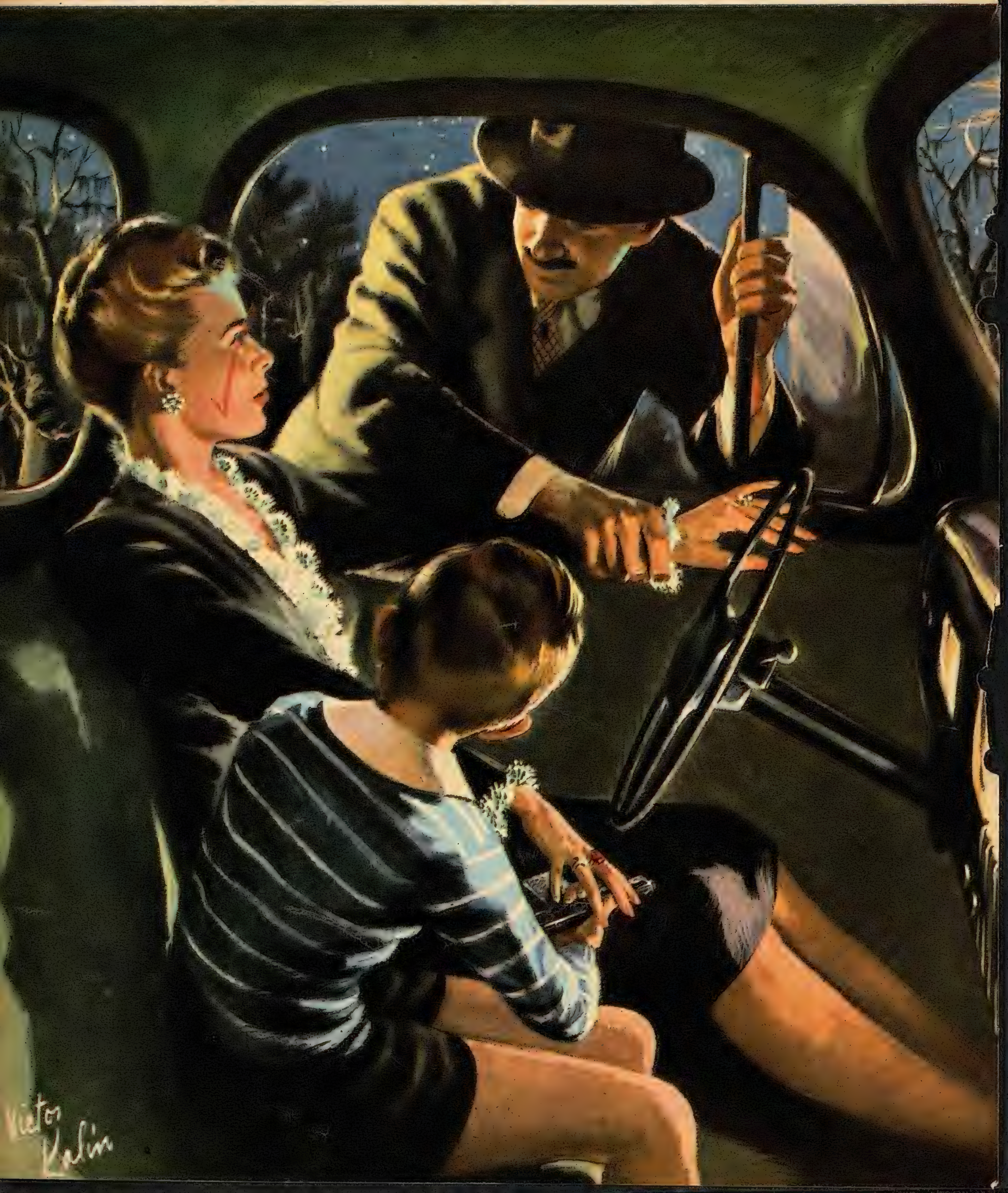
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

LEAVE IT TO A WOMAN—A birthday cake is fun for the two male Marron triplets, but Jean—she'd rather cry about it.

Does a returned veteran brutalize his child by telling tales of combat? On the answer to that one hung the future of a marriage and a little boy

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Something cold and hard pressed against her fingers. "You better take the gun, mom," Tommy whispered.



SHOT *in the* DARK

NOW the two men had fallen silent, sitting quiet but not relaxed in the comfortable wicker chairs on the brick terrace. For more than an hour they had been discussing Landry, Henry Prince, her father, and Tom Heaton, her husband.

"Letting her go North to college was the fatal error, sir," Tom said abruptly.

"Letting is a word I've never been able to apply to Landry," her father murmured. "She'll get over it in time, Tom."

"If I don't strangle her first," Tom said. He added grimly, "She's not speaking to me today."

Henry Prince did not smile. His son-in-law was, on the whole, unlikely to strangle his daughter, but there was such an institution as divorce. His jaw tightened on the thought. Landry was being—difficult. He glanced at his son-in-law's handsome unhappy face.

"I'll talk to her," he said, without conviction.

"D'you mind if I have another julep, sir?" Tom walked, steadily enough, across the terrace, but the older man frowned. This would be Tom's fifth, and whisky and trouble did not make a good team.

Yes, he would have to talk to Landry, he told himself, and he felt suddenly old and tired and inadequate. It was not going North to college which had done the damage. Landry, he reflected, had been born willful. He had never, even to himself, admitted his relief when she married Tom. It was—or it should have been—a perfect match. They had known each other since they were children. Moving from her great-grandfather's house twenty miles westward to Heaton Hall had been like stepping from one familiar room into another. For three years Landry had seemed completely happy, absorbed in her house, her friends, and, after a year, her son. Her life was sufficient to use up her tremendous energy. She spent countless hours—and hundreds of dollars—in restoring the old formal gardens which had run wild after the death of Tom's mother. After Tommy was born, she became a charming hostess, in the best Virginia tradition, a delightful and devoted wife and mother.

Two weeks after Pearl Harbor, Tom Heaton joined the Marine Corps. Perhaps, thought her father, Landry had not yet forgiven him. He was married; he was a father; he had no right to take such a step, she had protested passionately. The war years taught her that it was more than a question of right. She had flung herself into Red Cross and canteen work with the same enthusiasm she had directed upon Heaton Hall. Then Tom returned, leaner, older than three years at home would have made him, and after an ecstatic month of reunion, the storm clouds began to gather.

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN

The whole business would be ridiculous if it were not so serious. Henry Prince had been appalled at the scene between them yesterday. He had driven over before Tommy's bedtime. Landry was dressing to go out to dinner, and he and Tom played with the little boy.

"You and daddy be Japs," Tommy said. "You're trying to keep me from getting this beachhead, but I'm a company of U. S. Marines. O.K.?"

"O.K.," agreed Tom, smiling.

Tommy disappeared behind a camellia bush, and suddenly a barrage of sound shattered the late afternoon stillness. Machine-gun fire, whir of shells, hand grenades....

"The marines!" cried Tom. "We're being surrounded, sir!"

The marines advanced, their blue eyes sparkling with excitement, their plump cheeks pink from exertion. The situation was practically in hand when, on their left flank, advanced Landry, in a long white evening dress and silver slippers, with five gardenias pinned high in her chestnut-colored curls, and her eyes blazing.

"Tommy!" said Landry, and the marines stopped short. "Go in to Zena. It's suppertime."

"Please, mother—"

"You heard me, Tommy."

The marines heard and reluctantly obeyed, while their mother stood, looking lovely and distinguished and furiously angry. She ignored her father, and her voice was directed exclusively to her husband.

"Tom, I thought we had this out once and for all yesterday."

"Then you were mistaken, Landry," said Tom very quietly.

Landry's right foot moved, a silver flash against the green grass. She had learned not to stamp it, reflected her father, but the impulse remained. "Tom, I will not have my child—"

Tom's voice, dangerously quiet now, cut like a knife through her quivering one. "Whose child, Landry?"

She shrugged. "*Our* child, then. But don't forget that I had him alone for nearly three years."

"I can't see that that has any bearing on the situation," said Tom.

Henry Prince asked mildly, "Landry, what's this all about?"

Her dark eyes turned reluctantly from battle to her father's serene face. "It's this perpetual playing war—shooting—all these horrible noises. I'm so tired of having Tommy suddenly push a wooden gun at me and say, 'Stick 'em up!' The war's over—why can't he be made to play something else?"

"It doesn't seem very important to me, one way or the other," said Tommy's grandfather.

"It wouldn't be if Landry were telling the whole truth, sir," Tom said.

"Are you implying that I'm not telling the truth, Tom Heaton?" Landry demanded.

"I said the whole truth."

"And what do you think the whole truth is?" she demanded.

"Do we have to go into that again now?" asked Tom. "It seems to me that we might at least keep up a pretense of politeness while your father is here."

"I think we've gone beyond politeness," said Landry.

Henry Prince had risen to his feet on that note. "You two had better get started or you'll be late for your dinner. I'm going in and say good night to Tommy."

HIS son-in-law returned to the terrace. He slid back into the wicker chair and stretched out his long legs. "This is really a showdown, sir," he said. "I am not going to have Landry making a sissy out of Tommy. The latest is that she's decided that hunting is brutalizing. I took him out with me this morning, and just because he got a little blood from one of the birds on his hands—" His lips set. "She'll be putting lace ruffles on his underpants next."

"I imagine Tommy'd have something to say about that," murmured Tommy's grandfather.

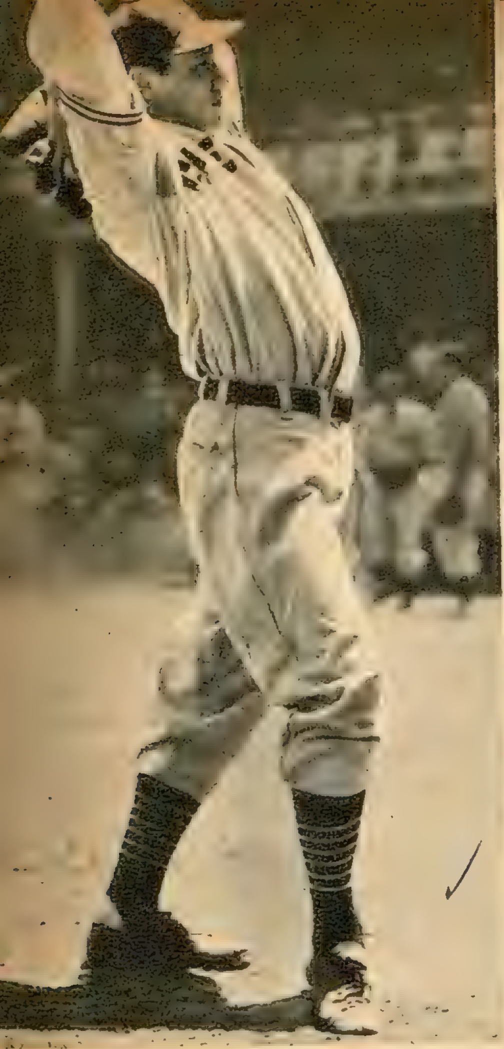
It would do no good to tell Tom to forget it. His boiling point was higher than Landry's, but apparently he had reached it.

"How old were you, sir, when you had your first gun?" Tom asked suddenly.

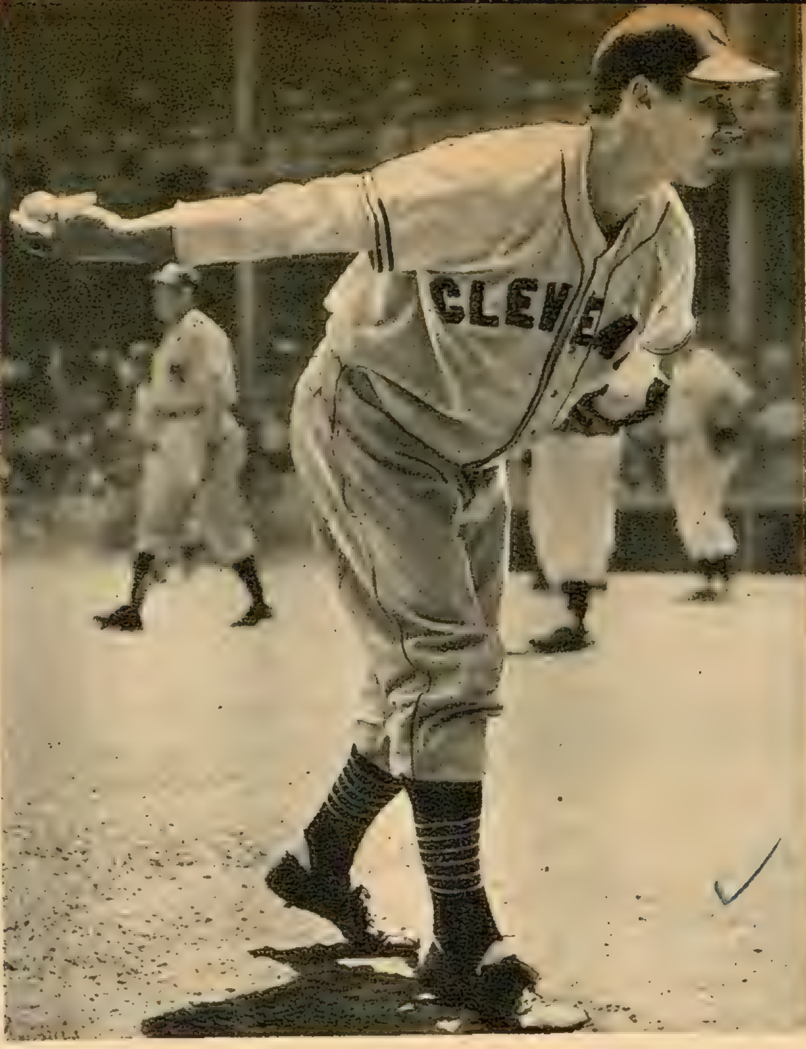
"Six, I think. It was a shotgun and it was bigger than I was. I used to pot birds in the orchard—" He paused. "I believe that children were more careful in my day," he added.

"Maybe they had more to be careful about," said Tom. "Maybe that's the whole thing." He stared down the long shadowed walk to the marble boy with the bow and arrow.

(*Continued on page 56*)



The stretch—



start of the wind-up—

poised for the pitch—

PORTRAIT "F"

The Flame Thrower

BY STANLEY FRANK

L5663-30

Some of the wiseacres thought Bob Feller was washed up after thirty months' combat duty on a battlewagon. This new close-up of the greatest pitcher of this generation will show you that he still has plenty on the ball

ON THE afternoon of last April 30, Bob Feller reared back on his hind leg 118 times in the Yankee Stadium and fired the ball as though he were determined to ram an unpalatable dose down somebody's unwilling throat. Feller was a pitcher with a peeve and a purpose that day, and he unburdened himself of both in the grand manner. The greatest pitcher of this generation achieved his second no-hit, no-run game—the first such indignity inflicted upon the Yankees since 1919.

Never did a ballplayer call his shots with more authority than Feller against the toughest batting order in the business. Several days earlier the Associated Press and United Press circulated nationally stories intimating pretty strongly that almost four years in the Navy had robbed Feller of the speed and stuff which had established him as baseball's No. 1 prewar pitcher. The account went on to relate that while Hal Newhouser and Spud Chandler were winning their first three starts, Feller had dropped two games after shutting out the White Sox in the opener. The inference was plain: Rapid Robert was over the hill.

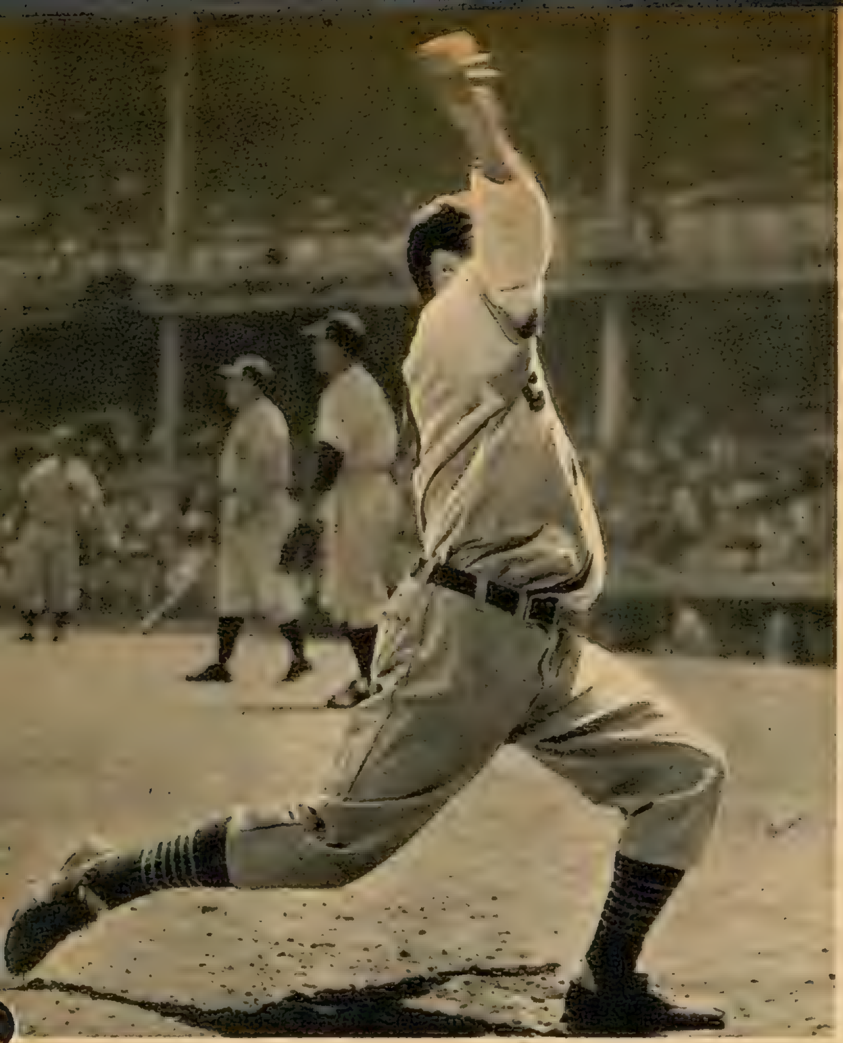
The stories outraged Feller's pride—and aroused the small secret voices of doubt that must have disturbed him during thirty months of combat duty on the U.S.S. Alabama. The intensity with which he pitched, inflaming 37,144 fans in a mounting frenzy after the second inning, was the tip-off that Feller was trying to disprove his critics—and prove to himself that he still had no peers in his craft.

It was a classic 1-0 game, won in the ninth on catcher Frank Hayes' home run. Then, in the Yankees' last half, with the tying run in scoring position and Joe DiMaggio and Charley Keller coming up with one out, Feller squelched the most dangerous one-two punch in baseball on soft infield grounders.

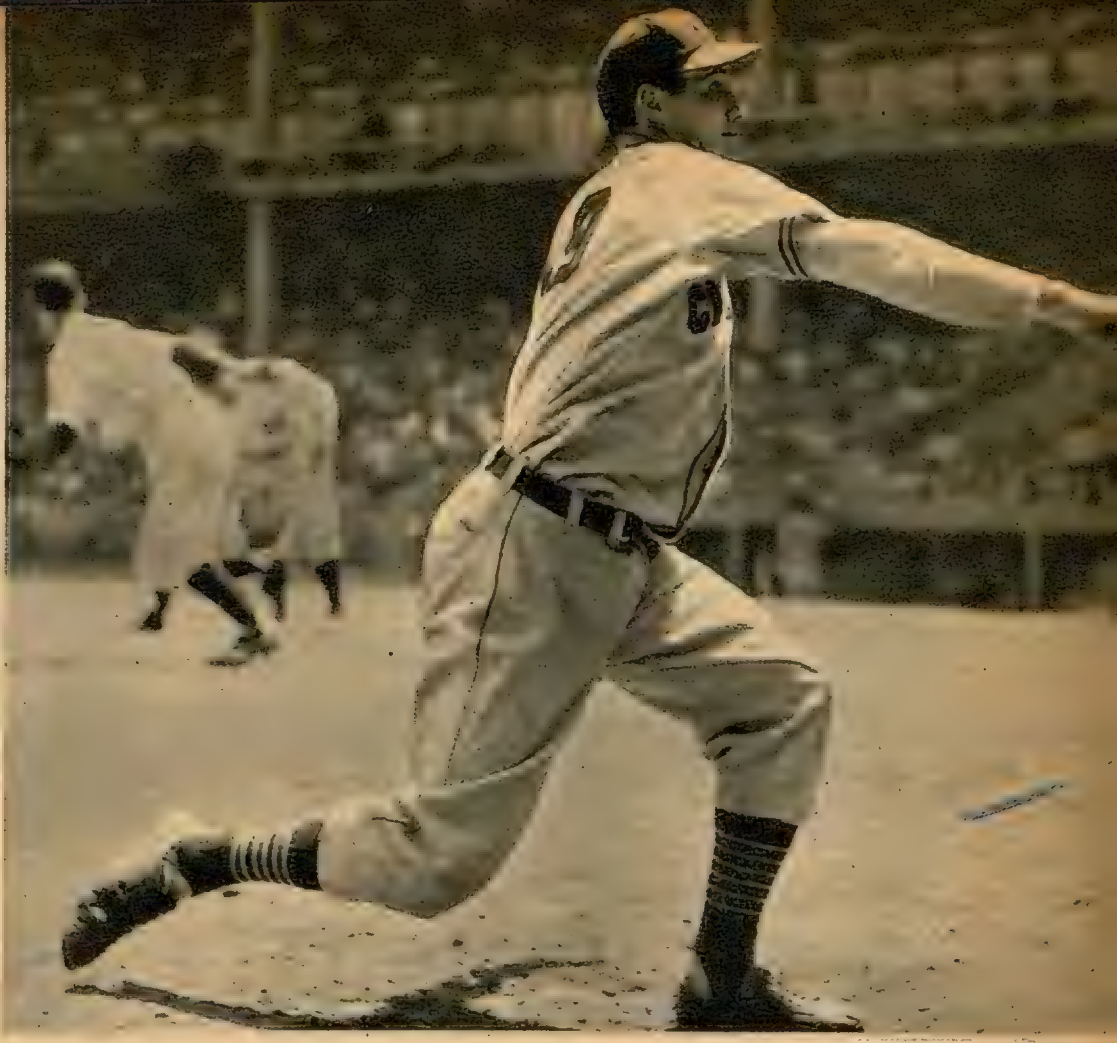
"It was the best game I ever pitched," Feller grinned in the clubhouse. "The nature of the opposition made it better than my no-hitter against the White Sox in the 1940 opener. Sure, I knew I was working on a no-hitter, but the way things were going, it looked as though I'd lose a helluva game in about twelve innings. That's my usual luck with the Yankees."

The drama unfolded in the Yankee Stadium on April 30 reaffirmed the conviction that Feller is the best pitcher any of us has seen or is likely to see. It gave rise once again to the valid proposition that Robert William Andrew Feller may be the best pitcher the great American game of baseball ever has known.

Time invests the old hallowed heroes with a blinding luster that tends to overshadow the comparative ability of contemporary players. When Feller enlisted in the Navy on December 9, 1941—two days after Pearl Harbor—he had just passed his twenty-third birthday. He had won 107 major-league



bearing down—*



PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

the ball leaves him at 125 m.p.h.

games. From that focal point, examine the records of Cy Young, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, and Grover Cleveland Alexander, the Big Four nominated by tradition as the game's greatest pitchers.

Young, winner of more games than any man who ever lived, had won only nine major-league games when he was twenty-three. Mathewson had won sixty-four and Johnson fifty-seven when they were twenty-three. Alexander wasn't even in the big leagues at twenty-three. In other words, Feller had a better running start toward immortality than any of the men who eventually made it.

OF the Big Four, Alexander alone had his career interrupted by a war, and he missed only five months of the 1918 season, as against the four full seasons, less one month, our man Feller lost while he was in the service. Those four seasons, which never can be recaptured, have ruined any remote chance he ever had of exceeding Young's all-time record of 511 games and make it practically impossible for him to crack Johnson's American League record of 414 games. Before he went into the Navy, Feller was averaging twenty-five victories a season. His years in the service cost him, therefore, approximately 100 games, a respectable lifetime total for the average pitcher and a crushing handicap to overcome for a man shooting for the moon.

We are not attempting to depict Feller as one in twelve million who suffered extreme hardship because of the war. We are merely trying to show that Feller's record, spectacular as it is, never will be an adequate yardstick of his status.

There are sentimental old-timers who consider it a heresy to compare anyone since 1915 with the dear departed stars. Although we have no desire at this late date to belabor the point, it is necessary to mention, in footnote fashion, that pitching and winning ball games today is a tougher, more ticklish trick than it was when the Big Four were creating their incredible records for consistency and longevity.

Matty once worked a fourteen-hit shutout. A fourteen-hit outburst in the present era is a cinch to include one or two home runs that will cost a pitcher not only his shutout but his game as well. The hopped-up ball is the answer, of course, and it makes every man in the batting order a potential home-run hitter. There are few soft spots in a line-up that permit a pitcher the luxury of easing up and saving his stuff for the big noises of the opposition. The Big Four never had to contend with the constant pressure under which Feller has operated. Somewhere along here it should be mentioned, too, that Feller, whose Cleveland team has finished as high as second only once during his tenure, started this season with a winning percentage of .663. Matty, the high gun among the Big Four with .664, was aided by McGraw's Giants, who had to be kept from leaping off bridges when they finished worse than second.

The most remarkable aspect of Feller's career is not his technical skill but the fact that he capitalized on even a fraction of his tremendous potential. Never was a naïve kid, fresh off the farm, submitted to more severe, unrelenting pressure than Feller. There never was a prodigy in any field or profession who had more reason to blow his top or throw his weight around. That he has matured into a personable solid citizen who wouldn't know how to act like a prima donna is a tribute to his character and mentality.

He was a national celebrity before he was sixteen, and he was a living legend after his first appearance in a major-league ball park. At seventeen he broke the American League strike-out record, and three years later he was the youngest pitcher in history to win twenty games a season—and earn $20,000 a year.

STILL the story without a parallel is incomplete. They say great artists are born, not made, but Feller's father took out a rain check on whimsical, uncertain chance. Bill Feller fashioned by hand an idealized image of a pitcher and, miraculously, his son breathed life into it. When Bobby was eight years old, Bill Feller told him that he would be a great pitcher some day, and the boy believed him implicitly. Both Bob and Bill Feller worked with astonishing singleness of purpose toward the goal, letting nothing, not even the farm that supported the family, detour or distract them.

Boy wonders in sport have a nasty habit of burning out before they reach maturity, but Bob was an authentic phenomenon who developed as though he could read his destiny from a blueprint.

As every literate American knows, Bob was born at Van Meter, Iowa, an obscure pin point on the map, on November 3, 1918. The genesis

(Continued on page 60)

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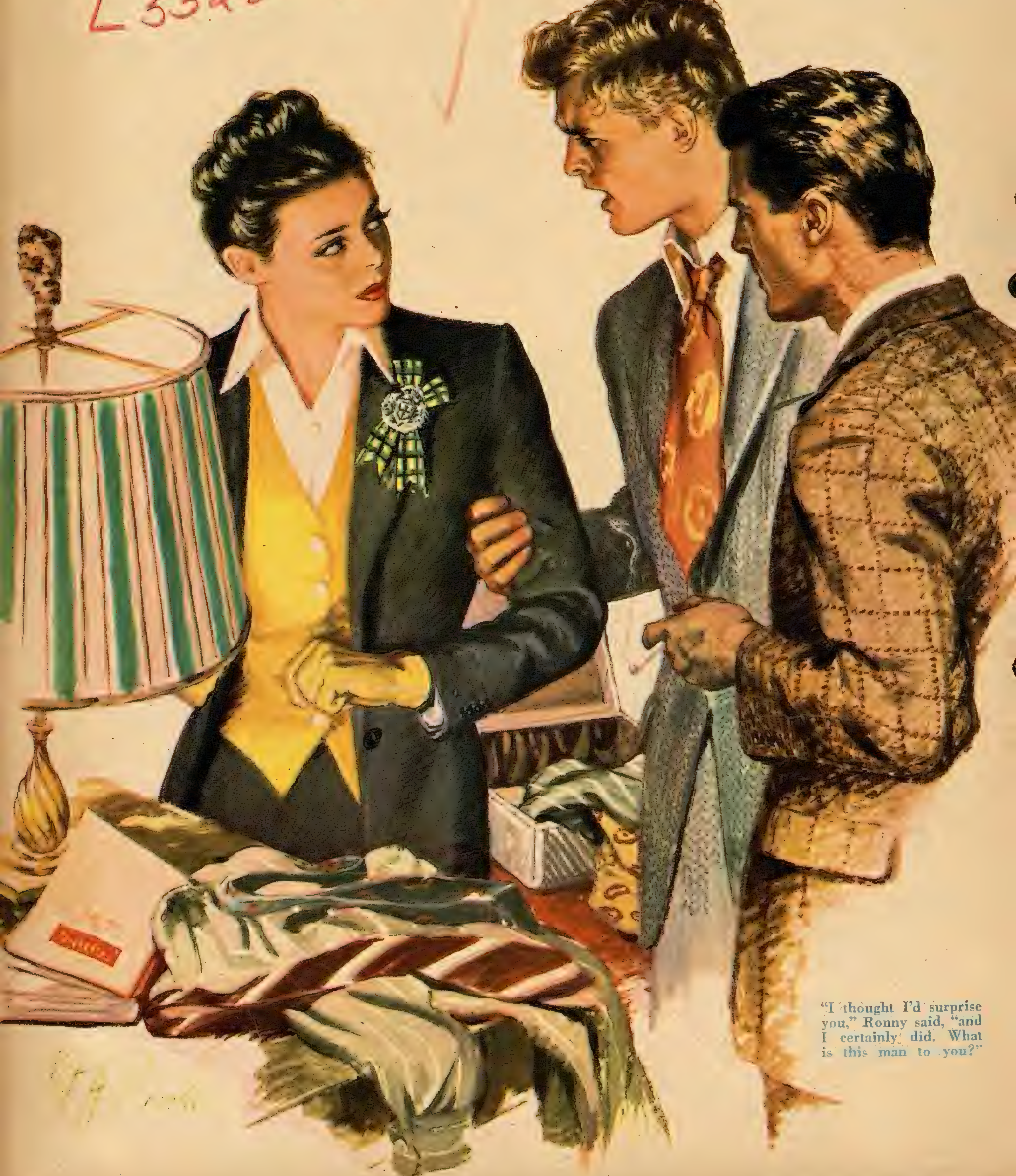
* Feller's right arm is moving so fast, the camera was unable to freeze the action at 1/1000 part of a second.

For Barter or for Worse

L 5526 - 400

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE



"I thought I'd surprise you," Ronny said, "and I certainly did. What is this man to you?"

Tom was after a little house in the country. That was all. The ad didn't mention anything about a slim little witch named Campaspe. But then it could never have described her

BY ALICE MEANS REEVE

TOM BURTON, reading his evening paper, was hanging on the outer edge of a crowded California street cable car with one hand, when he let out a sudden yelp and jumped off the car as it disgorged some tourists at Chinatown.

Tall, hatless, sandy-haired, he stood in the middle of the street with half the cars in San Francisco honking around him, while he reread the ad that had jolted him off the cable car.

> FOR BARTER OR FOR WORSE. Illustrator would like to exchange quiet country cottage in Berkeley hills for decent apartment near Chinatown for couple of months. C. Lane. 73 Parnassus Way.

It wasn't the pun, outrageous as it was, but the ad itself that had Tom in such a tizzy. And the fact that there was no phone number and he couldn't contact C. Lane right away added to his perturbation.

At the corner he saw two bosomy mink-coated dowagers hailing a taxi, and as it drew to a shrieking stop beside them, he leaped over, grabbed open the door and said, "Pardon me, ladies, but I've got to get to the maternity hospital at once. I'm expecting twins!"

They drew themselves up like affronted pouter pigeons, and chorused, "Well!" haughtily, as the taxi, with Tom in it, slid off and left them standing in the gutter.

"Serves them Nob Hill dames right, the way they tip," said the driver. "Which hospital, bud? I'm a father myself."

"Let the stork wait, Mac. I have bigger fish to fry just at present. Take me as fast as the law allows to Parnassus Way over in Berkeley."

The driver stopped for a red light and turned and looked over his shoulder at Tom. "Sorry, bud, but I haven't had dinner and you couldn't *get* me to go over that bridge in the rush hour."

"Look, Mac," said Tom, as the driver sneaked in and out of traffic like the ball on a pin-ball machine. "I've got a chance to live in the country"—he beat on his chest and coughed hollowly—"a chance to see the blue sky overhead, to walk on green grass. You wouldn't deprive me of that, would you, Mac?" Before the cabby could reply in the negative, he shoved the want ad under his nose.

The driver read it and said, "You got the apartment and want to trade with this guy, huh?"

"That's the picture," said Tom, "and if I wait for trains and streetcars, somebody else might beat me to it. I can't work any longer here in the city—I need the country."

"What's your work, bud? If you don't mind me asking?"

"You won't jeer if I tell you?"

"I don't make no promises."

"I'm a song writer," said Tom.

"No kidding!" said the cabby admiringly. "Say, I used to sing a bit myself. You write any of the big ones?"

"No, just a few small ones. So far, I am merely a genius in the bud. But wait till I get over there with the buttercups and chickens!"

"I'd like to oblige a song writer, but I only had time for a hamburger and milk for lunch, and my stomach's howling for a good dinner."

"As a matter of fact," said Tom, "I was on my way to eat when I saw this ad. Let's make a deal—you take me over to Berkeley, and afterward I'll buy you a dinner. What do you say?"

"Oh, nuts! Too late to back out now," said the cabby, as his car nosed into one of the bridge approaches, which meant no turning back until he reached the other side.

HALF an hour later they stopped before a little low white house, and Tom leaped out of the cab and said, "Wait, Mac. This won't take long."

He ran up the flagstone path and rang the doorbell.

The door was opened by a slim small girl in black slacks and jersey, with her dark hair piled in shining curls on top of her head.

"I'm looking for C. Lane," Tom said.

"That's me, but *I* didn't do it!" the girl said.

"I've come for barter or for worse."

"Oh, that! Well, come in."

Tom stepped into a long room with a balcony at one end. There was a mammoth fireplace with a fragrant wood fire. The room was bright and charming and littered. Women, he thought. They're certainly messy.

"Welcome to Lumbago," the girl said.

Tom turned and stared at her. "Lumbago? Why do you call it that?"

"Why, obviously, because it has a creek in the back."

Tom groaned. Then he saw a baby grand piano in the far corner of the room, and went over and tried it out. He looked out the broad window that framed San Francisco and the bay and the bridges. He turned back to the girl. "Sold," he said, "to the gentleman from San Francisco. Even a piano."

"Hey, wait a minute," said C. Lane. "You like this, and sure, why wouldn't you? But how do I know I'll like your place in the city? After all, it was me who did the advertising."

"Well, come and look at it right now. I've got a cab outside."

"I can't go till I have dinner. I was just about to eat."

"Everybody I meet thinks of nothing but eating," Tom said aggrievedly. He sniffed suddenly, then said, "Say, what's burning?"

C. Lane said, "Oh, heavens!" and clattered out to the kitchen.

She came back a minute later and said, "Just pie juice running over—everything's under control. If you want to have a snack with me, then afterward I can go right over with you to look at your place."

The burning smell had disappeared, and there were such delectable fragrances coming from the kitchen that Tom started to accept with alacrity, when he remembered the cab driver. "Gosh," he said, "I hate to refuse, but I practically shanghaied this cab driver who's waiting outside, and I promised I'd buy him a dinner. We'll eat downtown, and then come back for you."

"You go get him and bring him in here. I cooked enough stuff to last me three days, just to save time, and if I'm going to move across the bay, maybe, somebody's got to eat it up."

Tom still hesitated.

"What's the matter?" she demanded. "Weak stomach?"

"No—but you don't know this fellow and you're taking sort of a chance—"

"I don't know you either," she said. "I'm taking two. Now scram."

TOM came back with the cab driver, who was fortyish, baldish, rosy-cheeked, and a trifle shy.

"This is Joe McGuire," he said, "Miss Lane."

C. Lane smiled at him. "Hello, Joe. What do you know?" she said, and extended her hand in welcome.

You could almost see the shyness on Joe's face warm into worship. "Geez," he said, "this is swell of you, Miss Lane."

"You boys come on out to the kitchen," she said. "We'll get trays and eat by the fire."

They took their laden trays into the long living room and sat down, C. Lane cross-legged on the hearthrug, and the men in chairs.

(*Continued on page 50*)

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MELODY ON A PERCH

CARTOONS BY MAX HORN

About one in every ten U. S. families is said to own a canary, but not one in ten thousand knows the fascinating lore of these cheerful little captives

BY EDDY DRESSEN

They are best off and happiest caged.

"LET the imprisoned sunbeams fly into the sunshine."

That's how a well-meaning woman expressed it when she liberated five canaries a neighbor had given her. They flew into the sunshine all right, but didn't get far. Wings that had never been stretched for more than the length of a cage carried them for only about twenty feet.

They alighted on the ground. A prowling cat quickly disposed of one and the rest scattered. A little while later the same cat got two more. The surviving pair perched terrified in separate trees. Eventually they starved to death, though food was plentiful.

Canaries are probably the only domestic creatures which have been so changed by civilization that they are no longer capable of reverting to the wild. They are best off and happiest when caged. If released from their cages, or taken from them, most canaries want only to be safely back behind bars.

If the bird isn't yellow it isn't a canary.

These cheerful little captives have come a long way from the modest song-limited creatures that flew about their native haunts in the Canary Islands, the Azores, and Madeira. Very gradually they changed in captivity, and early prints of the ideal bird portray it as a soft and unblemished yellow. The idea that a canary should be that color has persisted, and even today many people stoutly aver that if the bird isn't yellow, it isn't a canary. But with canaries, as with almost every other domestic creature, modern and scientific color-breeding has had its effect.

Canaries sometimes are pugnacious.

Many prominent breeders have found from experience that a green canary is stronger, hardier, and sings just as sweetly as a yellow one. In addition there are white canaries, blue ones, orange ones, cinnamon-colored ones, and all the various shades and combinations in between. There isn't much doubt that in time you'll be able to buy a singing canary that will match the color of the room in which you propose to keep it. And probably you'll want one, because canaries seem definitely slated to be one of the coming vogues.

Probably one in every ten American families already owns one.

Aside from being able to select almost any color you wish—a black canary probably will soon be developed—your bird as a singer will be as superior to his wild ancestors as Lauritz Melchior is to a grunting African bushman. Purity of song and sweetness of melody have been much and successfully sought after by canary breeders and fanciers, of whom there are many. The Canary Magazine lists about a hundred breeders' and fanciers' clubs whose members include doctors, attorneys, executives, laborers, etc. And nobody knows how many thousands of canary fanciers there are who belong to no club. For even small communities have at least one fancier.

And there just isn't such a thing as a halfhearted canary fancier. They seek perfection, and they're willing to pay for it. Two hundred dollars isn't an uncommon price for an especially desirable bird. A hundred dollars each is average for four birds in a winning team at any canary show. Not long ago a fancier from Honolulu spent $100 just to send a detailed radiogram to an American breeder describing what sort of birds he wanted. He paid $650 for three males and six females, and had the birds sent by plane. Canaries for which similar fancy prices were paid have used the same expensive transportation to Cuba, Mexico, and Canada.

There are two kinds of canary shows, those in which the color of the birds exhibited is most important, and song shows. Though variously colored canaries consistently reproduce their own colors in their young, it also is possible, by feeding them certain drugs, chemicals, aniline dyes, and other substances, to tint the birds in various temporary shades. The pigment is actually absorbed by and colors the feathers.

At one color show there was a bird that had been fed as much carrot as it could eat from the time it was able to perch until it was through its baby molt. By that time the canary was the exact color of a carrot, and won first prize. At the next molting, unless the carrot diet was resumed, the bird's feathers would be whatever color nature had designed for them. However, at color shows, it's usually specified whether the bird is naturally or artificially colored. It's also possible to color-feed canaries so that their natural plumage will be much more lustrous.

But only by the most careful and scientific breeding can the canary's song be materially improved. And though there are hairline distinctions between singing canaries, the three main classes are the choppers,

(*Continued on page 75*)

2 spots returned to Martin
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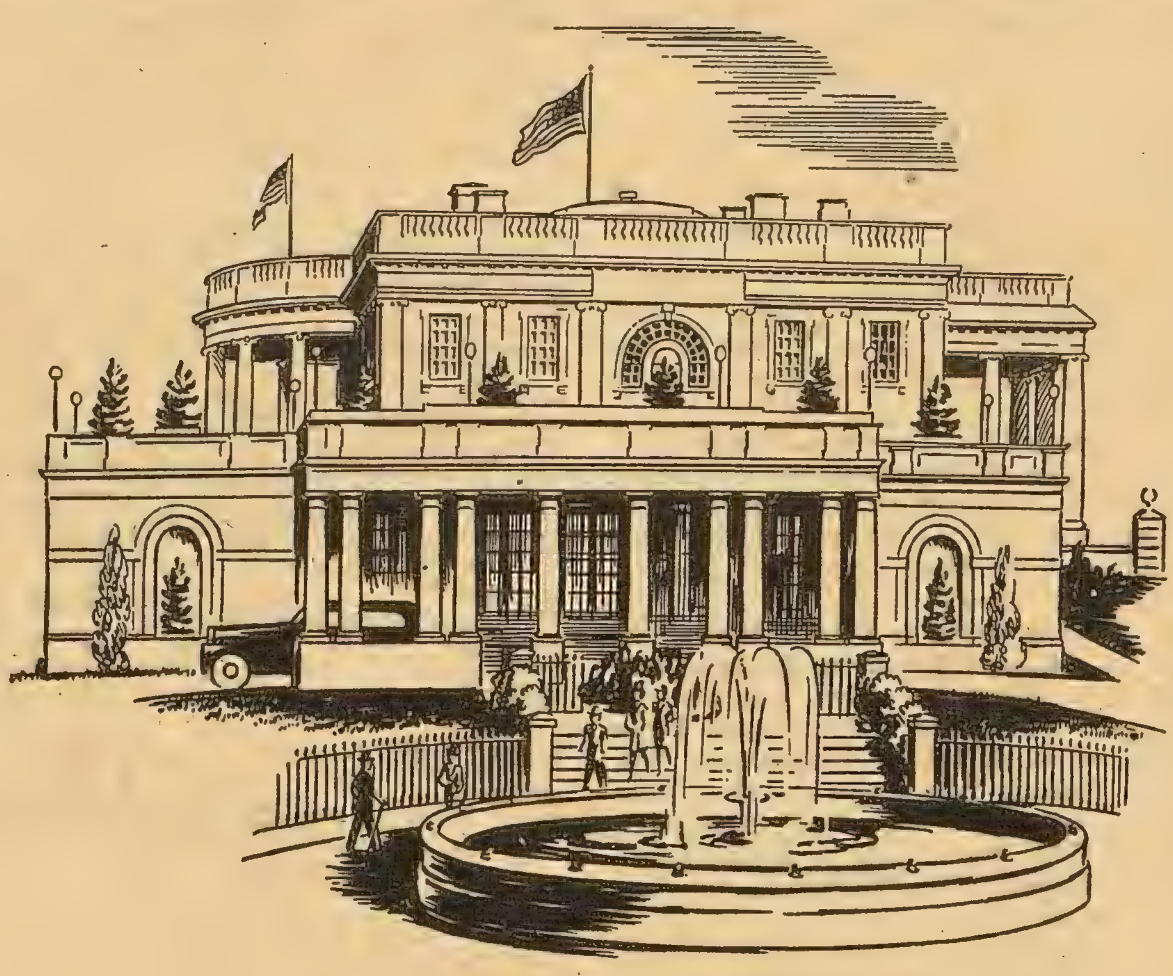
WASHINGTON TAPESTRY



BY OLIVE EWING CLAPPER

Raymond Clapper, the beloved newsman and radio commentator, covered the Washington scene from 1917 until he died in 1944, a war casualty. He was intimately acquainted with the historic figures of the period. In this best-selling book his wife has combined his notes and her memories to paint a fascinating and entertaining picture of life in the nation's capital. She writes: "Ray is the co-author."

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION • *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

Copyright, 1946, by Olive Ewing Clapper.
Published by Whittlesey House, New York, N. Y. Price $2.75.

A Worrier at the Helm

MY most vivid memories of Washington political and social life started with the election of 1932. The new candidate for President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, invigorated the scene at the Democratic Convention that year with decision and speedy action. Yet newspapermen who knew him as Governor of New York doubted that he would make an unusual President, if elected. They liked him in a casual but unenthusiastic manner.

They were asked, "If elected, could he deal with the crisis?" Well, they doubted it, because he never had done anything spectacular. Yes, he had made a competent governor, but they weren't sure that he was big enough for the Presidency in time of stress.

Everyone enjoyed hearing personal sidelights about Roosevelt, but overshadowing all else in every mind was the depression. In panic a worried people looked about for a scapegoat, and found him in Herbert Hoover, President of the United States, and now nominee of the Republican Party for a second term.

The political campaign of 1932 was marked by increasing criticism of Hoover. One favorite story was about a hitchhiker who made a record trip across the country, simply by holding up a sign, "If you don't give me a ride, I'll vote for Hoover."

For three long years Hoover had worried and fretted. As Admiral Grayson, physician and intimate friend of Woodrow Wilson, remarked to my husband, "Hoover is a worrier, has to read himself to sleep at night. That's not the kind of man you want for a long race."

My husband had a forty-minute private interview with President Hoover, February 27, 1931, in which Hoover said the big job facing the country was to get out of the depression; then afterward we should make a study to see what had caused it!

He felt this was a "commodity" depression instead of a money panic, as earlier depressions had been. By that, he meant that we had over-produced many commodities, such as coal, oil, and lumber. These excess goods couldn't move until people began to buy. They didn't buy, Hoover thought, because they were scared.

He said, "What the country needs is a good, big laugh. There seems to be a condition of hysteria. If some one could get off a good joke every ten days, I think our troubles would be over." He added, "The people have got to take care of a good many things themselves. The government can't do it. Nobody is actually starving. The hoboes, for example, are better fed than they have ever been. One hobo in New York got ten meals in one day."

Ray resisted asking, "Surely, Mr. President, you are not confusing the unemployed with hoboes, are you?"

Hoover was obsessed with one idea. The government must not interfere with private industry, because that was socialistic. People must work their own way out of the trouble. The unemployed should be helped by private or state charity.

He actually made the statement that if the newspapers would quit talking about unemployment our troubles would be over. His guess was that there were about four million unemployed in 1931, of which one million were being taken care of by charity.

At the end of the interview, Ray Clapper pointed out that he wished newspapermen might be given more information about what the government departments were doing to halt the depression. They could write about that and get away from talking about the depression.

Hoover growled, "We can't manufacture news for you."

As they parted, Hoover shook his hand and said, "If you want to help, think up some good jokes."

WHEN Hoover had won the Republican nomination in 1928, national prosperity on a grand scale had lulled all fears. The Democrats nominated that "happy warrior," Alfred E. Smith of New York. Hoover easily defeated him, and I experienced my first bitter political disappointment.

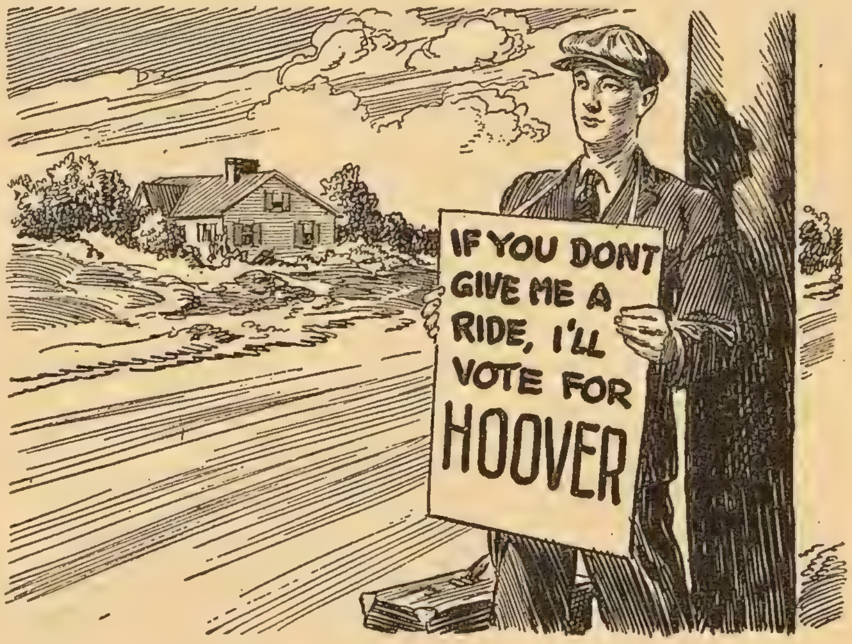
I was particularly outraged at the religious persecution of Al Smith during the campaign. The idea of pillorying a man for being a Catholic in this country which guaranteed religious freedom offended all my political liberalism.

Ray had been away traveling on campaign jaunts. When he came home the day before election, he found our Ford car wearing "Vote for Al Smith" stickers. He was very angry and refused to get into the car until I took them off. He never took sides in any political campaign, believing that a reporter should keep himself untrammeled to report the unbiased news. He couldn't help personally preferring Smith to Hoover, but he leaned over backward to force himself to be neutral in his work.

The ridiculous scare over the Catholic Pope coming to rule over the United States hung over into the Hoover administration. Some friends motored from Kansas to Washington to visit us and to see the sights. When they arrived they said they had heard that the Catholics were really running the country and Herbert Hoover. Haughtily Ray and I scoffed at such nonsense.

But later that morning, when we drove them down to see the White House, imagine our dismay to see a delegation of fifty Catholic priests coming out of the President's office. Our friends' eyes popped as they said, "See, we told you so." I think we failed to convince them otherwise as we explained that these men were visitors and sightseers like themselves.

Herbert Hoover had campaigned on the slogan of "A chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage." An interesting human sidelight of history is that this phrase was coined by a newspaperman who, five years later, in 1933, hard up and unemployed, with a wife and three children to support, was in Washington begging financial assistance from other newspapermen.



Unlike Roosevelt, Hoover made friends with the greatest difficulty. He was inept socially. Once a charming woman sat beside him on the train at breakfast a few days before his inauguration as President. She told him of a former college friend of his at Stanford University, who had become a bedridden invalid. He devoted all his time to collecting clippings, pictures and books about Hoover, his college hero. "It would mean everything to him," she said, "if you would send him just a brief greeting when you are in the White House."

Mr. Hoover grunted, "When you get to be President lots of people claim they used to know you." He never wrote the note.

In addition to his public fears, Mr. Hoover had a severe personal fright, one summer night at dinner in the White House. He looked up from his dinner plate to see a strange man walk through the entrance hall and enter the East Room. Hastily Hoover called the secret service men on duty. They arrested the stranger. He was a nice-looking man, dressed in dinner clothes, with a brief case under his arm. He said he was a lawyer from a midwestern state, come to Washington to appear before a court for a client. It was his first visit to Washington, and he wanted to see points of interest. He had been busy all day, hadn't been able to see the White House during the regular sightseeing hours. He had decided to see it that night. Finding the gates open, he had walked into the driveway, nodding to the policeman there.

At that time, the city police were charged with guarding the grounds; the secret police took up jurisdiction at the White House doors. This night, the secret service man at the door saw the policeman at the gate greet the caller and assumed this was an expected guest, or perhaps a State Department aide coming to see the President on business. It was a very hot night, all the doors were open. The secret service man nodded good evening, too, and the man walked into the White House, past Hoover's astonished gaze. He inspected the famous gold piano in the East Room and was gazing at Martha Washington's portrait when arrested. His brief case bore out his identity, and he was released after investigation.

But the episode so terrified the President that he called the secret service chief to the White House that same night. Negotiations were begun at once, giving full responsibility to the Secret Service for guarding the White House and the grounds as well.

The Miracle Men Move In

It is curious that the Republican campaign of 1932 never degenerated into an attack on Franklin Roosevelt's invalidism. Once some photographs of Roosevelt being helped out of a car were sent to Hoover, with the suggestion that circulation of them might help the Republican campaign—but they were never used. Creditable, also, was the sportsmanship of photographers, reporters and editors, who refrained from picturing or emphasizing the physical handicap.

Roosevelt had to wear very uncomfortable, intricate steel braces on both legs extending to his hips. To sit down he had to keep both feet stretched out until he could release the mechanism at the knees. To rise, the braces had to be tightened to hold the support rigid. This was always painful to him physically and psychologically. On two public occasions that I know of his braces gave way under him and he fell. The press refrained from ever mentioning it and in the public mind he always stood as a powerful, commanding figure of a man.

Roosevelt won the 1932 election with a seven million popular majority. Hoover twice invited him to the White House for consultation as the money panic began in real earnest during the three months between Roosevelt's election and inauguration. Banks crashed only here and there, at first. Then runs on banks started, and the crashes crescendoed into national panic. Banker and stock market suicides were daily occurrences.

Yet, in Washington, the carpenters building the wooden inaugural parade stands—the first work they had had in months—went on strike for more pay and staged a slowdown!

Inauguration day, March, 1933, dawned cloudy and raw. I had a ticket for a seat on the Capitol Plaza. With a friend, I stood up on the board seat as Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes administered the oath to the solemn man who launched at once into an eloquent challenge that stirred us to tears of relief. In measured, confident tones Roosevelt told us:

"This great nation will endure as it has endured, will revive and prosper. Let me affirm that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

With burning words, he charged that the "money changers" had no vision and had fled their "high seats in the temple of our civilization." He pledged action in a fighting speech that thrilled us into forgetfulness of the cold. Our shivers were those of amazement, of inspiration, of new courage. Here was a leader, here was hope. Cheers rose from a hundred thousand throats.

Mr. Roosevelt gave the banks a four-day "holiday," as he expressed it—psychologically a much better word than "moratorium." He moved with speed to set the nation's crippled economics into healing splints. We watched his startling innovations with wonder and enthusiasm.

He showed immediately that he knew how to deal with the press by summoning the chiefs of the four press associations to the White House the second evening he was in office to explain to them what he was doing in closing the banks, so that they would be able to interpret properly the stories that went out to the jittery nation. The President received them in the upstairs study. He was in great good humor. Ray was allowed to telephone a lead of the story to his office, although the full text was not released until eleven that night. As Ray dictated, Roosevelt waited to go on the air with his first fireside chat to the nation.

Roosevelt was demonstrating by his careful explanations to the press and his fireside talk to the people of the country his democratic attitude toward his position.

If ever a man had a setup for dictatorship, Roosevelt had it those early weeks and months. Business men in their panic were begging the executive to take over everything. Congress was putty in his hands, and public opinion was heavily behind him. In later years, he was accused again and again of wanting to become a dictator. At that perilous moment in our history, he could have been one with almost unanimous consent.

THERE were no firing lines or pitched battles, but, between March 4 and April 1, a revolution took place in the United States. We were not able to comprehend it all at once, but a new age burst upon us. We changed our whole concept toward economic ills.

The Federal Government would not allow men to starve and, furthermore, it would attempt to regulate a vast nation's problems to uphold the hands of the "forgotten man."

So stupendous was the salvaging effort that Secretary of the Interior Ickes alone had undertaken to spend in less than a year approximately three billion, three hundred million dollars. It was nothing short of financing a war!

One of the stories going the rounds about the New Deal was apropos of the expenditure of large sums for relief. It was told by Governor Talmadge of Georgia. A Georgia cracker who was hard up wrote to Washington and addressed his letter to "The Lord, Washington, D. C." The letter went to the dead letter office. They opened it there and found in it a request for $200. After reading the hard luck story, the employees took up a collection. They raised $100 and enclosed it with a note signed: "From the Lord."

A week later, a letter came back from him, again addressed to the Lord. It said: "Dear Lord: Your letter received. Thank you for answering my prayer. But when the letter got here $100 was missing. The next time, don't let any of those New Dealers fool with your mail."

At his first press conference Roosevelt said there would be no limit on questions the newspapermen could ask. The White House "spokesman" of the Coolidge administration was abandoned, as was the silence of President Hoover, who seldom departed from his prepared statement.

This attitude was such an advance over press-coverage allowed by former Presidents that the 125 men who swarmed into the oval room for that first conference were grateful for the valuable information Roosevelt gave. They all laughed at his quips and spontaneously burst into handclapping when the conference ended.

Congress remained in session and at executive bidding, laws and regulations tumbled out for banking and the stock market; a vast program of public works to clear slums, develop sewerage systems, develop waterways; the National Recovery Act; the Agricultural Adjustment Act—a thousand schemes to start the wheels of prosperity again.

Although the President spearheaded these new moves, a new type of government official appeared with the innovations. Rexford Guy Tugwell, Adolf Berle, Raymond Moley, Harry Hopkins, Henry Wallace, Hugh Johnson and Donald Richberg were among those who brought a sense of planning, of foresight and of comprehension of the vastness of economic relationships wholly unknown before. He called them "braintrusters." At first, they seemed like Don Quixotes tilting at windmills. Everyone laughed at them. But Ray didn't laugh because so much they said made sense if the American ideal was to be saved.

FRANKLIN and Eleanor Roosevelt had lived three months in the White House when they gave their first enormous evening party for the press.

I remember the party best for a singular kindness President Roosevelt bestowed upon a lonely young lady who seemed to have no one with whom to dance. He said to her, "Go out onto the terrace, pick out the best-looking man there and tell him, on my command, to dance with you." Imagine the surprise of handsome Duane Wilson, newspaper reporter for the United Press, when she walked up and said, "The President commands you to dance with me." After the waltz, she led him back to the President, who looked Wilson up and down and said, "Well, he looks all right to me! You made a good choice."

The first time we dined at the White House after the Roosevelts came to live there, we were invited most informally. One of Mrs. Roosevelt's secretaries telephoned, "The President and Mrs. Roosevelt would like you and Mr. Clapper to come in for informal supper Sunday."

I assumed it was to include a large group of newspaper people and expected to sit near some well-known friend; but when we entered the front door, an aide said, "Mrs. Clapper, supper will be served in the main dining room. You will be seated on the President's left, Mrs. Moffett on his right." My mind was instantly in a flutter about what in the world I could talk about to this great, new President. I said: "Heavens, how awful," to the shocked presidential aide. My husband came to my rescue by adding, "She'll get along all right . . . I've never known her to be unable to talk."

This Sunday evening I wasn't feeling glamorous, for I wore an unexciting black dress and owned no fine jewelry to relieve it. We walked into the Blue Room, where Mrs. Roosevelt received us. The President was seated in the dining room, and the guests greeted him as they went to their places. We sat at an oval table and we numbered only eleven altogether.

When I saw the glamorous Mrs. Moffett, wife of the Housing Administrator, in a glittering blue sequin evening gown bedecked with some of the world's finest sapphires, I ceased to worry about conversing with the President. I was sure he'd never turn in my direction. But as I sat down after shaking his hand, he turned at once to me and said:

"Ray has not been looking very well lately. Don't you think he is working too hard?"

Now if there is one subject a wife can always talk about, it is her husband's health. In no time at all I was chattering away about all kinds of things—laughing, telling jokes as though we were old friends. The President offered me a cigarette from a crumpled pack he pulled from his pocket and said, "Senator McAdoo dropped in to tell me good-bye today."

"Where is he going?" I asked.

"To California," he answered, whereupon we both burst out laughing as he continued, "No, not to marry Shirley Temple."

The joke was that McAdoo had just married a charming lady many years his junior, furnishing the nation with the usual amusement when an elderly man takes a youthful wife.

After supper we went upstairs to the family living room. The President and his secretary, Miss Le Hand, retired to his study to work. Mr. and Mrs. Moffett left to catch a train. I was so fascinated with Mrs. Roosevelt's conversation that I failed to realize that I was the only other woman present and therefore was the one upon whom devolved the responsibility of making the first move to go home. I was so used by this time to waiting until a ranking lady decided to break up the party, that I relaxed with irresponsibility. As the evening went on pleasantly, I hung on Mrs. Roosevelt's every word until even I became conscious of the hour and wondered why no one made a move to say good-night. Suddenly I realized that I was the ranking lady. I bolted out of my chair while Mrs. Roosevelt was in the middle of a sentence and said, "Oh, we must go home." She looked astonished at my rudeness, as well she might, finished her sentence, and we all left. I was glad to see it was only ten forty-five as we drove off.

Immortality and Mediocrity in the White House

In 1935 my husband estimated that the men of the working press in Washington were 95 per cent in favor of Franklin Roosevelt as a competent man at home in his job as President of the United States. This startlingly favorable reaction was due partly to Roosevelt's own charm and ability. It was based also on the contrast he made with former men in the same job as judged by men who watched Presidents close-up.

My husband had known Presidents Harding and Coolidge personally and well. Although he came to Washington during Woodrow Wilson's second administration in 1917, he was then a beginner in newspaper reporting. Only experienced newspapermen are assigned to cover the White House. So Ray had had no personal experience with Wilson.

Of course we talked about Wilson a lot; about his autocratic manner in telling Congress, "This is what I want, you get it through." But his democratic outlook overshadowed his methods. We were inspired by it.

The most poignant memory Ray had of Woodrow Wilson was much later—Armistice Day, 1923. Wilson had been out of the White House three years. He was a broken, ill man, living in seclusion in his S Street home. The League of Nations was dead as far as the United States was concerned—people scoffed, saying it had been only the fanciful dream of an impractical college professor anyhow.

In the street outside the mansion, a handful of faithful, bedraggled believers in Wilson and his dream knelt down to pray, as was their habit every Armistice Day. No one prominent was in the crowd, just sentimentalists, cranks, unrealistic people, misty-eyed over a broken idealist—perhaps a mother or two, mourning for war-lost sons.

A minister said a prayer. Someone went up to the door, knocked, and soon Wilson came out on the stoop. He dragged himself out with difficulty, leaning on a cane. Emaciated, his white hair hanging in a fringe on his neck, he seemed to pull himself together under his long black cape to make a dignified appearance. He wore his silk hat and feebly lifted it to his friends. He choked as he uttered a word of thanks. Suddenly he fired up, and speaking like an implacable prophet of the Old Testament, uttered these vibrant words:

"Just one word more. I cannot refrain from saying it: I am not one of those who have the least anxiety about the triumph of the principles I have stood for. I have seen fools resist Providence before and I have seen their destruction, as will come upon these again—utter destruction and contempt. That we shall prevail is as sure as that God reigns."

Those were the last public words he ever spoke.

By the time the Republican Convention met in June, 1920, Ray had spent a year writing about the activities of Congress from the Capitol press galleries. This qualified him to go to the convention in Chicago.

Leading contenders for the Republican presidential nomination were Major General Leonard Wood and Governor Frank O. Lowden. The stalemate between them was broken by a newly created Senatorial bloc that finally agreed and nominated the genial, handsome Senator Warren G. Harding, editor and publisher of the Marion, Ohio, *Star*.

The manner of making their choice has been told many times. When the leaders went into session in that famous smoke-filled room to pick a candidate, Ray kept vigil all night in the hall outside. Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas came out of the room about 3.30 A.M., found his fellow Kansan still hanging about and tipped him off that it looked like Harding. This gave Ray his first big scoop and priority on the assignment of covering Harding during his campaign.

It was a cheerful campaign waged from the front porch of the rambling brick house in Marion, Ohio. Although the country had Prohibition and Harding himself was scrupulous about serving alcohol, his friends were less careful. Newspapermen lived and drank well. Harding considered himself a newspaperman and included newspaper people in festivities more than is usual.

I joined my husband in Ohio twice during the campaign. I met the candidate and Mrs. Harding and hundreds of men and women connected with that successful election.

I think all of us were unconscious of the amount of gossip and intrigue about the President-Elect that burst into national scandal later. We did hear about the Marion lady who had been sent off to China with her obliging husband, so that during the campaign no tongues could wag; but we knew nothing of Nan Britton, author of *The President's Daughter*.

Long after Harding's death, my husband was told the remarkable story of the night before his inauguration. The President-Elect and Mrs. Harding were occupying the presidential suite at the Willard Hotel. Harding's friends were worried about the arrival that night at the hotel of one of his lady friends. They didn't want any scandal on the eve of his inauguration. They cautioned Harding to stay in his room. But apparently they didn't trust him where a pretty woman was concerned, for they kept a vigil out in the hall all night. Sure enough, before the night was over, the President-Elect tiptoed out into the hall. His friends pushed him back into the room. Then they went upstairs, knocked on the lady's door, and ordered her to pack and get out of town, threatening to put the F.B.I. on her trail if she didn't go at once. She was so frightened she left immediately.

Soon after the Hardings were settled in the White House, Mrs. Harding told Ray she would like to have me call upon her. I didn't know exactly how to do this, but I had read that many people were leaving calling cards at the White House. So one day I drove our Model T Ford up to the Pennsylvania Avenue entrance. I was worried for fear I wouldn't do the correct thing. Should I have parked the car and walked up? Should I leave the Ford forlornly sitting under the portico, walk up and ring the doorbell?

I need not have worried, because as the car came to a stop, a fine Negro doorman came down the steps to the car and held out a silver card tray. I fumbled for my cards. I needed two for my husband and one for myself. A husband, technically, calls on the President and the First Lady, while his wife calls only on the First Lady. Gingerly I dropped three cards onto the tray.

A few days later I received a little note from Mrs. Harding, "Please come in for a cup of tea on Monday at five." This time I parked the car and walked boldly up. The same august doorman surprised me by his greeting, "Mrs. Clapper, this way, please," and I walked behind him through the hall and upstairs where Mrs. Harding received me in the family living room. At last I was actually a guest in the White House!

INSIDE, the White House seems a coldly austere establishment with vast marble rooms and halls carpeted with hundreds of yards of red carpet. Many Presidents' wives have struggled in vain to make it look homelike by moving furniture about and adding new decorations. The first floor, the only part of the mansion that sightseers ever see, consists of the East Room, the Green Room, the Blue Room, the Red Room, the State Dining Room, the Breakfast Room, and vast hallways that cover more square feet than the rooms themselves.

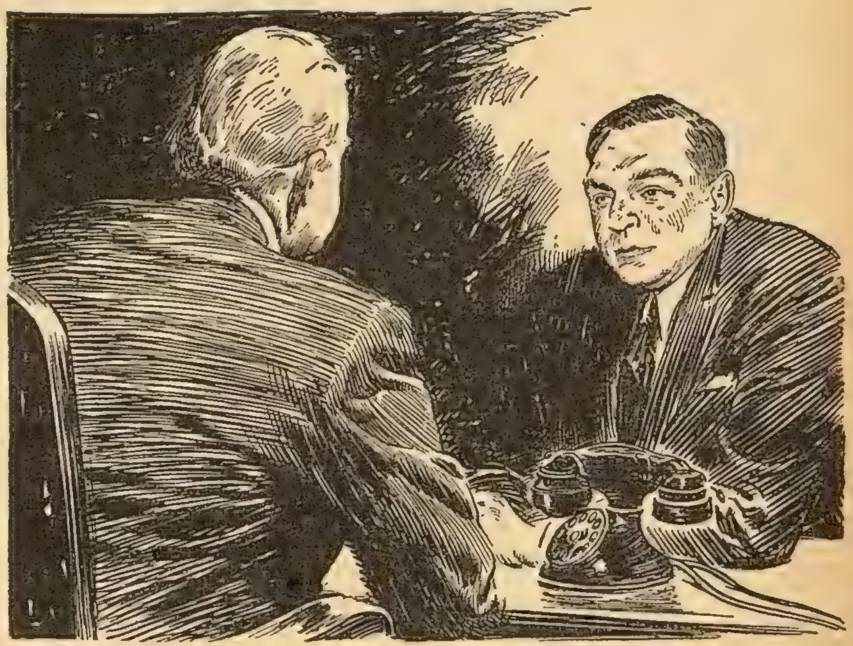
But the oval-shaped sitting room on the second floor has cheerful comfort as the sun streams through its circular windows. Here are warm-toned rugs, books, sofas, easy chairs. The second floor has seven large bedrooms. When, later, the Coolidges moved in, the attic on the third floor was converted into thirteen small bedrooms, and the White House boasted fourteen bathrooms.

Of course there were other guests that day, and I was too shy to try to talk. I sat uncomfortably drinking hot tea, and left in exactly fifteen minutes, because someone had told me that was the correct thing to do.

Less than a month after his inauguration, Harding invited the twelve newspapermen who had been with him during his campaign to dinner. After dinner he took his guests upstairs to his study. They saw his dressing room and the old, extra-sized bed that Lincoln and Wilson had slept on. Harding's golf suit, worn that day, was on a rack; golf balls, neckties and carpet slippers were strewn about. The study walls were lined with books. Harding showed them the "yellow book" of press clippings made up for him each day. He read political and financial news hastily, editorials carefully. To me afterward, Ray remarked it was like spending a pleasant evening with the editor of the Marion *Star* instead of the President of the United States. "It was strangely impressive," he added, "because of its simplicity."

Ray went everywhere the President went. A newspaperman, writing of the doings of a President, sees and records the sad, the happy, the absurd, and the sublime eddies of life around that man. In a single day, Herbert Hoover, General John J. Pershing, and Samuel Gompers called at the White House, along with that old hermit of journalism, E. W. Scripps.

Ray did not accompany President Harding on his fatal trip to Alaska. He telephoned me from his office about eight o'clock, the night of August 2, 1923, and in a grief-choked voice said, "Harding died in San Francisco half an hour ago. He was struck with cerebral apoplexy, and he passed away. I have lost a good friend."



Throughout the next five years the world learned of the proved crimes or undisputed facts that made Harding's memory almost a rag in the gutter. The curious thing about President Harding was that every one loved him in spite of the horrible debacle of his administration. We blamed his friends who betrayed him.

New England Contributes the Man of the Hour

Calvin Coolidge was never again as appealing and human as he was the night of August 2, 1923, when he was awakened in his father's farmhouse at Plymouth, Vermont. He had gone peacefully to sleep that night on the assurance of a long distance talk with Harding's physicians that the President was on the road to recovery.

Coolidge seemed to bring a stern but calm Yankee atmosphere to the White House. Although the Coolidge administration rocked with Congressional investigations and criminal trials born of misdeeds of the Harding regime, it was otherwise placid because the country prospered.

President Calvin Coolidge arose daily at 6.30 A.M. for a twenty-minute, pre-breakfast walk, not through the natural beauty spots of Washington but through the business streets where milk wagons trundled along and a few sleepy streetcars began their regular runs. He would be dressed in a carefully pressed double-breasted business suit, a high stiff-collared shirt, and a muffler if the morning was raw.

After a frugal breakfast—fruit, cereal, and coffee—the President looked over newspaper headlines, then his list of the day's appointments. Lunch came at one o'clock, after he had received visitors. In the afternoon he answered mail, signed papers. By 6.30 P.M. his desk was clear. After dinner at seven, he went to his study to read. Coolidge almost never went to the theater, and no movies were shown at the White House then. At 9.45 he was in bed.

He seldom traveled, yet Washington seemed to impress him very little. His rock-bound New England habits remained. On warm summer nights his predecessors had enjoyed sitting in splendor on the south portico of the White House. Cal's favorite pastime was to sit in a straight-backed rocker on the small north porch so that he could intently watch the streetcars go by.

When an old lady clerk, carrying his first pay check to Coolidge, made a speech about all the Presidents from McKinley to Coolidge to whom she had carried pay checks, Cal listened quietly. When she was through, he simply said, "Come again."

The habitual taciturnity that gave Coolidge the nickname "Silent Cal" is best illustrated by an episode told to me by Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone. The first time he met Coolidge was one morning at the Adams House in Boston. Stone was breakfasting with his own father, who had had some business interest which Coolidge's law firm had handled. Coolidge was then Governor of Massachusetts. He saw the Stones, greeted them, sat down at their table. With not another word Coolidge ate, then rose, said goodbye, and left.

Stone Junior remarked to his father, "You would think he didn't want to see us. But he voluntarily came over and sat down, so he must have wanted to see us!"

Another time, a caller was asked by President Coolidge if he knew Jim Beck, then Solicitor General. Coolidge said, "He wants to go to London as ambassador. He spent half an hour telling me considerations that should win the appointment." His caller said, "I'm sure you were aware of the many considerations in his favor before." Cal said, "Yes. Less now."

On one hot summer day, Coolidge took a group of newspapermen on the Presidential yacht for a cool trip down the Potomac. Most of the time he stood on the deck against the rail, gazing at the Virginia farms on the beautiful shoreline. One by one, a secretary routed the men to his side for a talk. Comparing notes later, the newspapermen discovered that all he said to any of them was, "That's a pretty white or red house or barn over there," depending on the structure they happened to be passing.

One day in November, 1931, my husband asked me to go up to the new Folger Shakespearean Library on Capitol Hill and find out if they had Queen Elizabeth's corsets there. Ex-President Coolidge had asked Ray to find out, but Ray felt too shy to ask—so he made me do it. I went. "Yes," they told me, "her corsets are here."

This errand came about as a result of a visit Ray paid to Coolidge in Northampton. He found the former President mellow and very chatty. They sat in rocking chairs on the front porch, feet up on the porch rail, and talked for hours. The first thing Coolidge said was, "I hear the Folger Shakespearean Library is finished and open to the public. Wish I could see it. Hear they got Queen Elizabeth's corsets there. Understand there was quite a tussle in London between rich collectors to get them when they were put up for sale. Folger must have paid a lot for them. Like to see 'em. Let me know if they really have them there, will you?"

Coolidge died suddenly, fourteen months later. Some one wisecracked that "something awful must be about to happen to the country, because Cal always got out just in time."

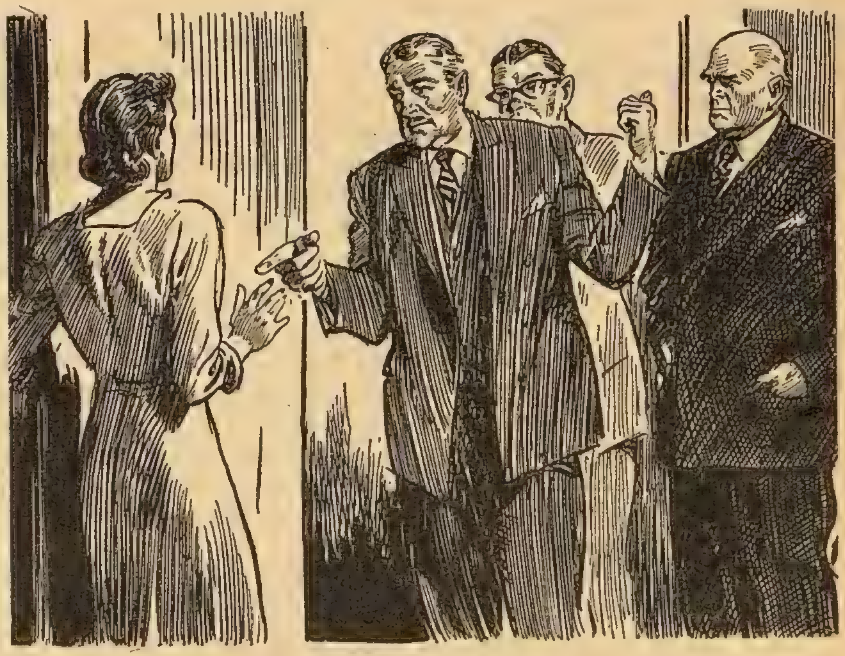
Shining Knights of The New Order

My husband often said, "Greatness is partly in the man, partly in the times." Each of the four sincere men who preceded Franklin D. Roosevelt as President had tried to meet the requirements of his time. But occasionally some of our greatest men are whipped by the times. Roosevelt himself came close to being whipped by the stubborn unemployment problems and the hatred he aroused in the big business group.

The mystery of current American politics was the fear so many business men had of Roosevelt. They never tumbled to the fact that he was a mild man. The real gun at their backs was held in the hands of the unemployed—the ill-housed, ill-clothed, and ill-fed suffering millions, who listened to the Huey Longs, the Townsends and the Coughlins. Emil Ludwig sized it up when he said in his biography of Roosevelt: "The sons of those Americans who are opposing Roosevelt today will perhaps some day erect a monument to him as the last of those who fought to preserve their system."

I know one successful lawyer, Joseph Davies, and one very wealthy woman, Mrs. Marjorie Post Hutton, whose romance stemmed from their mutual appreciation of what Franklin Roosevelt was trying to do; who realized that he was "concerned not so much that the rich should sleep peacefully in their beds as that everyone should have a bed in which to sleep."

It happened in Florida where Joseph Davies had gone for a month's vacation one winter. He visited several millionaire friends in their winter palaces, went fishing on their yachts and golfed on their private golf links. Toward the end of his stay he was included in a dinner party which Mrs. Hutton, the divorced wife of E. F. Hutton, gave. As Davies gazed around the table he saw that every man present was a millionaire who had been wealthy before Roosevelt came to the Presidency. Each one was wealthier now. He listened, as he had been listening for a month, to their snide remarks about the President. He pondered the dreary repetition of their fears that Roosevelt was trying to overthrow our democratic form of government. All too well Davies knew that these fears were prompted by selfish desires to be allowed to pile up more and more money and power for themselves, rather than by any concern for their country.



Suddenly he could no longer stand the insults he heard about the President. After a farewell toast had been drunk to Mr. Davies because he was leaving the winter paradise to go back to work, he rose and proposed a toast to the President of the United States. Consternation ricocheted across the table. In calm tones he explained that daily they had inflicted upon his ears their insults to his Commander-in-Chief and friend. Now it was his turn to answer back. He pointed his finger at each man individually as he calculated that man's worldly wealth in 1932 and the increase in each case after Roosevelt came into office. He pointed out that had Roosevelt not prevented hunger for millions of men, women, and children, had he not been the symbol of hope to millions of the unemployed, there would have been revolution and bloodshed. "Where would your millions be if that had happened?" asked Joe Davies.

For twenty minutes he held the floor. He sat down amid shocked silence. Then the exquisitely beautiful hostess, Marjorie Hutton, clapped her hands, rose from her seat, walked around the table to Mr. Davies and kissed him. And so it is said their romance began.

WITH armor of shining idealism, the New Dealers, spearheaded by the braintrusters, moved into Washington, shouting in effect, "We shall make America over."

They were an indefatigable group who worked all hours of the day and night. For the most part young men, they approached every problem as clever college professors. They argued, conferred, maneuvered, with the greatest enthusiasm. They were ridiculed unmercifully, but they brought a much-needed new approach to government—technical, competent men, interested in good administration for its own sake.

The Cabinet member who interested me most as I came to know him, and whose career may have the greatest impact in the next ten years on our nation, was Henry Wallace—simple and humble outwardly, complex inwardly. He fits no usual mold or type. You cannot describe him in the usual words, because he is not motivated by the usual political standards. He is not so much unselfish as he is selfless.

He looks like a farmer. Never giving a sense of bustle or speed, he literally runs wherever he goes. He is always in perfect physical condition, with the energy and strength of a trained athlete. He is perpetually young in his activities and in his ability to learn new things of all kinds—from a new language to flying an airplane; from the study of hog-corn ratios to knowledge of the solar system. If he seems vague and philosophical at times, don't be deceived. He is a fighter with a bulldog grip.

We used to go to the big teas Henry and Ilo Wallace gave when he was Secretary of Agriculture. Later we went to their dinners. After dinner, we often went into Henry's library to sing Spanish songs accompanied by Spanish victrola records.

At a crowded White House party one night in 1939, I sat at a knee-high table with Mrs. Helen Essary, a newspaper columnist herself and wife of the dean of the newspaper corps, J. Fred Essary of the Baltimore *Sun*, Secretary Wallace, and Secretary of War Harry Woodring. The little table holding our glasses kept moving from the contact with our knees.

Helen said, "This table is moving about like a ouija board. Let's play it is and ask some questions. Olive, you ask a question." I smiled at Wallace and asked the psychic table, "Will Henry Wallace be President of the United States?" We agreed that if the table moved right the answer was yes; if left, it was no. After some indecision, it moved to the right. Henry blushed and said, "My gosh, I didn't push it."

IF you walked in 1938 on a hot summer afternoon beyond the White House, around the south end of the State Department you came to a secondhand building which had been fumigated and painted over. In a small, bare office—such as any self-respecting vice president of a third-rate corporation would be ashamed to be seen in—you would find a thin, wiry man named Harry Hopkins.

Hopkins was important at that moment because, in the last four and a half years, more than seven billion dollars had passed through his hands. He had given jobs to more people than any one else who ever lived, including the pyramid-building Pharaohs! You would know that he was the senior veteran of the original New Dealers—as eager and as hopeful as when he first arrived in Washington in 1933 to take charge of relief administration.

He had been through bitter and disappointing experiences. He had been the object of more criticism and controversy than all the New Dealers combined—and that was a mouthful. He had learned that some things just couldn't be done, but he was convinced that many things could be done..

One thing Harry Hopkins was fixed upon—that was that the Federal Government had a permanent responsibility to provide work for persons who could not find jobs in private industry. He believed it always would have to provide work for about a million able-bodied persons, plus another six hundred thousand twilight-zone men and women who, though still able to work, could not work at the pace required in private industry.

Mr. Hopkins drove on with hopeful enthusiasm, a hard-boiled, practical sentimentalist. He always said, "Hunger is not debatable." He did not allow criticism of relief measures and the multitude of enemies he made to get him down. When Al Smith said that nobody would shoot Santa Claus just before Christmas, Mr. Hopkins out of a fullness of experience observed, "The h-e-l-l they won't! Santa Claus really needs a bulletproof vest."

A Middle-Sized Man Takes on the Champ

The Republicans began to look for a Presidential candidate in 1935 who could defeat "that man in the White House." They had not been able to build up any national figure whose abilities could compete with the "more abundant life" appeal of Roosevelt.

Ed Wynn, the comedian, explained their dilemma by a story of his travels in Egypt. He came across some workmen digging in a pile of ancient ruins. He asked if they were digging for King Tut's Tomb. "No," one of them replied, "we are trying to dig up a Republican to run against Roosevelt."

Ray was one of the first newspapermen to suggest in his column the able Governor of Kansas, Alf M. Landon, as a candidate. Landon, who had put his state on a pay-as-you-go basis, was a Kansan as we ourselves were. He was realistic and full of common sense.

Landon was easily nominated at the Republican Convention in 1936 and started out boldly then and there to make a fight for an honest, progressive platform against the reactionaries of his party. He knew that many of the reforms the New Deal had made were long overdue and should not be repealed. He understood that conditions had changed in the world and that we could never go back to the old days and the old ways.

Landon hoped to convert business men to a program of moderateness. His criticism of the New Deal was at first largely aimed at poor administration.

Sometimes he felt frustrated. "Most businesses," he said, "are not managed by their founders but by men who have spent their lives as employees. They are not hard to deal with nor are they ruthless with labor. It is the big lawyers who misadvise big business."

Not only Landon but other men in public life condemned the rule of the powerful corporation lawyers over business men and management. Roosevelt, himself, had a phobia on the subject. These lawyers were somewhat in the same position as the lawyer in the opera "Porgy and Bess."

You remember Bess wants to get rid of Crown, and the lawyer appears to sell her a divorce. The price, he tells Bess, will be one dollar—that is, provided there are no complications. If there are complications, the price will be higher. Then he starts to fill out the papers and asks Bess when she married Crown. Bess says she never was married to Crown. For a moment, the lawyer is taken aback. Then he gets a bright idea and says, "That's a complication. It'll cost you twenty-five cents extra. Now, for a dollar and a quarter I change you from a woman into a lady." And he hands her the divorce.

So with the big lawyers. Sometimes they magnified difficulties with labor and government.

Our presidential candidates must charm the radio audiences, interest the casual citizen with humor, appeal to the serious with intellectual brilliance, and at all times be safely religious. If a candidate has any time left to ponder the hard problems of the nation's welfare, he is extraordinary.

Landon had voice teachers and camera teachers, all manner of advisers. The Republican National Committee hired Ted Bohn, a specialist in appearances before the camera. He taught Landon to thrust out his chin and snap his head up and to "button up a smile." That last was important, because a smile is no good unless it is buttoned up—that is, unless you close it. Don't just leave it there!

Poor Landon made a mistake in smiling in a picture at the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, instead of looking serious and statesmanlike.

He made a fatal faux pas in another picture. He was wearing an American Legion hat. He waved it while holding his regular hat in his other hand, an unconvincing gesture to the Legion.

He was taught when in a crowd he should stand slightly ahead of every one else to seem to dominate the group. Perhaps the worst handicap of all was that he lacked glamor on the radio.

His opponent, on the contrary, had the greatest radio technique and voice of the age.

His staff quarreled among themselves; and Landon, in the final stretch before election, joined the hysterical cry that the Administration was undermining the American form of government. Ray was disturbed because Landon allowed himself to be persuaded to stir up violent and ignorant prejudices.

As Landon, with a sore throat and deep weariness, drew close to the finish line, Ray joined his train in Baltimore, enroute to New York. Landon asked, "What do you think about it now, Ray?"

"It's hard to tell, but it looks to me as if it is going decidedly against you."

Landon argued and quoted editors who had told him he was riding up in the clouds, and was sure to win. Ray said, "Governor, it is obvious they haven't broken the bad news to you. As your friend, I cannot mislead you. I've been traveling with Roosevelt and with you. This election is a landslide for Roosevelt."

Visitors boarded the train and began talking about how Roosevelt was a Communist. They infected Landon with their scare propaganda.

Finally Ray couldn't keep still any longer, and said, "That's terrible to spread that stuff."

Landon said, "Why?"

Ray answered, "Because it isn't true. Roosevelt isn't a Communist, and you know it."

Landon said, "His policies are leading to dictatorship. When a President gets hold of the purse strings, you have a dictatorship."

Thus, in a welter of misconceptions, blindness to reality and over-confidence, Landon's campaign disintegrated.

Landon took defeat well. I remember a letter from him, written in June 1937, in which he told how he had been drilling a well in Kansas. He worked until 10 o'clock the night of June 9 and left the rig to go home. He had to open two wire gates to leave the oil well property. He had no trouble opening them, with the light from the headlights of his car, but fumbling around in the dark to close them was difficult. He had to grope along the barbed wire, through the wet grass, to the accompaniment of a storm to find the lock of the second gate. He snagged his finger on the barbed wire. He was hungry and tired. Suddenly he thought: "My God! This time a year ago I was being nominated for President of the United States."

WHILE in New York, Landon drove out to Oyster Bay to pay his respects to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt. As the cavalcade of fine motor cars sped along, they passed thousands of WPA workers along the highway. These poor men watched this luxury stream past. They knew it was the Republican candidate's party. They didn't know that most of the cars carried newspapermen—not rich Republicans. When they reached Oyster Bay, a New York newspaperman said to Ray, "I think I made a lot of votes for Franklin Roosevelt back there on the road. Every block or so, I'd lean out of the car and yell to those men, 'Get to work, you lazy so and so's!' They probably thought I was a Republican politician."

Roosevelt didn't need much help from any one. A hundred thousand persons gathered under the open sky in Franklin Field, Philadelphia, to hear his acceptance speech. They were not noisy, wild, or hysterical, but deeply sympathetic. There was no brassy band playing *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here,* but the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra was playing a Tschaikowsky symphony. Then tiny Lily Pons sang *The Song of the Lark* to the vast thousands. She lifted that audience into breathless enchantment. It was ready for Roosevelt as he entered to the orchestra's *Pomp and Circumstance.* It was his floodtide. As Ray wrote:

"With a voice never more confident, never more commanding, never warmer in its sympathy, Roosevelt played upon his audience with one of the most skillful political addresses of our time. It was more than a feat of showmanship. It was a work of art which all of the political instincts of the Roosevelt dynasty were summoned to aid."

Roosevelt rode triumphantly in veteran style throughout the campaign.

He drove hours in an open automobile under a drenching rain and dismissed it as a trifle with the remark, "I don't mind having my shoes full of water, but I don't like to sit in a bathtub with my clothes on."

While Landon was trying so hard to win votes, Roosevelt was moving among crowds that exceeded anything in history—crowds that pressed about his automobile or train, murmuring, "I almost touched him." On one trip, a careworn poor man, in an excess of emotion for this champion of forgotten men, tossed his watch into the automobile. Roosevelt implored the police to locate him and return it.

Day after day, in the east, the west, the north, the south, through seas of unknown thousands, he was accorded the greatest popularity ever attained by any President. He remained human, approachable. Once, pausing during a speech from the rear platform of his train, he explained, "I'll have to wait a minute; there's a grand kid fight going on down here."

Roosevelt had a lot of enemies. Stories swept the country like the one about a famous psychiatrist who died and, when entering heaven, had the following conversation with St. Peter:

"You were a famous psychiatrist on earth, were you not?"

"I was."

"You successfully treated Al Smith when he had illusions of greatness and thought he was Solomon, didn't you?"

"I did."

"You successfully treated Father Coughlin when he thought he was the world's greatest economist, did you not?"

"I did."

"You successfully treated Huey Long when he thought he was Napoleon, did you not?"

"I did."

"Well, you're just the man we need up here now. You see, we've been having trouble with God lately—he thinks he's Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Labels were pasted all over Roosevelt. Orators cast him in every role in the political catalogue—some said he was a Hitler or a Stalin. Al Smith accused him of "taking the country to Moscow." Norman Thomas wailed he was taking socialistic policies out—on a stretcher. The greatest roars of anger and outrage came from the great capitalists. They really hated him, in spite of the satisfactory economic statement of the National City Bank of New York that "business activity was at the highest level in more than five years and signs of recovery were more widespread than at any time since 1932."

A few rich men did support Roosevelt. One such man, when asked why he was voting for Roosevelt, walked over to a map on the wall and, pointing to Europe, said, "Where else would I have been so well off?"

Washington Parties Are Serious Affairs

It is true that social life in Washington frequently influences the business of government—seldom in a sinister way, but in the manner of congenial friends meeting often who like to do favors for each other. Therefore it is usually important to entertain and be entertained by people in influential positions, if you want to succeed in politics.

Although the average newspaperman and his wife are not usually invited to diplomatic parties, chiefs of newspaper bureaus and columnists are often included.

The first dinner Ray and I attended was at the Italian Embassy. I paraded into the dining room on the arm of a young diplomat who had arrived in the United States only two days before. At the table I chatted to my dinner companion, who seemed very dumb because all he did was smile and nod. I had just concluded that he didn't speak English, when he burst out, "Have you ever seen bananas growing?"

No, I admitted, I had not. I could not figure out what that question had to do with my conversation about the elegant new marble Supreme Court Building.

Pompously and very slowly, he launched into a detailed account of how bananas grow, their uses, the climate most satisfactory for them, and shipping methods. When the ladies retired, leaving the men to their coffee and cigars, another lady asked me, "Did you learn about bananas, too? I sat beside that new young attaché at dinner last night."

She told me then that the young man spoke no English but, in preparation for his diplomatic duties in the United States, had memorized an English translation of an article on bananas.

Latin American hospitality was showered upon me one morning when I went with Mabel Vernon, Chairman of the People's Mandate Committee, to talk with two different South American diplomats about peace and Western Hemisphere friendship. When we were ushered in to the first legation, at 10.15 A.M., we saw, to our horror, that their idea of American hospitality was to serve American cocktails at that time in the morning. We felt we must drink at least two. We managed that, but were completely overcome when we found the same hospitality at the next legation. When we escaped after two additional cocktails, we fuzzily decided we had contributed our share to good neighborliness, and went home to sleep it off.

Hostesses in Washington who are ambitious for social success often do strange things. I shall never forget a telephone call a friend of mine received from one such ambitious lady who chirruped: "I hear your husband is about to be appointed to a Cabinet post. If that is true, won't you both come to dinner next Tuesday evening? If it isn't true, do come in for coffee afterward."

At one White House formal dinner, I had the pleasure of being seated beside Alexander Woollcott. He was a great tease. "Missy" Le Hand, whom he adored, sat opposite him. Woollcott started to light a cigarette after the soup course. "Missy" leaned over to tell him he was not allowed to smoke at State dinners until coffee was served.

"Who says I can't smoke?" thundered Woollcott. "Who'll stop me?"

Poor, lovely "Missy," embarrassed, said, "It just isn't done, Alec. Be a good boy, please! This is the White House."

"Well, who'll stop me? Will the President come over here and take it away from me? There is not another house in this country where I can't smoke if I want to. It is barbaric. . . . Or will one of the flunkeys snatch it from my mouth. . . . Or will one of the Secret Service arrest me? I'm going to do it just to see what happens."

All through dinner he kept a cigarette out, frequently making threatening movements to light it. "Missy" was miserable in anticipation, but he never actually lit it.

He regaled me with many stories, but I like best his descriptions of visits to see his dear blind friend, Helen Keller, to whom he thoughtfully took, not flowers whose beauty lies chiefly in color which she couldn't see, but great bunches of geranium leaves, which gave a spicy, fresh fragrance that appealed to her two senses, smell and touch.

I never paid any attention to protocol when I wanted to entertain. To me, these people were interesting in their own right as individuals, and I liked to invite them, not because of rank, but because they were friends who would enjoy a couple of carefree hours together. Such was my intention when I invited a group to a picnic luncheon on our outdoor terrace one Sunday in June.

I asked that scholar and philosopher, Dr. Hu Shih, who was at that time the Chinese Ambassador. I also asked two Justices of the Supreme Court, Harlan Fiske Stone, with his kindly, wise little wife, and the delightful bachelor of the Court, Frank Murphy. That was bad, my protocol experts told me. You could never seat the Justices properly with an Ambassador present.

"But it is a picnic," I said; "they'll sit at scattered tables, wherever they please to light."

"A picnic!" chorused my horrified social experts. "You can't mean a picnic—so informal for such distinguished guests. It is unthinkable. They won't come."

To further confuse everybody, I asked a Cabinet member, Attorney General Robert Jackson, and his charming wife, Irene. Also there were present two members of what might be called the secondary Cabinet—Paul V. McNutt with his wife, Kathleen, and Thurman Arnold with his wife, Frances. There were others, too: among them, the former Governor of Pennsylvania, Gifford Pinchot, and Lelia Pinchot, the Eugene Meyers, and Stanley Hornbeck and his energetic wife, Vivien.

To my delight, picnic or not, all those invited came. The plates were served from the buffet in the dining room, then the guests walked out to sit wherever they chose.

I was the last to step out onto the terrace. There were no place cards, no orders to anyone as to his place at the tables, but to my astonishment I saw that every person had seated himself or herself exactly according to protocol. A place had been left for me at the hostess end of the first table, and on the right of that, sure enough, there sat the Ambassador. The Supreme Court had accommodated itself at a small table seating only four. The Cabinet and sub-Cabinet had discreetly appropriated another table. In short, those who really ranked had automatically taken their correct places.

Every one relaxed finally to eat fried chicken, ham, potato salad and all the good things my cook had provided and we had a good time.

WHEN a newspaperman becomes president of the famous Gridiron Club, that exclusive group of fifty men who twice yearly give a magnificent dinner in Washington, he rates as a social lion and is widely entertained in deference to the club. Attending the dinners are all the political "importants"—the President, his Cabinet, many heads of bureaus, Senators, Congressmen and of course diplomats from other countries, who always marvel at the spectacle of a group of free newsmen kidding and roasting the leaders of this government in humorous skits and songs.

Ray was elected president of the Gridiron Club in 1939. The president is expected to open each dinner with a three-minute speech delivered in total darkness. The witty and sarcastic speeches of the president of the club set the pace for the dinner and must be delivered verbatim, which doesn't allow for any adlibbing in case the president flounders. Although he was an experienced lecturer, Ray found it difficult to speak in the dark, even for three minutes.

The night before the show, Ray was in a complete state of jitters, repeating over and over again, "I can't do it. I can't do the speech in the dark." I rehearsed it with him several times and made him go to bed. He was in just as sad a state at breakfast the next morning. Our sixteen-year-old daughter Janet started teasing him, but when she saw the seriousness of his anxiety, she firmly said to him:

"Daddy, this is ridiculous. You have the great honor of being president of the Gridiron Club. You cannot let them down tonight. I will give you the same instructions that my dramatic teacher at school gave to me. This is what you must do when you get up tonight to speak in the dark. . . . First, plant both feet firmly on the ground, dig your toes in as though to clutch the floor for support. That gives you a firm foundation. Next, stick out your chin. Next, open your mouth and let the words flow out. It's easy. . . ."

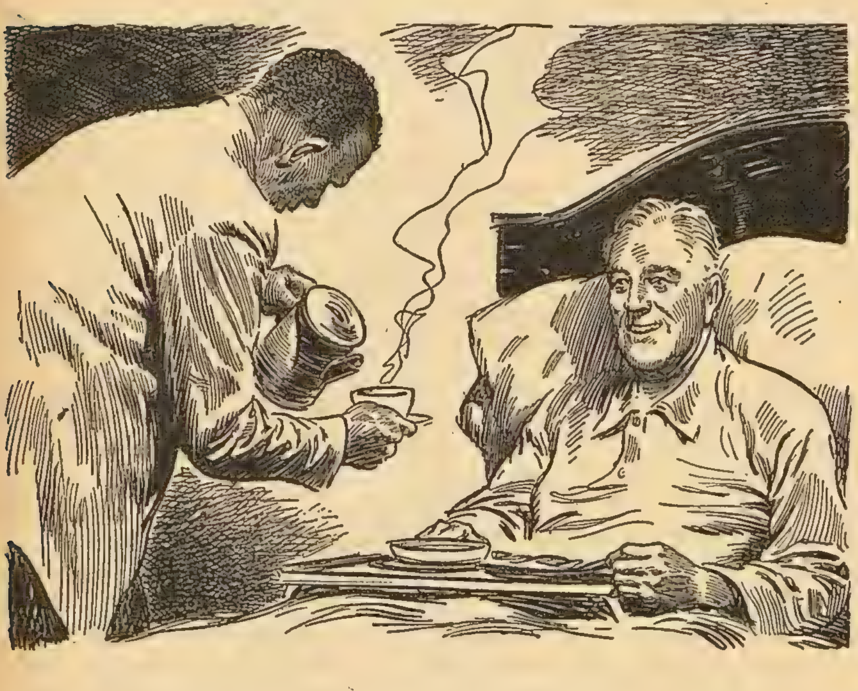
Her father didn't pay very much attention to her and began hunting all over the house, collecting curious things—a tiny flashlight, a piece of black cloth, a piece of pasteboard. His intention was to rig up a little tent in the dark, under which he would place his notes for the speech, and, in case of emergency, could flash on the flashlight and follow his notes.

When he arrived at the Willard Hotel that night, he first received President Roosevelt for cocktails. The President said, "How are you?"

And Ray said, "Nervous. I'll be better after the speech is over."

The President told him that he had never gotten over nervousness before speaking. He said that as soon as he heard his own voice, he was all right. He tried to reassure Ray.

The five hundred guests gathered in the banquet hall and the band played as the lights gradually faded out. Then began Ray's awful moment. Suddenly he remembered Janet's advice, planted his feet firmly with toes digging into the floor. He stuck his chin out. He already had his glasses on, his notes before him in the little tent, and he held the flashlight in both his hands over his papers, ready to switch it on. But as soon as he made his salutation, "Guests of the Club and Candidates for 1940," the audience laughed and he felt completely at ease.



Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, taking pity upon the "Gridiron Widows," always invited us to the White House on those nights. She loved stunts and skits, too, and could whip together in no time at all very clever shows in which Cabinet ladies and White House secretaries took part. Newspaper women and Gridiron Widows were expected to do their share of entertainment.

Mrs. Roosevelt, too, added to the merriment by telling personal anecdotes. One I liked best was about the time that she made a purchase in a store and told the clerk to charge it to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the White House, Washington, D. C. The girl took it down carefully. At the end she looked up and carefully inquired, "Any room number?"

Swing Your Pardners in the White House

One May evening in 1937, we were invited by Mrs. Roosevelt to the White House to learn again an old dance, the Virginia Reel. She had always wanted to see this graceful old dance done in colonial costumes in the East Room and had decided that the White House spring party for the newspapermen would be a fitting time for it.

Five newspapermen and their wives joined Mrs. Roosevelt, her brother, Hall Roosevelt, James and Elliott Roosevelt, their wives, and the President in the East Room at 8.45 P.M. for a period of rehearsal.

Except for Mrs. Roosevelt, I doubt that any of us had danced the Virginia Reel since we were children. Our husbands had complained bitterly about going, but none could refuse Mrs. Roosevelt.

She was waltzing energetically with her brother when we entered, although she had returned to Washington at 5 A.M. that day from one of her trips, written her column, kept half a dozen appointments, and taken a horseback ride. The President was seated, watching them.

Mrs. Roosevelt lined us up for the dance.

The President's spirits bubbled as he called out the changes in the dances, "Do si do" and "Swing your pardners." The music was accelerated, and we whirled and dipped at a furious pace until we were gasping. We stopped only when we couldn't go on any longer, the ladies dropping onto pillows at the President's feet and the men sliding, like boys, across the highly waxed floor to sit cross-legged beside us. Beer and lemonade were passed to us, and every one was at ease, laughing, joking, chattering, speaking spontaneously of whatever came to mind.

We discussed the abdication of Edward VIII for "the woman I love" and the coronation of King George VI of England. The President, his eyes twinkling, said he wondered where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor would live. "The place next to ours at Hyde Park was owned by Archibald Rogers. When he died, his children, who include Herman L. Rogers, host to the Duke of Windsor, wanted to sell or rent the estate. The carpenters and plumbers are hard at work on it, and I wonder who might be coming to live there." He put his hand to his ear like a mischievous gossip. "If the Duke should move in, it would save the newspapers thousands of dollars," he kidded. "The same reporters could cover both of us!"

I said to the President, "Suppose the Duke went into politics in New York. That would be a joke on you."

He waggled his finger at me, "Yah, yah. I know what I'd do. I'll run him for Congress against Ham Fish."

That evening's rehearsal of the Virginia Reel was great fun; but when the real performance was put on at the party, we sweltered in rented colonial costumes, the men in satin knee-breeches and lace fichus under satin coats. By some strange coincidence Ray ended up opposite Mrs. Roosevelt and consequently was her partner. She put her heart into the dance and whirled Ray about with great vigor. With his satin coat torn at the shoulder seam, his lace fichu hanging by only one pin, one leg of his satin breeches undone at the knee, he staggered off the floor when the dance was over. "She almost killed me," he panted.

Ray and I were never close to the White House. We were invited only to the regular large receptions, as we had been since President Harding's time, and to a couple of dinners when Ray was president of the Gridiron Club and it was protocol, in a sense, to be invited. Other newspapermen—even Westbrook Pegler—were invited for a week-end to Hyde Park, but never the Clappers. Some people outside of Washington would find this hard to believe. The Roosevelts never tried to seduce Ray with friendship. Ray was not the kind to respond to such treatment if they had. He wanted to be free to criticize or commend either party or any leader. Most newspapermen feel the same way, valuing independence and integrity above everything else.

A Singer, A Serious Man, A Standard Bearer

As Hitler tortured and murdered Jews and gobbled up one small country after another, we experienced in Washington a mixture of red tape and prejudice which kept the great Negro contralto, Marian Anderson, from the concert stage in this capital of democracy. She wasn't allowed to sing in the D.A.R. Hall or in the public school auditoriums, but she did sing at the foot of the noble statue of the Emancipator of her race—on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial.

The committee handling the arrangements for Miss Anderson's appearance was headed by Secretary of the Interior Ickes. I was asked to serve on the Citizens' Committee. On Friday, before the Easter Sunday concert, I received a call from the committee asking if I could arrange a place where Marian Anderson might be allowed to rest for a couple of hours before her concert. She was arriving in Washington at 1 P.M.; the concert was at 5 P.M. No hotel in the capital of this nation, dedicated to the principle that "all men are created equal," would accept a reservation for this distinguished artist, whose voice Arturo Toscanini said was one "heard only once in a hundred years."

Could I find a place where she might rest before her concert? Of course I could! I called Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wife of the former Governor of Pennsylvania, always a fighter for progress, whose town house was conveniently located in the center of the city and whose doors were always open to the oppressed. Of course, she would be honored to have Marian Anderson at her house but, unfortunately, she would have to be absent at a luncheon for a couple of hours and could not be there to greet Miss Anderson upon her arrival. Could I take her place as hostess until 3 P.M.?

The next couple of days were filled with rumors and forebodings and threats against Marian Anderson. I was assured that sufficient police protection would be thrown about the Pinchot house, in case any attempt was made to annoy her.

My daughter, Janet, was just sixteen and already an ardent believer in tolerance for all human beings. She was greatly aroused over the threats. As I left my home to go to the Pinchot residence, she said, "Mother, if Miss Anderson is worried or frightened, promise me that you will tell her not to be frightened, but to relax and let her glorious voice roll out to us in all its beauty."

Of course, I had no idea of mentioning this message to Miss Anderson, but when she arrived at Mrs. Pinchot's she was obviously shaken. When, in greeting, I asked, "How are you?" she said, "Oh, Mrs. Clapper, I have never been so frightened in all my life. I don't see how I can possibly sing."

Remembering Janet's admonition, I placed my hands on her arm and said, "I have a message for you from my young daughter." And I repeated Janet's words. Tears slowly formed in Miss Anderson's eyes and silently dropped down her cheeks as she said, "Thank you very much. That was all I needed. I will be all right now."

She rested until 4.30, when she came out dressed for her concert in a crimson blouse and black velvet skirt. Miss Anderson is a large woman with regal bearing. She looked like a massive dark-skinned goddess. Her mother —in contrast—was a tiny little woman, born of poverty, who had worked all her life to insure the training of her daughter's voice.

We took our seats on the platform, and Miss Anderson went to a waiting room in the interior. No words could ever describe the beauty and meaning of the great scene that stretched before our eyes. From behind the great marble pillars of the memorial, the massive, seated, sculptured figure of Abraham Lincoln looked down across a multitude of black-and-white humanity stretching as far as the eye could see, past the Mirror Pool and on to the Washington Monument far to the east. This outdoor audience of 75,000 people gathered like waves of the sea and stood waiting to witness a great triumph. Marian Anderson's entrance, carrying a sheaf of enormous American Beauty roses, was simple and very dramatic as she came slowly down the marble steps on the arm of Harold Ickes. He introduced her.

Then Marian Anderson took her place and, gloriously vibrant, sang *America*. She sang with her eyes closed— effortlessly and without gestures, and enchantment settled over the vast crowds. The setting sun bathed the reflection pool, and no eye was dry as she intoned the crescendo of Schubert's *Ave Maria* with a splendor which no other artist in the world could match. So overwhelming was the beauty that applause was an intrusion. When the haunting melodies of simple, religious, Negro spirituals filled the air, the listeners were transfigured with a new conception of the meaning of Easter.

THE polls of public opinion in 1940 reported gigantic popular majorities for President Roosevelt, preferring him for a third term to most of the other candidates combined. Yet on a trip across the country, my husband found no insistent demand that the President run. In fact, he found little popular enthusiasm for any of the presidential personalities in either party.

Thomas E. Dewey came the nearest to a real glamor personality in the field. Yet the distinct feeling was that he was a boy up for a man's job. Dewey was a man of very rare mental ability, but the trouble was, he knew it himself. He lacked the guile to appear less mentally superior than he really was. Nobody knew very much about his policies, or whether he had any deeply rooted convictions. He was against defeatism and endorsed optimism. Ken Simpson said that Dewey offered "hope and an expansion of credit." But Ray answered that it looked to him as though Dewey stood for "faith, hope and damn little charity."

Unsuccessful in 1940, Dewey did win the Republican nomination in 1944. Speaking over the radio following his acceptance speech, I, as a radio reporter, described the beautiful Mrs. Dewey. In the course of my remarks I said that the Governor was in the habit of reading his speeches to his wife, and that undoubtedly, like other wives, she made suggestions and perhaps at times she even criticized. It seemed a very innocuous bit of chatter, which Mrs. Dewey herself confirmed the next day.

Early the next morning, I was awakened by a Western Union messenger thrusting a telegram at me, signed by an unknown man in Los Angeles, as follows:

YOUR SUGGESTION ON THE AIR, LAST NIGHT, THAT GOVERNOR DEWEY CONSULTS HIS WIFE HAS DONE IRREPARABLE DAMAGE TO GOVERNOR DEWEY AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT THE GENERAL PUBLIC WISHES MRS. ROOSEVELT WOULD DO—GO SIT ON A TACK AND SHUT UP?

In August I was commissioned to write a piece about Mrs. Dewey, her interests and activities. I went to Albany, where both the Governor and she received me cordially.

There were seven of us at luncheon that day: the Governor and Mrs. Dewey, eleven-year-old Tommie Dewey and his younger brother, Mrs. Irene Kuhn, who was handling Mrs. Dewey's publicity, the Governor's secretary, and myself. When the dessert came in, the boys were having watermelon, but the adults had delicious French pancakes. The watermelon, cut into generous slices, was brought in on plates that were a little small. In his eagerness to gobble up the watermelon, Tommie thrust his fork into the red heart, but it slipped off the fork, skidded across the table, to fall ignominiously upon the floor.

Governor Dewey shouted in thunderous tones: "Tommie, if you don't know how to eat watermelon, get up and leave the table!"

Tommie flushed and tears came into his eyes. We were all very embarrassed. I started to murmur in his defense that it didn't matter, that any boy eating watermelon was apt to have a similar accident. But before speaking I remembered that I was there to write a story about Mrs. Dewey, and this was a family crisis, to which I should note Mrs. Dewey's reaction. I knew if it had happened at my own table, I would have risen to the defense of the child. Mrs. Dewey did not. She backed up her husband's discipline, saying, "Tommie, your father is right."

It was a little incident of no consequence, but as I sat there thinking of the multitudinous, fatiguing pullings and haulings to which the President of the United States is subjected, I couldn't picture Mr. Dewey maintaining a presidential poise, if, in such a small matter as this, he allowed his temper to overcome him completely.

BACK in 1940 the Republicans had two other candidates for the nomination—Senator Vandenberg, and Senator Taft.

By one of the strangest freaks of politics in this country, Wendell Willkie was nominated out of an overwhelming cry for leadership from the people themselves, as opposed to the politicians. The people saved the Republican politicians from themselves. Out of their determination that democracy should not fall victim to the creeping paralysis abroad, out of a yearning for intelligence, energy, and courage, they forced a big man to lead the party.

I first met both Thomas Dewey and Wendell Willkie the same night at a reception Eleanor Patterson, publisher of the Washington *Times-Herald*, gave in the spring of 1940, about three months before the Republican Convention. As soon as Dewey walked into the huge second-floor hall, a group collected around him. He had assurance, a certain pompous gayety. His brown eyes had a way of boring into yours. I joined the group and listened.

My attention wandered across to a corner where a man, whose face looked vaguely familiar, stood unnoticed and alone. With a leap of the heart I recognized him from news pictures—it was Willkie. I introduced myself to him. His grin spread in warmth all over his rugged face, and he took my hand in his two great paws as he expressed his admiration and fondness for my husband.

I told him I had listened when he appeared on the radio on "Information Please." His appearance on that program had been so successful that the public had begun to talk of him as presidential timber for the Republicans. No one in Washington took this talk seriously. Willkie had been a registered Democrat, not a Republican, until a few months before. He had no organization, no political qualifications. He had been born in Indiana. He had fought the battle against Roosevelt and the Tennessee Valley Authority for the power utilities. That was about all that was known about him. Not by the farthest stretch of practical political imagination could you figure a way by which he could get the presidential nomination!

I liked him at once. Gaily, I told him I had been on a local "Information Please" program recently. I bet he could not correctly answer the question on which I had failed. "What state in the United States extends farthest north?" Like a flash he answered correctly, "Minnesota."

I then told him of my pet project of that moment—a series of lectures on foreign affairs, which some of us were conducting. Would he come to speak for us? He would.

At this point, someone else came up to speak to me and Willkie escaped to another room where my husband next discovered him. Willkie said, "I'm hiding from your wife. I answered correctly a quiz question she asked me, and I'm afraid she'll think up another I can't answer."

TWO years later, after he had made his wartime trip to Russia and China, I went up to New York to ask him to speak in Constitution Hall to the great audience of "The United Nations Lecture Series," of which I was chairman. It was three days after Christmas.

When I walked into his office, he greeted me most cordially. "Minnesota, you haven't come all the way to New York at Christmas time just to ask me to make a speech, have you?" Well, he was not going to make any speeches. He was writing a book; he was very busy—writing was difficult for him; and, besides, he hated Washington. Every time he came down people whispered terrible things in his ears about "that man, Roosevelt" which nauseated him. Here we were fighting a desperate war for survival, and all Roosevelt's opposition did was to peddle gossip about the Commander-in-Chief.

He mentioned other excuses until I became furious. Suddenly I lashed out at him as I had never talked to anyone except my husband, when I wanted to goad him on to greater effort. In substance I said:

"You tell me you are too tired. Your son, Philip, spent Christmas day on a ship in dangerous waters. He is tired, too. We are all tired. Philip's tiredness does not prevent him from doing his duty. You have a far greater duty—the duty to take the leadership in establishing a new world order, so that never again need boys like Philip spend Christmas in submarine-infested waters. I don't know whether you'll ever sit in the White House or not. I don't care. But destiny at this moment offers you a golden opportunity to say what is deep in your heart to an audience of the world, such as you'd find no place else in the world. But 'No!' you say. . . . You are too tired!"

I was so furious I rose to my feet to leave.

"Wait," he laughed, "let me try to rearrange my schedule." He leaned back in his chair and howled with laughter at me. "I'll try—really I will—and I'll send you a wire tomorrow, telling you whether or not I can come."

Back in Washington, I received next day a telegram:

"DEAR OLIVE: TRULY I CAN'T MAKE IT. THE BOOK COMES FIRST. THANKS FOR THE TALKING-TO YOU GAVE ME. REGARDS TO RAY. WENDELL."

Of course I forgave him when I read his *One World.*

Take Another Look at the Quarterback

With the growing rumors that President Roosevelt would seek a third term, it was necessary to take a deeper look at this man who had made friends and enemies with a prodigal hand. While the March of Dimes and the balls and parties were being given for the Infantile Paralysis Campaign which marked his fifty-eighth birthday, he was perceptibly grayer, but the cigarette in its holder was at the same jaunty angle after seven long years. He showed no evidence as he lounged at his knick-knack-covered desk that the Presidency had him licked. He laughed and exchanged repartee with the best wisecrackers; his health was excellent, his spirits high; and he had enough stamina, it seemed, for another decade in active politics.

You had to see him close up to remember at all that he had been an invalid who had struggled to regain his health and who was unable to walk alone. To the world, he was the symbol of democracy and his life was the material of which historic epics were written. Year in and year out, his colored valet brought his breakfast to him in bed at 8:30 A.M., and, like most men, he was not very cheerful until after he had eaten and smoked a cigarette. He shaved himself. He read five morning newspapers. He swam with a powerful stroke in the White House pool almost daily.

Once there was a rumor, which Paul Mallon printed in his column, that Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, was going to be sent as Ambassador to France. Roosevelt saw the story and wrote the following note to Morgenthau:

"Henry, see by the newspapers you are going to Paris. . . .As Al Smith is reported to have wired the Pope after the 1928 election—'Unpack!' "

I was always interested in the relationship between the President and his energetic wife, who not only brought him through his infantile paralysis but also helped make him President of the United States.

Mrs. Roosevelt was the President's eyes, ears and legs. She saw more people every year in her travels than six Presidents could see. She always reported all her findings to him.

The dynamo that drove her was a powerful conviction that every man and woman must have opportunity to develop to his or her highest potential. Crusaders usually think in terms of a law to be passed or a goal to be reached. Mrs. Roosevelt was not so much a crusader for causes as she was an indignant champion of the downtrodden individual. She wanted everybody to have a decent home, an education, a fair chance. She cannot endure the presumption that some individuals or groups of individuals are inferior to others. She cannot endure unfairness, unequal opportunities, discrimination. Attacks on her do not disturb her. They don't even reach or touch her personally. Venomous language leveled at her finds her impervious. She simply doesn't think of herself, importantly or otherwise.

Wendell Willkie wrote to me when he was under blistering attacks in the press that he wished he could take such attacks as imperturbably as Eleanor Roosevelt did and wondered what her secret of endurance was. I think it stems from exceptional humility plus her belief that she could improve herself and her program from this criticism.

Most women mother a child or two. Mrs. Roosevelt mothered the world. She lived and spoke for the "forgotten" women. In the far reaches of these United States, in the slums of great cities, on the forsaken farms, and in the factories are millions of forgotten women. They found a friend in Eleanor Roosevelt. They could read in the daily papers what she did and what she believed. They could even write to her in their extreme need. She would read their letters. What is more, she would try to do something for them. She might even try to turn the cumbersome wheels of legislation or bureaucracy a little faster in order to bring them justice, calling down upon her own head the angry outbursts of those who have forgotten the weak and lonely, those who do not remember the quality of mercy.

The job in the White House grew in her time to include a woman-sized job as well as a man-sized job.

EVERY man who has ever worked with Roosevelt agrees that he was a fast worker when at his desk. In the NRA days, Don Richberg would go in to see the President, who would have a huge stack of mail and papers to sign before him. "Missy" Le Hand would be standing by. One by one, at a rapid pace, he would glance over the papers and say, "Do this, do that. . . . Tell him this. Tell him that—" as fast as he could go. While this was going on, Don would continue talking to the President and sometimes wondered how much Roosevelt had heard of what he was saying. Sometime Roosevelt would stop in the middle of it, push all the papers away from him, lean back in his chair, relax completely, and say, "Don, did I ever tell you the story of so-and-so?" He'd talk for ten minutes, completely free from official care.

Once someone told Roosevelt a story about Coolidge. When Coolidge was Governor of Massachusetts, he saw a great many visitors yet was always able to leave his office early. His successor found that callers were taking all of his time; even so, he was unable to see as many visitors as had Coolidge. This worried him, so he asked Coolidge how he had managed. Coolidge answered, "When they came in to see me, I didn't talk back." Roosevelt enjoyed the story but didn't take the hint. He could no more be quiet and study his lesson than a healthy small boy could resist wiggling, jumping up, banging here, banging there. He loved a fight, he had to have action.

He had had plenty of it since the day in 1933 when he took over the guidance of a nation that had suffered a complete breakdown. During those years, my husband had seen the New Deal unfold in its early glory of great promise. He had reported the long struggle with powerful, hostile forces, seen and unseen—economic and human. He had seen the sudden recession of 1937; he'd seen the New Deal morale disintegrate. Roosevelt was the fifth President whose activities my husband reported. None had been perfect. Yet, to Ray Clapper, Roosevelt stood as a giant of our time, for the mark of a great man is not an absence of weakness but an abundance of strength. He liked best to describe him as "a living example of democracy, who tried to subdue the ugly facts of society to some more rational scheme of things, who wanted to bring about in his time a world which would venture some few paces on into the vistas of hope which science and man's ingenuity had opened up to us. . . ."

EVEN when Roosevelt was ill, suffering from his periodic attacks, he was a gay and amusing host. I remember one small dinner party at the White House in May, 1939, when the President kept us in gales of laughter by telling story after story. He told about a trip he took to Paris when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the First World War. The French newspapermen requested a press conference at ten o'clock one morning. They arrived dressed up in morning coats and black ties as though for a diplomatic reception. Roosevelt, in informal clothes, sat on the edge of a desk talking to them. One French newspaperman asked him if it was true that members of the Cabinet in the United States received the press every day.

"Oh, yes," answered Roosevelt. "Sometimes during wartime they see the newspapermen twice a day."

"Mon Dieu," they said.

Roosevelt thought little of it, but the next morning he had a breakfast engagement with Premier Clemenceau in a little room in the Foreign Office. Clemenceau had been at work since 6 A.M. Roosevelt entered; Clemenceau rose and came toward him in a menacing, snarling manner that scared Roosevelt. He crouched and made claw-like movements with his fingers, saying in evident seriousness:

"What have you done to me? You force me to resign today. If I resign, we lose the war. . . . It is your fault we lose the war."

In astonishment Roosevelt asked what had happened.

Clemenceau said: "Your interview with the French newspapermen yesterday . . . they tell me you hold daily press conferences and they demand the same from me! I refuse! I have not time to see the press daily. I resign! My government falls. We lose the war!"

At that same dinner party Roosevelt said many amusing things in connection with arrangements which were being made for the impending visit of the King and Queen of England. It seemed every problem about their visit was being dumped into his lap, but he was especially proud of solving one question Solomon-wise.

For forty years, since the United States first had had ambassadors, protocol had ruled that there never could be an ambassador and a chief justice of the United States at the same dinner. Ambassadors rank in protocol only beneath the President and the Vice President of the United States; but at the state dinner which the President and Mrs. Roosevelt were giving in honor of the King, both the British Ambassador and the Chief Justice had to be seated. The problem was so grave that the State Department couldn't solve it and passed the buck to Roosevelt. As the President told us gaily:

"I worked out the real solution, and they are kicking themselves over at the State Department that they didn't think of it. Ambassador Lindsey bore the title, 'Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.' This was a dual role. He represented the King in person as Envoy Extraordinary; but, as Minister, he represented the government. Since the King would be present at the dinner in person, there was no reason why Lindsey should be present as Ambassador. He was to come only as the Minister representing his government. As such, he could be seated below the Chief Justice."

From these and other gay stories Roosevelt told that night, I doubt that any of us realized that the President was in pain. I sat beside Steve Early, press secretary, who told me that Roosevelt was at that moment running a temperature and that the doctor thought he ought to stay in bed. When we left the dining room, the President went directly to his bedroom. A few minutes later, the doctor told Mrs. Roosevelt that he had ordered the President to bed because his temperature was rising.

A War That Was None of Our Business

The year 1940 unfolded in shrouds of pessimism. But a faith reached out and took hold of us—a belief in America. We knew without a doubt that our democracy offered individual freedom and opportunity—a way of life incomparably beyond anything that other systems of government had offered. Hitler had shown us the evils of dictatorship; Russia, the afflictions of communism. And between these, democracy shone with a new brilliance.

A world going totalitarian. Few of us comprehended the meaning of that phrase. For months the war in Europe seemed phony, stalemated, locked in inaction. How to arouse the United States? That was the urgent question on the lips of our correspondents and diplomats.

Once during the fight to revise the Neutrality Pact, I was invited to participate in a radio debate on the subject. The broadcast originated in a downstairs room at the Mayflower Hotel, so that the public could be present. Mrs. Gifford Pinchot and I debated in favor of repeal; Dorothy

Detzer of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and Florence Boeckel of the National Council for the Prevention of War opposed us.

Toward the end, a large group of frowsy, belligerent women entered. The moment we went off the air, one group of them surrounded me, another group cornered Mrs. Pinchot. These were the women who called themselves "Mothers of America," or some such misnomer. They had been picketing Congress; had hung Senator Claude Pepper of Florida in effigy; and one of them had appeared in the House Gallery wearing a skull mask. They had resorted to all kinds of grotesque methods to get publicity to keep the United States from helping the democracies.

The group attacking me closed in in a menacing manner, all shouting belligerent questions at me simultaneously. The tumult they made was out of all proportion to their number. I was on the platform, a step or two above them. I listened until they began shaking their fists in my face. "Why don't you answer us?" they screamed.

I hate fights, and I am an awful coward. I murmured, "If you'll be quiet a minute I'll try." They had to stop yelling to hear my soft words. Then I said, "Look, I'll be glad to talk with any one of you or any two, if you'll come to see me quietly, where we can talk. I refuse to be badgered this way." With a lunge downward, I stepped through their midst, walked to the rear of the room and out. They followed. One ran in front of me and spat in my face. I took out my handkerchief, wiped my face, and took the arm of a Jewish Congressman, who asked, "Mrs. Clapper, can my wife and I escort you to your car?" Up the stairs and out through the lobby we calmly walked as they followed us, yelling at me, "Jew-lover!"

I knew that a hair-pulling fight for publicity purposes was exactly what they craved. These poor women must have been someone's hirelings. They could not have paid their own railroad fare to Washington. All of them were obviously very poor and ignorant. Their tactics were to intimidate and abuse.

After being hanged in effigy by these same women, Senator Pepper's speech of acceptance was a beautiful gem, a classic utterance, breathing the spirit of our free democracy. He said: "Knowing these women, like all other Americans, are sincere in their patriotism, placing America first and Hitler last, I feel that their hanging me in effigy is a splendid demonstration of what we are all trying to preserve—freedom of speech and freedom of action in the American way of doing things. I only hope that the spectators and those who hear about this business will feel that I also love America, and that I am sincere in my daily efforts to defend the United States in liberty, the right of free speech and free action."

Bravo, Claude Pepper! Abe Lincoln could not have said it better.

The Dark Days

In our house in Washington, all was gay and happy on December 6, 1941. My eighteen-year-old daughter, Janet, was spending the week-end at home for a change. The constant stream of attractive young men who beaued her every place filled our house with gaiety and youth. Our guests for this particular week-end were two young seniors from Yale University—fledgling newspapermen.

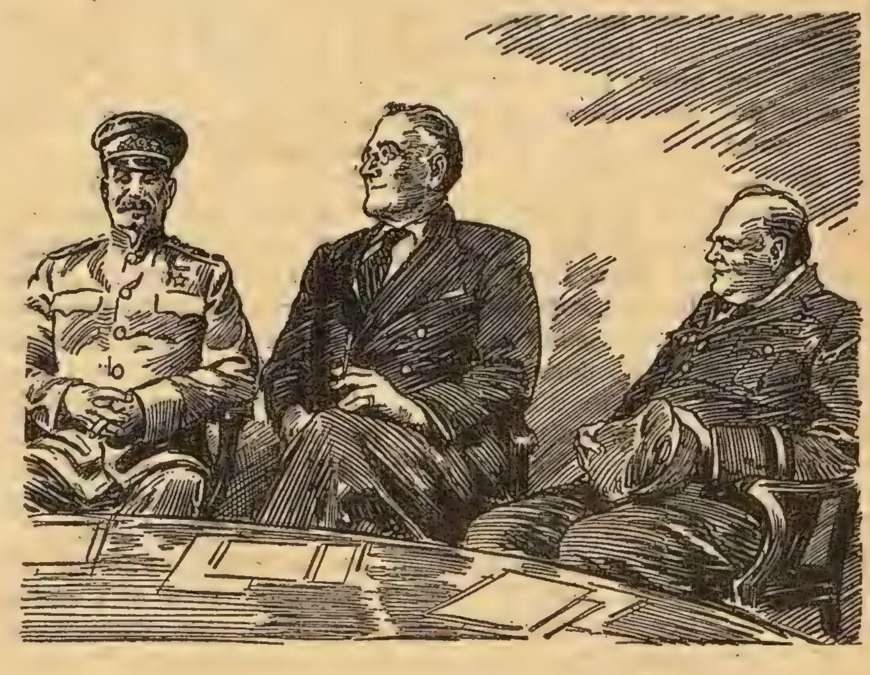
Sunday, December 7, our house guests slept late and came down in time for cocktails before a one-thirty luncheon. We enjoyed the meal and were lingering over coffee and brandy, when my son Peter was called to the telephone. He answered it upstairs because we were laughing and joking so gaily downstairs that he couldn't hear. Suddenly he came down the stairs in a great rush, shouting, "Daddy, the Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor!"

The sentence was not completed before my husband was out the door and in his car, racing to his office. Almost as quickly, the two young men dashed out of the house and ran down the street. We saw none of them again until about 2 A.M. the next morning. My husband of course was frantically busy at his office and was called upon for radio broadcasts. The two young college newspapermen who had been our guests covered the entire city, too. They saw the Japanese burning their papers and files behind the Japanese Embassy; they witnessed the angry crowds that collected about that building; they joined the milling throngs around the White House; and they interviewed every Senator and Cabinet officer they could contact.

The girls and I sat stupefied in front of the radio. We were so sorrowful that time and again my little cocker spaniel, Pepper, whimpered and put his head upon my lap, for even he felt the horror that was upon us all.

The die was cast and there could be no further argument. In some respects it was a relief to have the issue clearly drawn. We could be proud that we tried to the bitter end to avoid the war. We could even be grateful to Japan because she had made our decision for us. We hated war so deeply, were so convinced of its futility as a method of adjusting difficulties, that we were incapable of taking the initiative. Japan gave us unity. All our doubts, all of our reluctance and hesitation, were swept away. The united answer of the country was: Fight!

Westbrook Pegler wrote on December 10: "Ray Clapper was the only cosmic commentator in the trade who really felt the gravity of the Japanese menace to our country. Much of his work on that theme was necessarily pretty dull going, and I will admit to my shame that I sometimes threw Clapper away with the inward remark, 'To hell, Ray was on tin, rubber, Borneo and the Dutch East Indies again.' . . . Week after week, he hammered on the subject of the Japanese enmity to the United States and the utter ruthlessness of the monkeys of Nippon. . . . To me and to most other Americans who were interested in menaces, Hitler was the one to watch and hate, and the Japanese were just a synthetic danger. . . . The fact that practically all of us were looking the other way, throwing rude monosyllables at Hitler, is certainly no fault of his, because he was on the right track all the time. I am afraid his information was altogether too sound on the subject of our stockpiles of raw materials necessary for war, which were obtainable in quantity only in areas which Japan soon blocked off. . . . Clapper made a campaign of his warnings and the fault was ours that so very few Americans got the message of this press-coop Paul Revere."



Everything seemed dark in those early days of the war, yet when President Roosevelt set fantastic goals of production, our industry and our labor met those goals. We accomplished superhuman results, as a free people always can when their energies are unleashed in a task they understand. Within a year America miraculously had helped to save the world from the fascist triumvirate.

ONE of the most glamorous visitors who came to Washington in the middle war period was Madame Chiang Kai-shek. She appeared formally before the House of Representatives on Capitol Hill, and in addition she made an informal appearance the same morning before the Senate. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. Henry Wallace, Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, and every ambassador, minister, Cabinet officer and member of the Supreme Court were present. Everybody who could beg, borrow, or steal a ticket was there.

At 12.15 P.M., the first lady of China was escorted down the aisle. In the softest, exquisitely enunciated English, she greeted the Vice President and the Senators. Before the microphone, she began an informal talk, with apologies for her lack of ability in extemporaneous speaking. Gently she told of something she had found in President Roosevelt's library at Hyde Park. "What do you think it was?" she asked. "In a glass case I found a first draft, and then a second, and on up to the sixth draft of one of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches. It encouraged me to know that so renowned and excellent a speaker drafts his speeches."

Mme. Chiang next told a story about a trip which she and her husband had taken several months before to the Chinese front. They passed through a village which two thousand years ago had been the site of an ancient Buddhist abbey. Its ruins brought back to her mind a story of a young Buddhist who was seeking grace. Hour after hour, day after day, month after month, he sat intoning "Buddha, Buddha."

One day a very old abbot, watching the young acolyte spending the days of his life so unproductively, started rubbing a brick against a piece of stone. Day after day he repeated his process, until finally the young novice asked him, "Why do you rub that brick against that piece of stone?"

The abbot replied, "I am trying to make a mirror."

The young novice was astonished, and said, "But, Father, you cannot make a mirror that way."

To which the old abbot replied, "No more can you acquire grace by sitting there day after day intoning 'Buddha, Buddha.' "

It was a simple little story, from which Mme. Chiang pointed out that fine sentiments and grand words could not bring us into a post-war world of peace and plenty unless the people of the United Nations took steps to bring about that world by joining together in a definite program, not at some future date but immediately.

Unforgettable also was the press conference that she held jointly with President Roosevelt. Mme. Chiang, with feet dangling from the high-seated chair, toyed with her compact, but worked smoothly to coax a promise out of President Roosevelt for China. He was trying with equal smoothness not to melt too much under Madame's technique. She sat between the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, who laid her hand protectingly on Madame's fragile arm.

A reporter thrust a question as to whether China's manpower was being fully used in the war. Madame replied that China's men were fighting wherever and whenever munitions were available. She said that when more munitions were sent to China, more men would fight.

With such a finesse, she threw the ball squarely into the lap of the President. He explained, rather sheepishly, that we would send munitions as fast as the Lord would let us. Then Madame, smiling so politely and sweetly, tossed the ball for a goal when she murmured that the Lord helps those who help themselves.

Rendezvous of Three Men

Twelve years after the Nazis came to power in Germany—a power that Hitler said would last a thousand years—Germany lay completely crushed. The Japanese Empire lasted less than four months longer. To the victors there were no spoils, only the strange paradox of having to shoulder burdens of mass starvation and ruin amid the disintegration of much of the world. If any part of civilization was to be saved it was more necessary for the Allies to work together in the postwar era than in the war.

With the defeat of Germany and Japan, it became evident that two giant powers had emerged—Russia and the United States.

Ray and I spent a little time in Russia in 1937.

Moscow was a thriving place three hundred years before Columbus discovered America. This heavy crust of ancient civilization was the Soviets' most formidable enemy. They had the task of converting a medieval peasant people into a modern, skilled, industrial nation in one generation. It was a high-pressure effort.

Stalin, as the name suggests, was a man of hard, steely temperament, inclined to be inarticulate and therefore impatient of dialecticians and theorists. He was disposed to make short work of such people. A phrase of his, hanging on a sign in the office of the newspaper *Pravda*, was significant: "Talk Less and Work More."

Driving ruthlessly toward expanding production, building up the army, making Russia powerfully self-sufficient, Stalin swept aside without batting an eye anything that seemed to him to stand in the way.

Our brief experience in Soviet Russia gave us a slight comprehension of the baffling Russian temperament. When the war came we could understand the struggles of Roosevelt and Churchill to work with Stalin. Russia was the key to Europe. What did she want?

Urgent decisions needed to be made for waging the war. Even more urgent agreements were needed on post-war aims. Yet Stalin played a lone hand. He would not confer. Eventually the three leaders did meet at Teheran in November, 1943.

At the opening session there, Roosevelt and Churchill waited for Stalin, the host, to open the meeting. Stalin sat silent, looking much like a country lad just arrived in the big city. Roosevelt, unable to endure the embarrassing minutes ticking away, broke the ice by a few extemporaneous remarks to the effect that this was an historic moment. Again there was silence. Then Churchill took up the conversation, throwing a small bouquet of oratory. Silence once more. All looked at Stalin, who finally said, "The sentiments are very appropriate. I agree with them. Let's get down to business."

OFTEN the British and ourselves do not understand Soviet procedure, nor do they understand ours. Secretary Hull confessed to my husband after he returned from his epochal trip to Moscow late in 1943 that he had no idea when he left Washington whether the Russians intended to go isolationist after the war or would join the other nations in a security program. If they went isolationist, he believed anarchy would prevail in the world and another world war would be unavoidable. He intended to do his utmost to prevent such a catastrophe. Without consulting his wife or his physician, he flew halfway round the world on a hazardous trip, at the age of seventy-two. When he arrived, Stalin and Molotov could not have been more cordial. There was considerable exchange of information of all kinds, and, most important of all, arrangements were made for continuous contact between the three governments as equal partners.

Donald Nelson also went to Russia and brought home a picture of Russia's turning ideologically to the right. In a sense, their industry is more competitive than ours. Not only is there intense rivalry between plants, but there is greater competition among the individual workers in contrast to our trade-union methods of uniform output per man. They reward all who find ways to produce more goods.

Learning to get along with our British allies was much simpler than with the Soviet Union. A common language, a similar form of government, a common denominator of standards of all kinds helped mutual understanding.

We have always had a traditional fear of being outsmarted by the British, of thinking they were using us. It should be the other way around. They needed us and always had to be fearful that we would run out on them as we did after World War I. Together after this war we will have all the navy that exists in the world. With Russia added, the three of us have all the air power. But it is the United States who holds all the chips.

Looking into the future of our foreign relations, we have two needs. One is the imperative necessity for a long-range basic policy that will develop regardless of what political party is in power, and extend into generations to come. Obviously it will stress continuous cooperation with the other nations in this close-knit world.

The other need is for abler men, for trained men skilled in the techniques of world affairs.

We can afford to lift our qualifications out of the political ward heeler's class. Such men are not good enough any longer.

THE END

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

TALKING THROUGH MY HATS, by **Lilly Daché** and edited by Dorothy Roe Lewis, is the autobiography of the world's most famous milliner.

Lily Daché

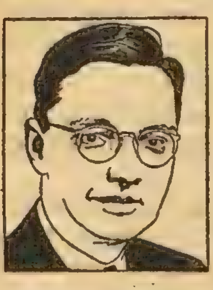
Lilly Daché, the ugly duckling of her family, left France when she was eighteen to come to the United States to make her fortune. At first, things did not go too easily for Lilly—a stint of selling hats at Macy's ended disastrously when she quarreled with a floorwalker. Next, she and a friend bought a hatshop and found that they had no stock, no hats, no workroom supplies, and no cash. When their first customer came in, they were frantic. And then Lilly had an inspiration: she explained to the lady that all their hats were custom-made. Talking quickly, Lilly extracted a two-dollar deposit from the bewildered customer, and as soon as the door had closed behind the woman, Lilly rushed out to buy a felt shape and trimmings. Two more customers came in that day and each time Lilly collected a deposit and went out to buy supplies. That was the beginning of one of the most fabulously successful careers in the country.

Writing of her profession, Miss Daché says: "A hat is the expression of a woman's soul. It is something she wears on her head, but it belongs to her heart. It is her challenge to the world. She does not wear it to keep warm, or to provide a shade from the sun. . . . She wears it to please a husband or a sweetheart, or to get one. It is the keynote of her personality, the finishing touch that makes her look beautiful and smart and sure of herself, if it is the right hat."

Today most of the Daché customers are famous beauties of the stage and screen, and in Talking Through My Hats, Miss Daché gives many interesting sidelights on her notable clientele.

Coward-McCann, Inc., New York. Price $2.75.

THE DEADLY PERCHERON, by **John Franklin Bardin,** is a highly original mystery story. Its hero is psychiatrist George Matthews, whose trials begin when he is confronted by young Jacob Blunt, who wears a scarlet hibiscus in his hair and is troubled by his acquaintance with several very imaginative leprechauns.



John Franklin Bardin

Investigation into his patient's case draws Dr. Matthews into a complex series of events, and before he has gone very far, murder enters the picture. An enormous horse, several musical-comedy actresses, and carnival folk of Coney Island all are ingredients of The Deadly Percheron, which moves swiftly and offers the unexpected on every page.

Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. Price $2.

THE delightful interiors photographed and discussed in **Design for Decoration** were created, detail by detail, by decorators who knew how to achieve comfort and livableness along with distinction. **Ina M. Germaine,** who edited the book, has shown amazing variety in her selection. Be your home two rooms or twenty, there is practical inspiration here for increasing its charm: "Because nobody in this country today who really thinks about homemaking is content to have a home that is merely practical. It must be, of necessity, practical plus all the joyous ways of spending life in these modern times."

Robert M. McBride and Company, New York. Price $4.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

8/3/46

S	T	R	I	K	E	S	■	B	A	N	A	N	A	S
T	O	R	N	A	D	O	■	E	P	I	S	O	D	E
O	R	■	S	T	A	Y	■	W	A	L	K	■	I	T
O	P	A	■	E	M	B	R	A	C	E	■	A	P	T
G	E	R	M	■	■	E	I	R	E	■	O	B	O	E
E	D	G	E	■	M	A	N	E	■	G	E	E	S	E
S	O	O	T	H	I	N	G	■	H	O	R	D	E	S
■	■	■	■	O	S	S	■	F	O	O	■	■	■	■
V	A	C	A	N	T	■	B	A	L	D	H	E	A	D
E	L	A	T	E	■	H	A	T	E	■	A	R	N	O
R	I	M	S	■	M	A	S	H	■	■	S	I	A	M
I	M	P	■	T	A	R	H	E	E	L	■	A	G	A
T	O	■	D	A	D	A	■	A	R	A	B	■	R	I
A	N	G	O	R	A	S	■	D	I	S	H	P	A	N
S	Y	S	T	E	M	S	■	S	C	H	I	S	M	S

Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

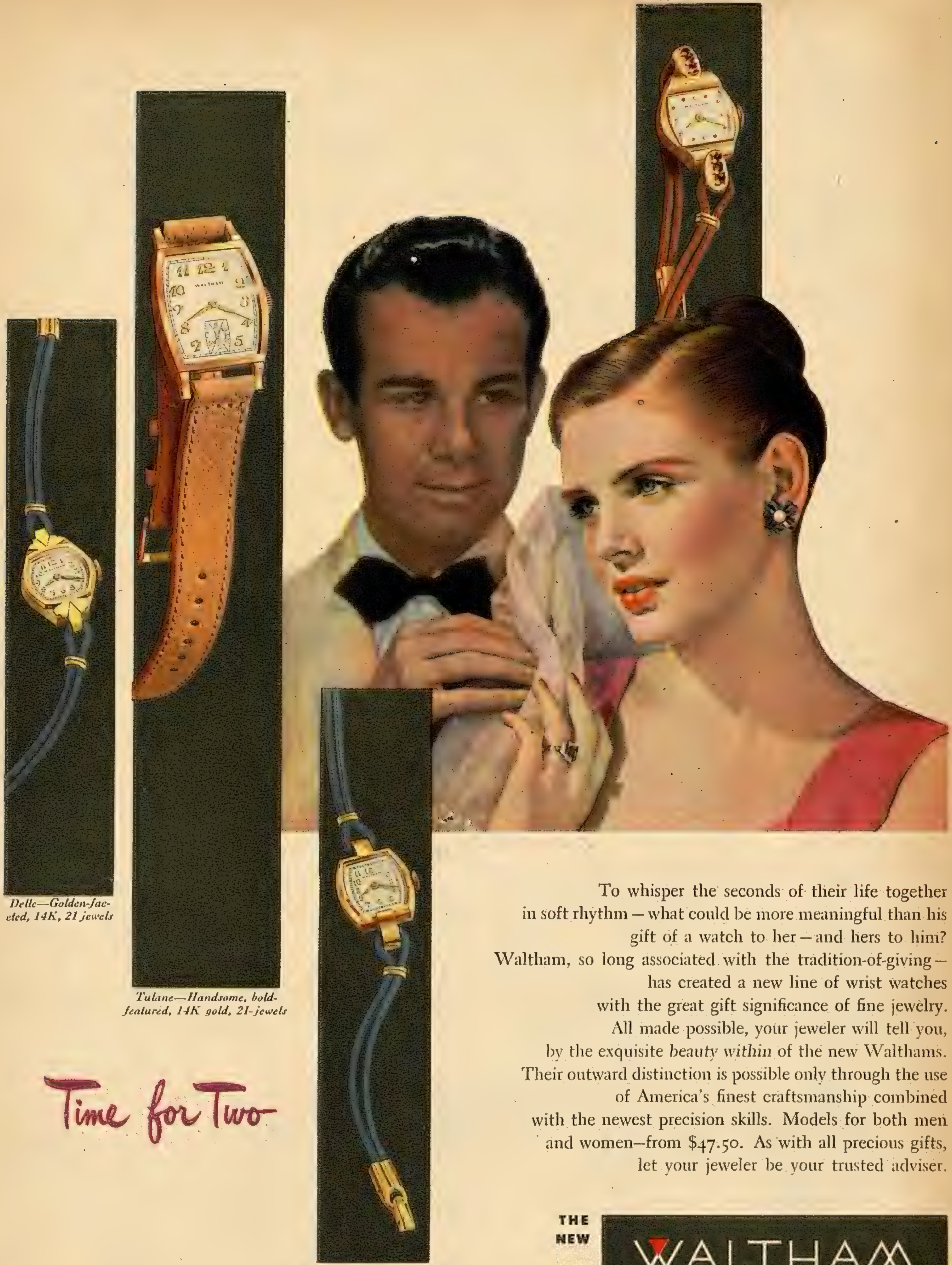
1 What goddess could you call Old Swanpuss?
5 Hawaii is known for waving whats?
9 What Khan recently gave away his weight in diamonds?
12 *Rose* thorn makes backward god sore (anag.)
13 Name the symbolic figure of American alleged weakness in foreign affairs (two words)
15 Forty-five whats make one English ell?
17 Complete: Drunken pipple Constantly ——
18 Go down at bridge
19 Members of what clean up following the horses? (abbr.)
21 The British put meat into what American dessert?
22 Name the Mayor of New York City
25 Three owe one
27 A police wagon is known as a Black what?
29 If you took a rug to a barber, he'd haircut the what?
31 Knot and loop thread with shuttle
32 Ring Lardner wrote a book called You Know Me, who?
33 Whose Green is famous in English elopements?
36 1,900 feet of Chinese road's called a what?
37 In a pinch, cops do what?
39 Complete: Le Coq ——
40 What's a synonym for rugged-pussed?
42 What the old theater shed during its dismantling
44 What wind suffocates?
46 What call is now made by phonograph record in the livestock world?
48 Grandma called a wolf a what?
49 Governor Hogg named his daughter what?
52 Humpless camels
55 Sleepy what was a song hit a while back?
57 Name another Lardner book title (two words)
59 An article and a preposition make what indefinite term? (abbr.)
60 What do you do before getting served in restaurants these days?
61 The sporogonium of mosses is supported by a what?
62 Italian family related to British Guelphs

VERTICAL

1 What do Hawaiians use in necking visitors?
2 Earn is another form of what?
3 You'd address a Ph.D. as what?
4 What wood is largely used in baseball bats?
5 What word, formerly housewife, now has an unpleasant connotation?
6 Complete: —— Heaven yclept Euphrosyne
7 %
8 What article of clothing is connected with a ferry?
9 In astrology, planet situations influencing for good or evil
10 Complete: For Me and My ——
11 The French equivalent of a cocktail
14 Beowulf's a literary what?
16 Name the granddad of the present King of England
20 If a screwball's an eccentric, what's a sane person?
23 To understand jive talk
24 What Princeton men did to RRs. during the last strike
26 A hippopotamus's young is called a what?
27 A Spanish snood is a what?
28 Turkish military formation
30 What China housing shortage is referred to in the song Rhoda, Rhoda Had a ——?
34 What Greek goddess drew back the curtains of night?
35 Sign on apartment houses (abbr.)
38 When grandma was a gal she sang she just couldn't make her eyes do what?
41 What democratic organizations don't exist in Russia?
43 Who was the Mother of Cities?
45 What was the stationary flattop?
47 Name a great Negro lightweight who died of t.b.
50 Kind of question
51 Who of Cleves was Henry VIII's fourth wife?
53 A ship's diary is a what?
54 Call a challenge at poker
56 Scotch go
58 Which Bernard has four legs? (abbr.)

1	2	3	4	■	5	6	7	8	■	9	10	11
12				■	13				14			
15				16		■	17					
18			■	19		20	■	21			■	
■	■	22	23				24	■	25		26	
27	28				■	29		30	■	31		
32		■	33		34				35	■	36	
37		38	■	39			■	40		41		
42			43	■	44		45				■	■
	■	46		47	■	48			■	49	50	51
52	53				54	■	55		56			
57						58		■	59			
60			■	61				■	62			

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



Claire—21 jewels, encased in ruby-studded rose gold

Delle—Golden-faceted, 14K, 21 jewels

Tulane—Handsome, bold-featured, 14K gold, 21-jewels

Donna—Sleek, classic beauty, 14K, 21 jewels

Time for Two

To whisper the seconds of their life together in soft rhythm—what could be more meaningful than his gift of a watch to her—and hers to him? Waltham, so long associated with the tradition-of-giving—has created a new line of wrist watches with the great gift significance of fine jewelry. All made possible, your jeweler will tell you, by the exquisite *beauty within* of the new Walthams. Their outward distinction is possible only through the use of America's finest craftsmanship combined with the newest precision skills. Models for both men and women—from $47.50. As with all precious gifts, let your jeweler be your trusted adviser.

THE NEW WALTHAM

FIRST AMERICAN WATCH

FOR BARTER OR FOR WORSE

Continued from Page 31

Joe McGuire tasted everything on his tray with great concentration—the baked beans striped with crisp little pork sausages, coleslaw and sliced tomatoes, steaming Boston brown bread oozing with butter, blueberry pie with a wedge of yellow Gouda cheese, piping hot coffee in a blue mug. Then a blissful look settled down on his round middle-aged face, and he said, "I haven't eaten many home-cooked meals in my life, but this is the best I've ever had."

"Tsk-tsk," Tom said, "and you a family man, too! Doesn't your wife cook for you?"

Joe looked embarrassed. "I was just trying to be kind of sympathetic-like when I said I was a father," he said. "I never was married. Say now, how about those twins you was expecting any minute?"

"Twins?" said C. Lane, looking surprised. "What fun!"

Tom swallowed some hot coffee and started to speak, but began fanning his tonsils instead. "Oops, hot!" he said, and high-tailed to the kitchen for a glass of water.

WHEN he came back, they were talking about Chinatown. "What do you want to be near Chinatown for?" he asked the girl.

"I have a commission to illustrate a couple of Chinatown stories for a big magazine."

"Hey," Tom said, "that's pretty swell."

"It *is* swell," she said. "It means Lumbago will belong to me pretty soon—lock, stock, and barrel. And when my botanist guy comes home from his collecting trip in South America to marry me, we'll have our own roof over our heads."

Joe said, "Looks like he sure put his money on the right horse. If you'll pardon the expression."

"Yes, indeed," she said. "I've been called worse often."

When they'd finished dinner, C. Lane jumped up and said, "I'll dash up and dress. I won't be long."

"We'll wash the dishes," Tom said.

"Oh, heavens, no!" she exclaimed. "They can wait."

BUT when she'd run up the staircase that led to the balcony bedroom, the two men carried the trays out to the kitchen and washed the dishes anyway. And when they came back to the living room, Tom looked around the littered place and said, "Maybe we could straighten up enough so it won't look like a cyclone had just passed through. "Deliver me," he said, "from ever getting involved with an untidy woman!"

Ten minutes later C. Lane came running down the stairway in a gray suit and hat. She said, "Well, for heaven's sakes, I see Tidy Tilly has been at work!"

The men looked sheepishly pleased, and she said, "You two are certainly a couple of characters."

"That's what a spell in the Navy did for me," Tom said. "And, say, we discovered something. C. stands for Campaspe. I saw it on some of your pictures, which are pretty swell, by the way."

"You could have asked me," Campaspe said. "I wasn't trying to keep it a secret."

They made a quick trip across the bridge, and when they arrived, Joe waited in his cab while they went up to the apartment.

It was a fairly large one-room, kitchenette-and-bath affair, with typical nondescript apartment-house furniture. Everything was scrupulously clean and neat. There was even a tight stiff little bunch of red geraniums from the window box on the tiny balcony.

Campaspe turned to Tom and said, "Good heavens, but you certainly are neat!"

"Oh, you're only saying that because it's true," he said.

"Neat but not bawdy," she said.

She walked around the room, poking pillows so they didn't look like an orderly row of sausages; she rolled up the meticulously evened window shades, fluffed out the stiff bunch of geraniums. "There," she said, "it looks more like a home now."

She still didn't look very excited about the place, so Tom said, "Wait, I have an ace in the hole." He opened the French doors leading out to the miniature balcony that hung over the street.

Campaspe looked where he pointed and saw the golden roofs of Chinatown flaring into the moon-silvered sky, and she heard the strident wail of Chinese music coming mournfully from the direction of St. Mary's Square where the great stainless-steel statue of Sun Yat-sen brooded over his people.

Finally she turned back to Tom and said, "It's wonderful! Of course I'll take it." And then she said, "I don't know whether it's the marvelous power of want ads, or fate, but I have a funny feeling that tonight is going to be a turning point for both of us."

THE switch was made the next day, with the help of Joe and his cab.

Tom settled down in the little house in the hills as if he had been a country boy all his life. It took him several days to get the house in order, but finally he was satisfied, and from then on he kept it as clean and shining as a good ship. Where, for the past few months in the city, he hadn't been able to compose at all, now his head was so full of both words and music that he couldn't work fast enough. He'd be walking in the hills back of the house, when he'd suddenly get an idea and go running back to the house and the piano.

After he'd lived the country life for a week, he went back to the San Francisco apartment late one afternoon to get some musical scores. When Campaspe Lane yelled, "Come in," at his knock, he found her in paint-smeared slacks in the doorway of the little balcony painting away at a feverish rate.

Tom could see that the picture was very good. But what he noticed even more was the ungodly disorder of the apartment.

"Well, if it isn't Tidy Tom himself!" Campaspe said. "Push something off a chair and sit down while I finish. I've got to fill in this sketch while the light's right."

Tom was furious at the disordered

(*Continued on page 52*)

HARDTACK L 5509-50 ✓

Rodney Keller
LIBERTY

original cartoon returned to Keller 11/20/46

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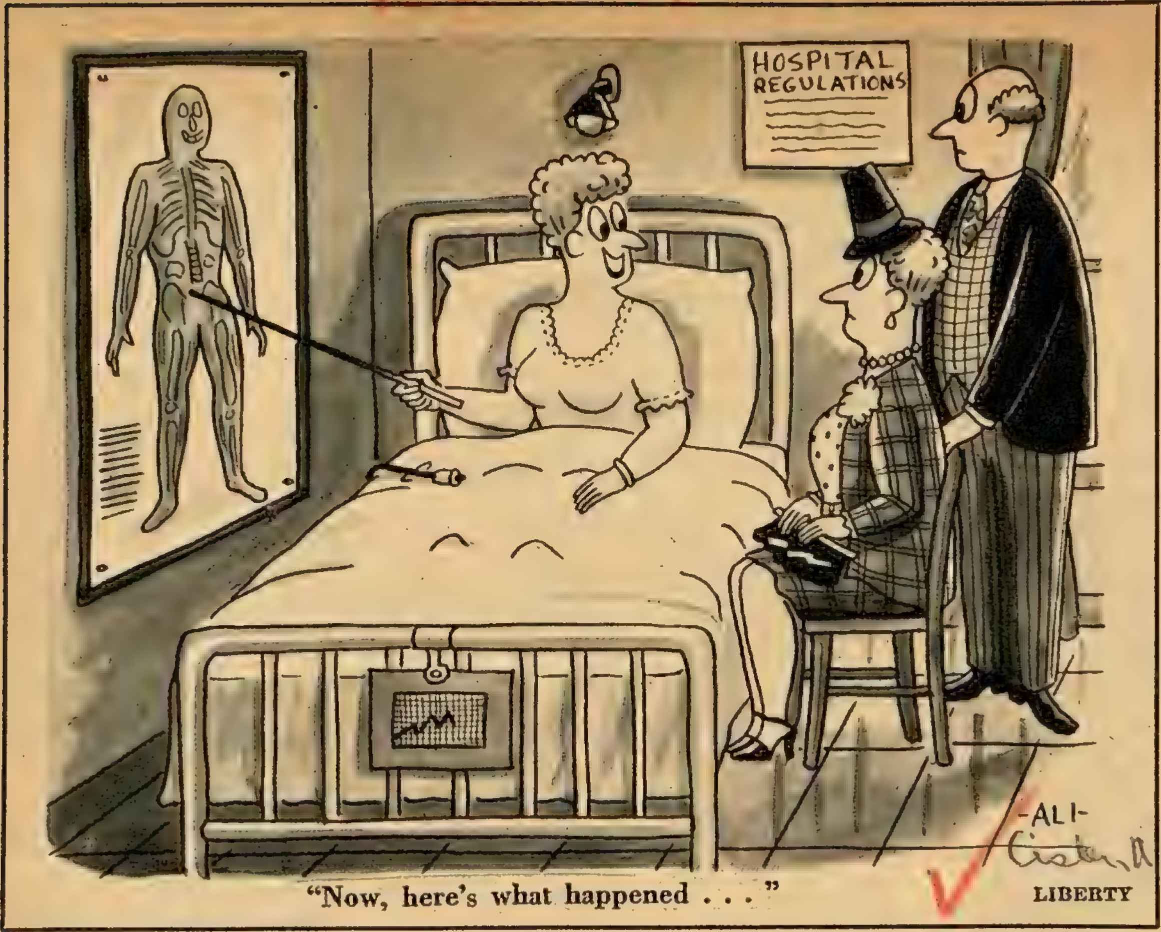


Cisten M.D.

"Now, here's what happened . . ."

(*Continued from page 50*)

place, and she wasn't even apologizing for it. He said stiffly, "I just want to get some musical scores. You go ahead. They're over here in this cabinet."

He spent quite a while going over the scores, and before he'd found everything he wanted, Campaspe said, "Well, I guess I'm through for the day." She cleaned her brushes and then stretched luxuriously. "Now for a shower," she said, "and some clothes that aren't covered with paint. I'd like to ask you to stay for supper, but I've hardly stopped work for three days, and I haven't a thing to eat in the place."

Tom was still annoyed with her but he certainly owed her a dinner after the wonderful feed she'd given him and Joe McGuire. So he said, "I was going out to that Neopolitan place on Kearney for some *pizza*. Why don't you come along and eat with me?"

"I don't know what *pizza* is," she said, "but if it's food, and that's an invitation, I'll be with you in fifteen minutes."

WHILE Campaspe was showering and dressing, Tom straightened up the place a bit.

When she came out again, exactly fifteen minutes later, looking fresh and pretty and smelling faintly of lilies-of-the-valley, she saw how he'd restored some semblance of order and said, "So I'm *not* neat! But you don't have to rub it in all the time. Gosh, your wife certainly must have to keep her nose to the grindstone!"

"I'm not married," he said stiffly.

"Not *married!* Why *Mr.* Burton! Then what about those twins you were expecting?"

Tom's jaw dropped and then he turned fiery red. "Oh, for corn's sake!" he exploded, "that was just a gag I pulled to get Joe's taxi away from a couple of Nob Hill bunnies."

"Well, you were certainly left holding the gag that time!" she said.

Tom groaned. "Look," he said, as they swung along through the Italian quarter. "If you didn't make such awful puns and you were a better housekeeper, you'd be a swell girl."

"I'm too old to change," she said. "Besides, Ron thinks I'm perfect."

"Who's Ron?"

"Ronald Cranston—man I'm going to marry. He might be home any time now."

"Well, I hope *he's* a good housekeeper."

"I don't know. We were always so busy having fun, we never discussed practical things like that."

They arrived at the dark smoky little restaurant just in time to prevent an argument. Miraculously, they got a table, from which they could see the great brick oven in which everything was cooked.

Tom ordered *pizza, radicchio* salad, and a bottle of chianti. The chef left his oven for a minute and, standing in front of the Isle of Capri painted on a wall, sang some of his Neopolitan songs. And suddenly, to Tom and Campaspe, it was not just a meal but a party, and they laughed and talked as if they'd known each other for years.

WHEN they came out of the restaurant several hours later, Campaspe said, "That was the *best* food I've ever eaten!"

"Second best," Tom said. "Nothing could beat that dinner you cooked."

"Oh, so you admit I can do something well?"

"And how! As an artist and a cook you'd get my vote any time."

"Well, that's mighty white of you. By the way, how's my house?"

"Clean for a change."

"It's funny," Campaspe said, "just when I'm beginning to think you're such a nice person, then you make a nasty crack like that. If I weren't right in the midst of this Chinatown assignment, I'd take my house back this minute."

They were walking through Chinatown now, and Tom was striding in long angry storklike steps, so that Campaspe almost had to run to keep up with him. He was furious at her and he didn't quite know why. After all, it wasn't any of his business what kind of housekeeper she was. She was certainly neat personally. And darned pretty too, with her dark hair and eyes. But he felt sorry for the guy who was coming home to marry her.

There was a loud honking from the curb, and Joe McGuire leaned out of his cab and yelled, "Hiya!"

They went over to talk to him and he said, "I been hoping I'd run into you folks to thank you again for that swell feed."

"We'll have to try it again sometime," Campaspe said, "when I'm in a cooking mood. By the way, Joe, I may get you to move me back to Berkeley sooner than I thought. Your song-writing friend here thinks I'm ruining his apartment with my slovenly housekeeping!"

"You *know* I didn't say that!" Tom snapped.

"Well, you certainly implied it!"

Joe looked from one to the other of their angry faces. "Hey," he said, "it don't take brains to keep house—any dope can do that—but painting, now—it takes real stuff to be an artist."

"Thank you, Joe, you're a gentleman," Campaspe said.

"So you think I'm not!"

"Why Mr. Burton, what a wonderful mind reader you are! I think you've missed your calling."

Joe leaped into the breach. "Hey," he said, "could I take you folks any place? On the house, of course."

"Thanks a lot, Joe," Campaspe said, "but it's only a few blocks to the apartment. We'll walk."

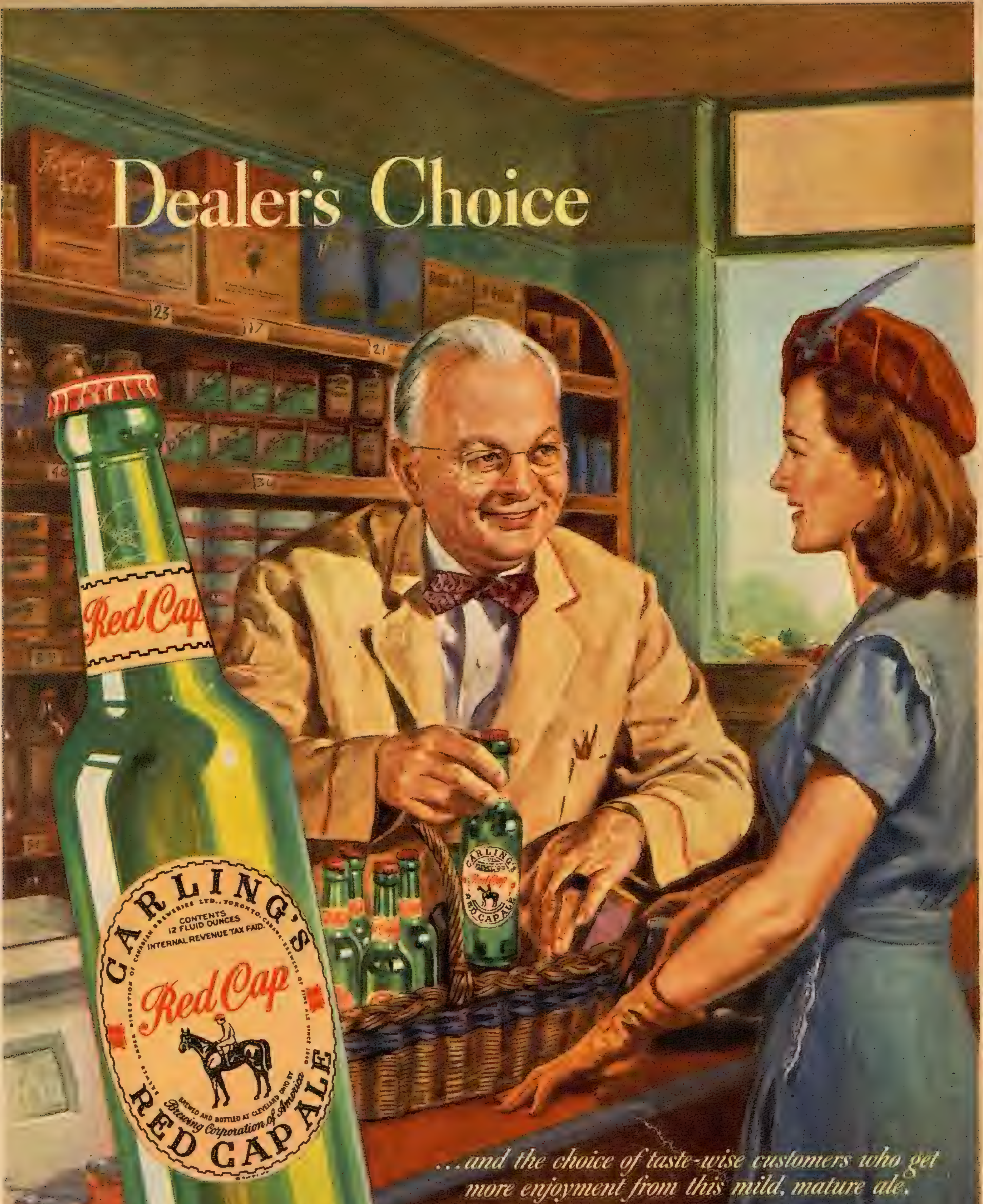
"I'll go along to the terminal," Tom said. "It's time I was getting home."

And with that, he tipped his hat and left them.

EVERYTHING would have been fine if Tom hadn't had to go back the next day and get the musical scores he'd forgotten the night before. He couldn't go on with the song he was working on till he had them. He walked around the block five times before he could force himself to go up and apologize to Campaspe for his boorishness of the night before. He found her in one of her cooking moods, with a big pot of chicken gumbo on the stove and banana mousse in the icebox.

Tom said he was sorry, and Campaspe said, "O. K. Forget it!" and immediately set another place at the table.

(*Continued on page 54*)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(Continued from page 52)

A few days later Campaspe had to go to her house for some brushes she needed. When she'd finally found them, the place looked like an explosion in a shingle factory, and Tom blew a gasket. Campaspe called him a "nasty old maid" and flounced out of the house.

Things went on like this for a month. And because neither place had a telephone, Tom and Campaspe were always dropping in on each other to get something. In between times they both worked feverishly.

THEN one day an air-mail letter was delivered to Tom, and after he'd read and reread it, he stuffed it in his pocket and walked back into the hills. This was one of those things that just didn't happen. He was gone for several hours, and when he returned, the sun, like a ball of fire, was sinking into the burnished sea beyond the Golden Gate.

In the purple-shadowed living room a scene of such havoc struck his eyes that he knew only one person could have been there. There were opened suitcases on chairs, tables, and floor, with their entrails trailing grotesquely. A tray of dirty dishes was balanced precariously on one end of the mantelpiece.

He stood in the middle of the room and bellowed, *"Campaspe!"* and his muscular brown hands were balling into fists.

A figure reared up from the studio couch at the shadowed end of the room, and said sleepily, "Hey, what's all the noise about, and where *is* Campaspe?"

Tom stalked the length of the room, and when he reached the couch, the sun-tanned man in rumpled tweeds was on his feet, looking belligerently at him.

"What have you done with Campaspe?" he said.

"I haven't done anything with her yet," Tom said, "but I'm sure going to paddle her hide till it's blistered when I do get my hands on her. Where *is* she?"

"You tell me! And who are you and what are you doing here?"

"Burton's the name and I'm living here, if you must know!"

"*Living* here! Why, you—!"

"Say, how'd you get in?" Tom snapped.

"Key under the sansevieria, where she always leaves it."

"You better talk English!" Tom said.

"It's a snake plant, you half-wit!"

There was a quick jangling of the doorbell, the sound of a key in the lock, then the door flew open and Campaspe and Joe McGuire came in laden with baskets and covered dishes. "Surprise!" called Campaspe. "Lady with a banquet!" She switched on a light, and then, as she saw the wild disorder, she said, "Good heavens, the worm has turned!"

The two men said, "Campaspe!" and strode toward her.

Campaspe said, *"Ronny!"*

Ronny reached her first and gripped her arm hard. "I thought I'd surprise you," he said, "and I certainly did! What is this man to you?" he demanded.

"Darling!" Campaspe said, looking up into his stern and rockbound face, "what do you mean by that eighteenth-century dialogue?"

Tom said, "Oh, for corn's sake!" and went loping out of the house, past Joe McGuire, who was still standing there, goggle-eyed, with his arms full of savory-smelling viands. "Got to see a man about some aspirin," Tom muttered.

THREE hours later, at nine o'clock, Tom came back. He had walked downtown and walked back up the hill again, and he was tired. Joe's cab was gone, and the house was dark, so it seemed safe to go in. He unlocked the door, went into the living room, and from the light of the flickering fire he saw that the disemboweled suitcases and the litter were gone and the room was in order again. He gave a sigh of relief and started to switch on a light, when a voice said, "Don't shoot. It's me!" and Campaspe got up from the big chair by the fireplace, looking small and weary.

"What are you doing here?" he said, all his anger flooding back once more.

"I—I've been cleaning up," she said. "And I waited—to tell you something." She choked back a little sob. "The magazine wouldn't take my illustrations after all. I'd counted on that money. I didn't tell you, but I'm behind on the installments on the house, and—well—you seemed to like it so, and I'm going to lose it anyway—would—would you like to buy it?"

"Gosh, that's tough," he said. "I've never worked so well any place before—but it's a shame for you to lose it."

"I'll miss it, but everything's changed now anyway."

"You mean because you're going to be married?"

"Because I'm *not* going to be married."

"What happened? Was it because he found me here? He seemed to misunderstand—"

"It wasn't just that." She tossed her head a little defiantly. "When I came in and saw the utter shambles he'd made of the house, I knew it was all off then. I could never live with such an untidy man."

Tom gave her one amazed look and burst into a roar of laughter that almost made the welkin ring.

THEN he looked down and saw the big tears squeezing between her eyelids.

She looked so little and forlorn, and he said, suddenly contrite, "Gee, I'm sorry, Campaspe. I'm acting like a heel."

"It's—all right," she said, fumbling for a handkerchief. "I guess losing everything all at once was too much for me."

"Ah, look, Campaspe," he said, "you can keep your house. I'll lend you the money. I've a bit put away, and anyway, I've just had some luck, and it's all due to your house and you. I had a letter from my agent today saying one of my songs was going on the big time."

"Why, that's wonderful! The house did help you, then?"

"Yes, and so did you."

"I don't see how."

"Well, the title of the song is yours—I guess I owe you fifty per cent for it."

"What is the title?"

Tom looked embarrassed. "Well, darn it all," he said, "it's still a bad pun, but it made a swell song—it's For Barter or for Worse."

Don Christensen

"I'll probably have an awful 'head' in the morning."

LIBERTY

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It was Campaspe's turn to laugh now, but her heart didn't seem to be in it. "That's what I like about puns," she said. "You never know when one's going to come in awfully handy."

They heard the unmistakable sound of Joe's ancient cab stopping out front, and Campaspe got up. "Joe's taking me home," she said. "It's fine of you, but I can't borrow money from you. I'll come over in the morning and arrange about the house, if you want to buy it."

Tom held her coat for her, and suddenly he heard the strangest words pouring from his lips—things he'd never even thought but which must have lain waiting for just this moment. "Campaspe," he said, "you don't have to give up the house. You can marry me and we'll have it together. And I'll do the housekeeping, so you'll have more time for your painting. Any dope can keep a house clean, but it takes brains to—"

There was Joe's shave-and-a-haircut ring on the doorbell.

"Oh, Tom," Campaspe said, "you're just saying that because you're sorry for me."

JOE stuck his head in the door and yelled, "Taxi!" Then he said, "Oops, sorry! Wrong number!" and started to back out again.

"Come back, Joe. We're just celebrating," Tom yelled, loosening his grip on Campaspe.

Joe came in again, grinning from ear to ear. He waved a telegram at Campaspe. "You dropped it in the cab, Miss Lane," he said, "but I guess he'd like to see it for himself, even if you did tell him all about it." He handed the telegram to Tom.

Campaspe said, "Oh, Tom, please—" and ran to take the telegram.

But he had already read the words:

DELIGHTED WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.
RAISING YOUR PRICE ON THESE.
W. B. SPINKS, ART EDITOR.

"Hey, what *is* this?" Tom demanded. "You said you didn't sell them!"

Campaspe was looking embarrassed.

Joe gazed from one to the other. Then he slapped his forehead hard. "Me and my big mouth!" he mourned. "When you said you was celebrating, I thought he knew you'd come over with that big feed to celebrate selling your pictures."

Tom slapped him on the back and grinned at him. "Now I know she really loves me, thanks to you, Joe. Say, how'd you like to be best man at a wedding?"

"*Me!*" said Joe, beaming. "Geez!"

"Not so fast," said Campaspe. "I have a proposition. I'll marry you, but on condition that you—"

"Hey," said Tom, grabbing her, "don't you know that you should never end a sentence with a proposition?"

THE END

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

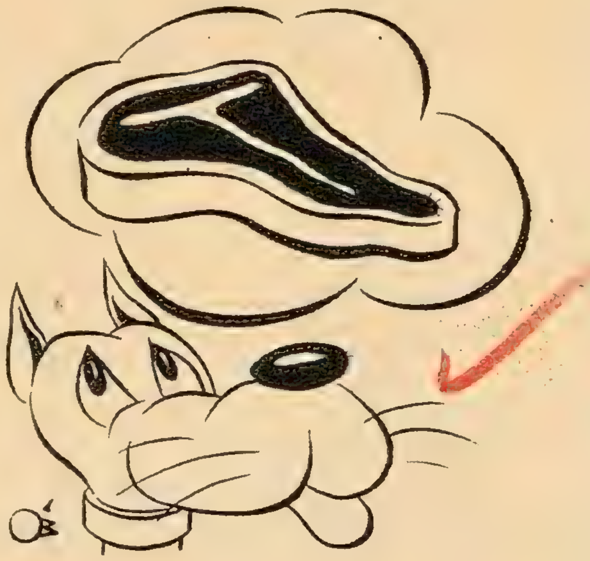
BY MATT URBAN

BULLETIN BOARD coverage of G.I. insurance, some time back, brought in such a record number of letters and requests for further information that we are taking the subject up again. This is not surprising, of course, when you consider that the Veterans Administration has received to date more than 46,000,000 pieces of mail concerning veterans' insurance.

National Service Life Insurance, still being passed up by many veterans, is better than ever.

For example, National Service Life Insurance may now be reinstated without physical examination, if the veteran submits a signed statement that he is in as good health as he was at the time the policy lapsed.

This liberalization of reinstatement privileges will remain in effect until January 1, 1947. The liberalization, of course, does not affect the requirement regarding payment of premiums.



Too bad we can't!

In the case of insurance which has not been converted to a permanent form, only two monthly premiums need accompany the application for reinstatement. In the case of insurance which has been converted, unpaid premiums must be met, with interest.

Veterans who are totally disabled for a period of at least six consecutive months may still apply to the V.A. for waiver of premiums on their insurance. *Until the waiver is granted, however, the veteran must continue premium payments.*

Of the 40,000 to 50,000 checks for refunds mailed each month from the V.A., as many as 7,000 are returned because the address given by the veteran was either incomplete or of a temporary nature.

Incidentally, the V.A. has asked us to ask you to make certain that your correct address is known to the V.A.

Further revisions now before Congress will give beneficiaries their choice of several types of payments, including lump sum and monthly installments, and will permit conversion of G.I. Insurance into either 20-year endowment or endowment at age of 60, or at 65.

The Bill, which now needs only Senate approval to be sent to the White House, also will allow benefits to be assigned to anyone, instead of their being limited to certain next of kin.

* * *

Marion Cleatham, Cleveland, Ohio. You're 100 per cent right! It's most annoying for a lady veteran to have to leave her discharge button home when she's not wearing a suit with a lapel buttonhole. A pin model sounds like a good idea. Why don't you suggest this to the Heraldic Division, Office of the Quartermaster General, in Washington?

* * *

Johnny Markham, New York, N. Y. You'll never have to pay a license fee for your dog, Spud, in New York because he's a war dog with an honorable discharge. Too bad we can't do more for them—something in the way of steak every night, for instance—that they could understand and appreciate.

* * *

Miss Mary Miller, Lynbrook, N. Y. The bronze "V" on your friend's Bronze Star ribbon signifies that the decoration was made for valor rather than for "meritorious achievement."

* * *

Otto Riker, New York, N. Y. If you were discharged for under-age enlistment, the G.I. benefits will be extended to you provided you served on active duty for 90 or more days.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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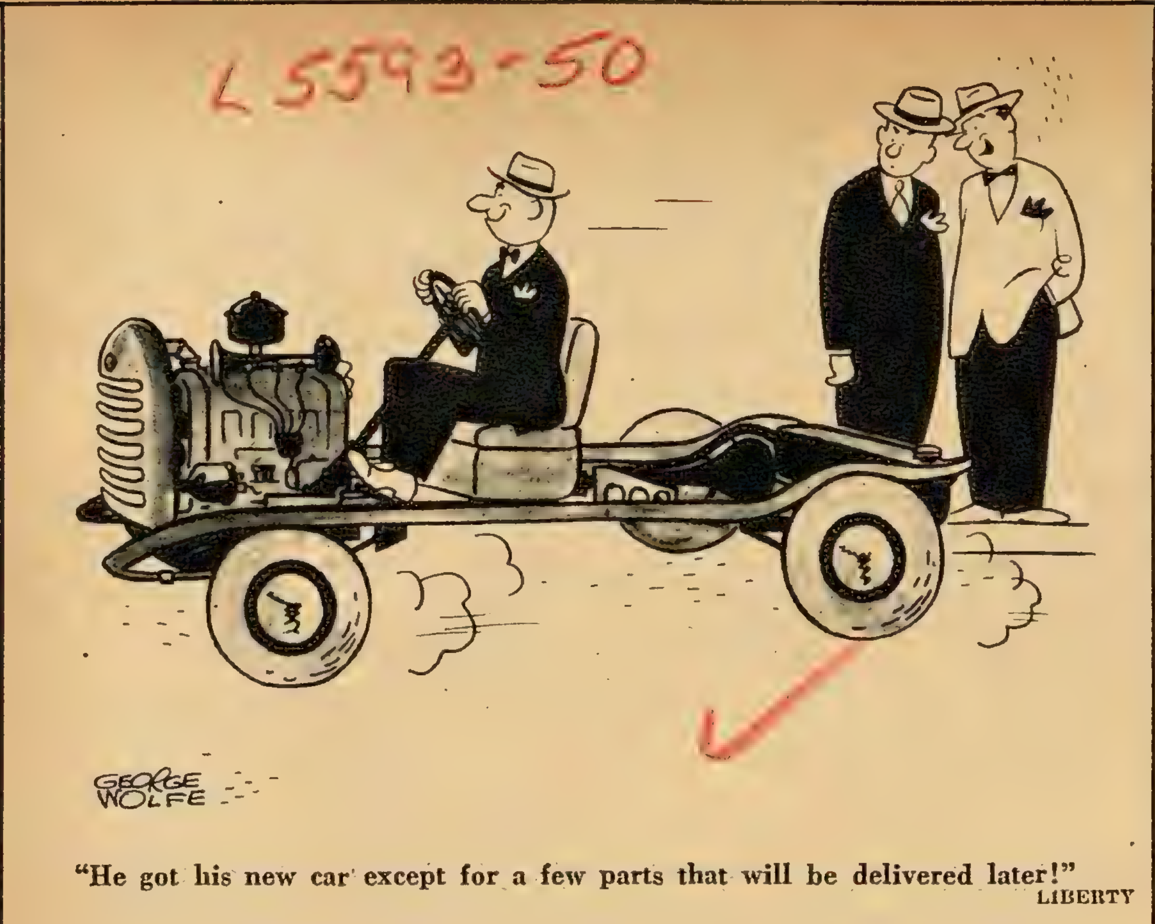


"He got his new car except for a few parts that will be delivered later!"
LIBERTY

SHOT IN THE DARK

Continued from Page 27

"I hope I haven't disturbed you with all this talking, sir. I suppose it's been my fault, too." He smiled abruptly. "I think I can get the situation in hand."

Henry Prince sat for a long time after Tom's roadster disappeared. Tom and Landry had had their difficulties before, and resolved them. Tom had always known how to handle Landry. She needed a light touch, plenty of line. His frown deepened. This time there was a different mood to their quarrel. This time there was a real issue.

He had his dinner and returned to the terrace with his cigar. It was time to go to bed, but sleep was not in him. He went into his library and sat down at the baize-covered mahogany table. He was playing Canfield, turning the cards slowly and heedlessly, when the telephone rang, and he did not want to answer it.

LANDRY HEATON waited until the last sound of Tom's motor faded into the still, black night. She had told him that she was through, and this time she meant it. This evening had played the grand finale to everything. She and Tom had quarreled before and made up, but there could be no going back after the things they had said tonight. They had even, before, spoken of divorce, though neither of them, she knew, had ever really meant it. They had always, until tonight, loved each other fiercely.

"All right!" he had shouted at her. "Do anything you like! Go home to your father—go to Reno—go to blazes. But I'm keeping Tommy."

She stood in the doorway, with the wide cool hall where the Heaton portraits hung upon paneled walls behind her, with the four gracious rooms which had been her home for seven years opening invitingly. The sooner she left, the easier it would be.

She swung about and ran up the curved stairway to her own room, found a suitcase and began throwing clothes into it. Tommy was asleep, with the moonlight full on his face and one arm flung above his head. She packed his things carefully, moving softly in the dim light. When she wakened him, he burrowed his dark head back into the pillow.

"Darling, mother can't explain now, but we have to go off in the car. You must wake up," she told him.

"In the car? In the night?"

"Yes, honey."

In the car . . . in the night.

"Where are we going?"

"I'll tell you later, darling. It's sort of a secret."

She did not know where Tom had gone in his anger. Just driving, probably. She must hurry. If he came back, before she was gone . . .

"Tommy, are you strong enough to carry your bag down to the hall?" She had dressed him quickly; now she glanced at herself. The black suit she had worn for dinner was all right. She went into her own room again. This was a trip, the first trip, when she would not take the photograph of Tom in its silver frame. She opened her jewel box and began slipping rings on her fingers. Only her own jewelry, her mother's and grandmother's. She would leave everything that Tom had given her. Except Tommy.

Her own car was in the driveway, and she and Tommy put the bags into it.

"Where's daddy?" he asked.

She swallowed. "He's gone ahead, honey. I'll explain everything later."

If she met Tom now, at the foot of the drive . . . But she didn't. It gave her a strange, sinking sensation that she didn't. Somehow she had felt that she would. She turned east on the Richmond road. Her mind had been clicking rapidly, making plans, discarding them. She would have to risk Richmond. She'd have to get money, and advice. George Stuart, her father's lawyer, could be trusted.

Tommy was full of questions.

"Later on, honey. Not yet." It was not going to be easy to explain to Tommy. It would not be easy to explain to George Stuart. She began to sing softly as she kept her foot pressed hard against the accelerator. She did not feel like singing, but it kept Tommy from talking. A long Greyhound bus, pale and wraithlike, roared into sight and disappeared, and her hands were tight on the steering wheel.

"Sing Abdul the Bulbul, mother."

She swallowed. That was the song Tom sang to Tommy, and below her own light contralto she could almost hear his true tenor as she sang. Tommy moved closer to her, and at last he slept.

SHE had not driven alone at night for a long time. The road seemed emptier and blacker than she remembered it. There were no lights of houses, no lights but the dim far stars. An occasional oncoming truck became both a comfort and a terror to her. It was good to know that other people were awake and moving in this dark emptiness. But sometimes drivers fell asleep at their wheels. What could she do, with Tommy beside her, if one of these roaring monsters came charging toward them?

Tommy's breathing was even, more a stirring than a sound, and she took one hand from the wheel to touch his thick soft hair. Nothing must ever hurt him. That was why she was taking him away with her now. She wanted to shield him from all the violence, all ugliness of life, at least until he was grown.

She could not understand Tom Heaton, she told herself. The stories which he told his son should have made the little boy toss in nightmares. They didn't, but that could be because they went too deep. Stories of bloodshed and horror, stories like the dreadful images she had pictured to herself during the long nights when Tom was somewhere in the Pacific and she had walked up and down her living room, listening to the radio, wanting and fearing the latest news broadcast. Iwo Jimo, Saipan, Tarawa . . .

Tom seemed to have no sense of what a child should not know. Perhaps the long months of fighting, of living with death, had blunted him, brutalized him. She had not taken this step tonight lightly. She had a long memory of appalling things. Tom taking Tommy to the barn to see the little pigs killed. Letting him watch, letting him help even, while they plucked and cleaned game. Showing him commando tactics, knives against throats, sudden unexpected death. Telling him those stories. . . .

The small segment of roadway lighted by her headlights slipped ceaselessly beneath the wheels, and the darkness stretched interminably ahead. The clock on the instrument board said twenty minutes of two. There must be a town soon, or at least a gas station. Her eyes moved in panic to the gasoline gauge. The needle was at zero. The pressure of her foot on the accelerator relaxed, and she watched the speedometer drop. There must be a station soon.

Her eyelids smarted and she could feel tears gathering behind them. Why had Tom let her go like this? she thought in sudden fury.

Tommy did not stir, and she drove on desperately, trying to will the car forward. Suddenly the power was gone. She jabbed the gas, pushed down on the starter, and then spun her wheel so that the car rolled to the edge of the road.

"What's the matter?" asked Tommy cheerfully.

She did not answer him.

"We've stopped!"

"Yes, honey." She must not let him see that she was afraid. "We're out of gas. Somebody'll be along soon to help us."

Somebody. . . . Another bus roared past at fifty miles an hour. A clattering truck. Their own headlights made a thin pool of light in the darkness, and there was no sound at all. It was fifteen minutes before the dark sedan slowed beside them, stopped, and backed.

"Good evening," said Landry breathlessly. "I wonder if you could help me? I'm out of gas."

A MAN, shadowy at first, emerged from the sedan and came over to her. He leaned an arm on the frame of the open window and looked in.

"All by yourself?" he asked.

"My little boy is with me." It was an appeal rather than a statement. Her hands gripped the steering wheel.

"Kind of late for a little boy, isn't it?" There was nothing in his face or voice which implied solicitude for a child.

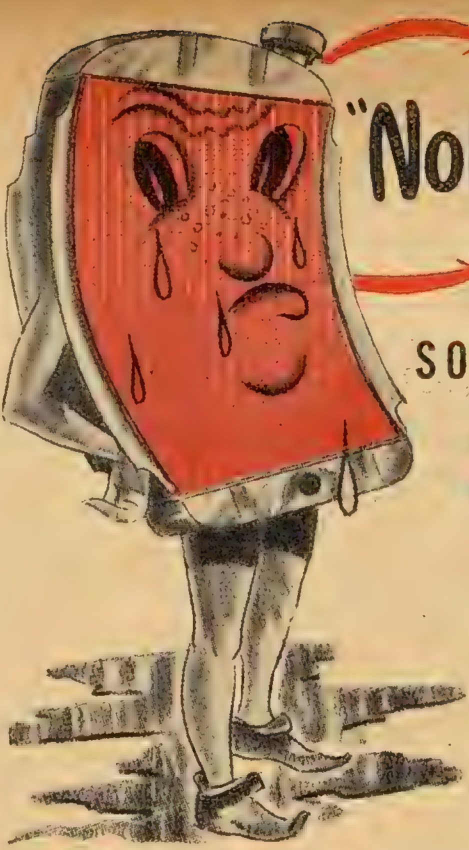
"Yes," said Landry. "Would you be kind enough—" Her voice stopped. The man's eyes had suddenly come alive, and she dropped her own, she saw the glitter of her fingers in the dashboard light, the glitter she had seen first reflected in his eyes.

"Aw, don't hide 'em," he said as she dropped her hands to her lap. "That's quite a lot of jewelry for one dame." His arm reached through the window and he lifted her limp hand. "Looks real, too."

Landry wet her lips. "Could you get me some gas?" she asked steadily. "Perhaps if you stopped at the next town—"

"I don't seem to be much interested in gas right now," he replied.

She had begun suddenly to shake, as though she had a chill. Close

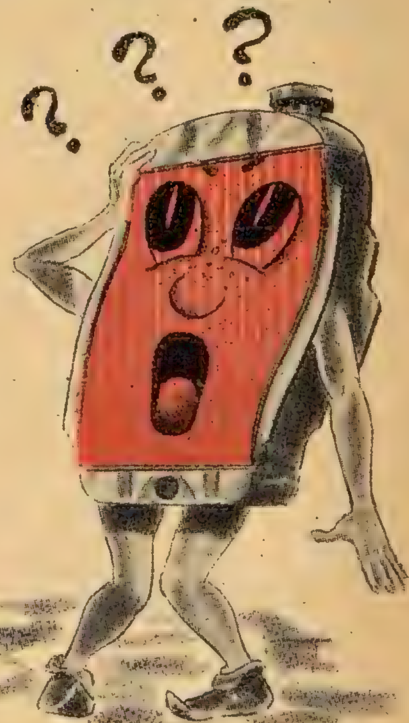


"Nobody loves a Drip"

SOBBED REGGIE THE RADIATOR

1 "Holy smoke," moaned Reggie, "is all that rust and sludge coming out of me?"

"Sure is," the service man replied. "One bottle of K & W *Radiator & Block Cleaner* is knocking all the corruption out of your system. Now if you'll open wide and say 'ah-h', I'll use K & W *Radiator Seal.*"

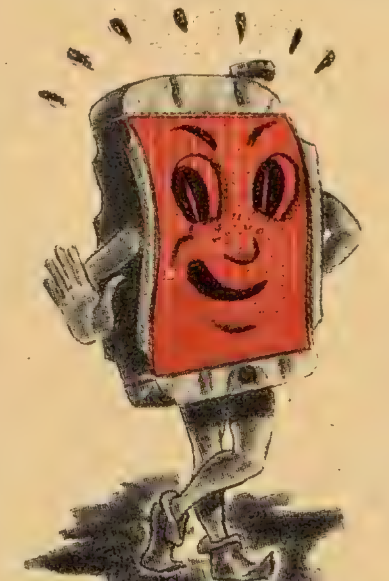


2 "What'll K & W *Radiator Seal* do?" Reggie asked.

"It will fix you up in 30 minutes," the service man answered. "If one bottle doesn't stop every one of those leaks, nothing but repair shop surgery can take care of you!"

A cautious radiator at heart, Reggie asked, "Do you guarantee that?"

"Absolutely," the service man shot back.



3 "Gee," Reggie smiled, "that K & W *Radiator Seal* really hit the spot. It's *not even* 30 minutes and I'm not leaking a drop."

"Of course not," the service man grinned. "Now the clincher. A K & W *Rust Inhibitor* treatment and your cooling system is all set for a long, trouble-free season."

"That's right," Reggie agreed, "*Rust Inhibitor* is that famous K & W product that keeps rust and scale from forming and keeps out acid too!"

K&W

MORAL: Prevent and correct cooling system trouble by using K & W products: *K & W Radiator & Block Cleaner, K & W Radiator Seal, K & W Rust Inhibitor*—all sold with a guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back!

K&W
RUST INHIBITOR
K&W
Radiator Block Cle
K&W
Radiator SEAL

Other K & W products are *K & W Metallic Seal* and the patented *K & W Mechanical Method*—two war-proved means used by engine rebuilders, fleet operators, and modern repair shops for making fast, low cost, *absolutely guaranteed* repairs to cracked engine heads and blocks.

For name of nearest K & W Mechanical Method station wire or write Kerkling & Company, Burbank, California.

all set for any setup

What's the secret? Plantation Bourbon Liqueur! That's the drink that puts a robust flavor into your glass that recalls the richest Bourbon Whiskey. Your drink, too, has the smoothness and delicacy of a fine liqueur. For a smoother Old Fashioned ...a magical Manhattan, a husky Highball, order your drink made with Plantation Bourbon Liqueur. At bars and package stores.

PLANTATION BOURBON LIQUEUR

Plantation Distilled Products, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
Bourbon Liqueur 86.8 Proof

against her side she felt Tommy's warm body go tense and alert. The rings were nothing. Nothing mattered but Tommy and Tommy's safety. Her right hand made a swift motion toward her left, to strip them off, to give them over to this man, and then stopped short. Something cold and hard pressed against her fingers. Her eyes dropped to the blue-black glint of metal, lifted to the cool blue-gray glint of her son's eyes.

"You better take the gun, mom," he whispered. A marine is tough and casual and unafraid.

Landry's right hand closed over the ominous-looking toy. Landry's low voice became Tommy's voice, the voice of the U. S. Marines.

"Stick 'em up!" said Landry, "and get your hands off my car."

"Hey, take it easy, lady," said the man. He moved his hands.

"I don't want to have to kill you," said Landry. "But if I have to, I will." She added significantly, "I happen to be a good shot. Go on. Get in your car and get away from here."

A flash of sudden unexpected light struck the man full in the face.

"Can you see him O.K., mother?" asked Tommy, the flashlight unwavering in his small brown hand.

The man fled. Landry sat rigid, holding the toy automatic, watching the red taillights of the car streak up the highway, and beside her, Tommy leaned forward, watching.

"Oh, boy!" he cried. He gave a crow of sheer delight. "Gee, mother, wasn't that good? Would you really have killed him?"

Landry's lips pressed together.

"He wanted to steal your rings, didn't he? I could've covered him all right, only I thought—I mean, he might have known it was a toy gun because I'm a little boy."

Landry burst into tears.

"Oh, mother, don't!" cried Tommy. "Please, mother!" Panic mounted in his voice.

She gave a choked laugh. "It's all right, Tommy. It's nothing. You see, I was frightened. It's all right now."

"Frightened!" said her son scornfully. "You were not. No more'n me."

She wiped her eyes and looked at him. "Weren't you really, Tommy?"

"No!" he said. "I'm no sissy. I guess I'm like my father. He wouldn't be afraid of thirty hundred Japs!" He clutched her arm. "Hey, get ready! Here's another!"

THE Virginia State trooper who stepped out of his car blinked his eyes at the combination of a gun in his face and a tense small boy glaring at him from behind a flashlight.

"Evening, Mrs. Heaton," he said mildly. "You in some trouble?"

Landry dropped the gun. "A lot of trouble," she said. "I'm out of gas and a man just tried to rob me. My, I'm glad to see you!"

The trooper smiled. "Pretty late for you and the little boy to be out alone. Going far?"

"I'm going home," said Landry. Abruptly she laughed. "I know I'm headed wrong. If you can get me some gas, I'll turn around."

"What's this about a man trying to rob you?" He listened gravely while she explained. "What kind of car?"

"I don't know," said Landry, helplessly. "I—"

"Chevrolet sedan," said Tommy. "New York license plates."

Landry stared at her son.

"There were some fives in the number," Tommy added. "I'm sorry I can't remember it all."

"I reckon you remembered enough," said the trooper. "I'll siphon you out some gas, ma'am—enough to get you home, anyway. Then I'll get on after the Chevrolet."

When they were headed back, Tommy said, "But, mother, I don't

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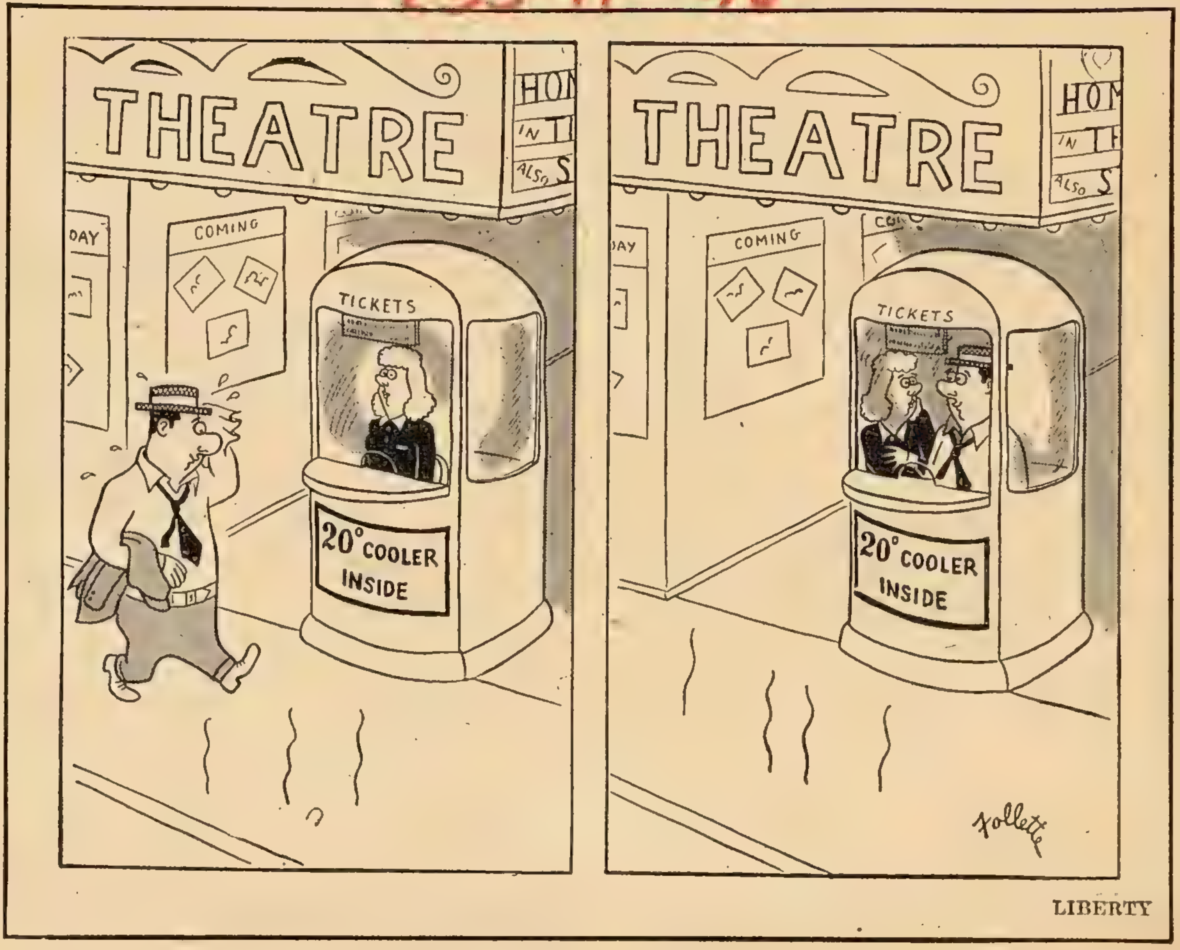


understand anything about this night!"

"I know," said Landry. "It's hard to understand." She reached down and grasped his hand. "You're sleepy, honey. Curl up and take a nap and I'll tell you in the morning."

"But—"

She began to sing. " 'There were brave men aplenty, with names known to fame, in the army that fought for the czar. But the bravest of all was a man by the name of Ivan Petroffsky Scovar.' "

All the downstairs lights were blazing when she stopped the car before Heaton Hall.

"Good morning," Tom greeted her from the terrace.

Landry blushed. "Tommy's asleep. Could you—would you carry him up?"

"I reckon," said Tommy's father.

Landry sat down on the top step. In a few minutes Tom reappeared.

"Have a nice trip?" he inquired.

"Not very," said Landry. "Oh, Tom, I'm such a fool! I was wrong," she said.

"Just what I told you," he murmured.

"And I'm sorry."

"And you won't do it again?" He was smiling.

WITHIN the house the telephone was ringing. Landry followed him as he went to answer it.

"Hello. . . . Yes, she's here. . . . Thanks. . . . *What?*" Tom's voice became edged. "Say that again. . . . No, she hasn't told me."

Landry sat down, listening. Tom began to laugh.

"You don't say! O.K., I'll tell him." He turned slowly and faced his wife. "That was Bill Mantle—you know, the state cop. He said to tell Tommy that he'd caught the guy who tried to hold you up, and that it's all due to him. Says he's going to bring the kid some kind of badge." His eyebrows twisted ironically. "Or will you throw another cat fit at that?"

"No, Tom," said Landry.

"Kind of brutal, you know—policemen," he reminded her.

She shook her head. "I was all wrong about everything." She slipped from the chair and went toward him, her eyes soft, her mouth inviting. Suddenly she stopped short. "Why did he call up? Bill Mantle, I mean?"

"To see if you were O.K."

Her dark brows came together. "You mean—because—" The brows flew up stormily, and her eyes flashed. "Tom Heaton, you didn't—" He took a step toward her and put his hands on her shoulders. "You were wrong about everything. And you're sorry. And you won't do it again. Did you mean that?"

She looked at him. "Of course I did. But—Tom, did you actually call out the police?"

He kissed her, hard, before he answered, and he did not really answer. "What do you think?" he asked.

THE END

Clothes Clinic
By P. B. Juster

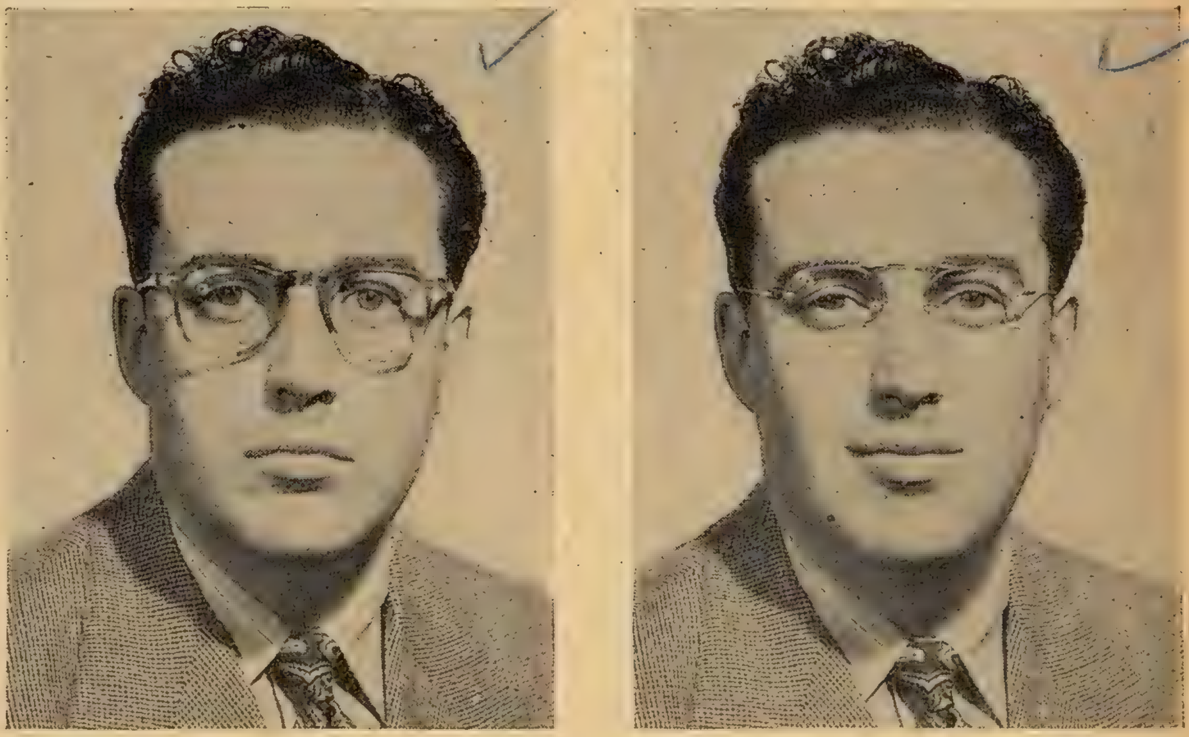
YOU'RE AS YOUNG AS YOU LOOK

CLOTHING

If you select clothes in keeping with your build and complexion, they can erase years from your appearance.

A poorly tailored, unbecoming suit, indifferent-looking hat and shoes, handkerchiefless pocket and colorless, drab tie needlessly add years to this man's appearance.

The same man—spruced up with a snappy straw, bow tie, white shirt and shoes contrasting with a well-cut double-breasted dark suit—can look smartly youthful.



Glasses, too, can add or subtract years from your appearance. They must conform with your features and suit the occasion. Glasses at left are recommended for sports and casual wear. Right, for dress.

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PORTRAIT

Thanks for the Memory

SOPHIE TUCKER first appeared as a singer in her father's café in Hartford in 1905. She graduated to vaudeville at the Family Theater in New York the following year. She next made a hit at Tony Pastor's. Her first appearance on the regular stage was at the Jardin de Paris, New York, 1909, in The Ziegfeld Follies. She returned to vaudeville in 1919 and toured with the famous team of McIntyre & Heath in Hello, Alexander.

She starred in every top revue of the early 20s, among them Shubert Gaieties, and Earl Carroll's Vanities. She made an even bigger hit at the Palladium in London. At last report, Sophie Tucker was receiving a hero's ovation at the Bowery Café in Detroit. A beloved performer, opportunity is her only knocker. —*Allan Witwer.*

THE FLAME THROWER

Continued from Page 29

of his father's fixation—and frustration—is not generally known, though. Bill Feller was a baseball nut in his youth and dreamed of making the big leagues himself, but his European parents (his father was French and his mother Swiss) would tolerate no foolishness with games. They were struggling farmers and there were so many chores that their son had no time to give expression to his ambition. Bill Feller swore that his boy would have the chance he had missed. All right, it sounds like something out of Alger, but only those ignorant of the sequel will snicker.

Bill Feller kept his promise after Bob was born. He spent $3,500 for a tractor and combine to have more time to teach his son the pitching tricks he read about in the sports pages. And by the time Bob was eight years old he could throw a regulation baseball 225 feet, a respectable heave for a big-leaguer from the outfield to the plate.

OTHER fathers have been baseball nuts, but none went to such extremes as Bill Feller to nurture a dream. When Bob was thirteen, Bill formed his own team and built a field, Oak View Park, on a corner of the farm, to make certain that his boy's development would not be hurried or abused. He played Bob at shortstop, to save the strain on his arm and to make him a well-rounded player. But Bill Feller was like a kid with a new red wagon: he could not resist the temptation to give it a whirl. In Oak View's first game, Winterset filled the bases with none out in the third inning. Manager Feller waved shortstop Feller to the mound. The boy struck out the first two batters he faced and had two strikes on the third hitter when the runner on third base tried to steal home and was thrown out. Bill Feller knew he had built a good foundation.

Bob was fifteen before he began to pitch regularly for Oak View, W. Feller sole owner and prop. In his first game against Waukee, a team of big semipros, he fanned twenty-three, gave two hits, and won, 9-2. The following Sunday he pitched a one-hitter against Valley Junction and struck out twenty. DeSoto, a team with a local reputation, was the next opponent. The prospect of having a farm kid make them look like chumps was not pleasing to the DeSoto bully boys and they decided to give him a rattling ride from the bench. Bob responded to the going-over by fanning fifteen and giving one hit, in the ninth inning. During that season of 1934 the Van Meter prodigy pitched and won ten complete games and struck out 161 batters.

Stories of the kid's awesome speed and prowess circulating throughout the Middle West were given official credence when Cyril C. Slapnicka, general manager of the Cleveland club, signed him to a contract with Fargo-Moorehead of the Northern League on July 22, 1935, for a bonus of $500, to which $2,500 later was added. Bob then went to Dayton, Ohio, to pitch for Des Moines in the national sand-lot tournament. A covey of scouts from the Browns, Tigers, Red Sox, and Cardinals converged on Dayton for the express purpose of getting a load of the kid from Van Meter, and what they saw gave them the fantods. Bob fanned nineteen, gave one hit, and lost the game, 1-0, on a muffed fly ball.

The scouts broke their necks trying to reach Feller with a contract in one hand and a pen in the other. Steve O'Rourke, representing Detroit, topped all other bids by offering Bob a bonus of $9,000, free transportation and expenses for his entire family to the World Series, and magnanimously threw in a tonsillectomy the boy needed. There was serious danger of an epidemic of self-inflicted throat wounds when the scouts learned that Cleveland already had the kid signed and sealed for future delivery.

What happened thereafter still appears to be the brazen invention of a Balkan pulp writer who gained his knowledge of baseball from old-fashioned dime novels and set out to top all previous fantasies. After finishing his junior year at Van Meter High, Bob reported to Cleveland and worked out with the team in the morning. Manager Steve O'Neill was a victim of the curiosity that seized everyone who saw the kid. He couldn't believe the seventeen-year-old boy, who never had pitched in organized baseball, was half as good as he looked. He started Bob against the Cardinals, then leading the National League, in an exhibition game at Cleveland, on July 6, 1936.

THE result of the experiment became a national sensation. Bob pitched three innings, faced nine Cardinals—and struck out eight. His speed terrorized the Gas House Gang. Agitation for a look at the Indians' prize papoose impelled the front office to order O'Neill to start him in a regular game. On August 23, Bob made a debut without too many parallels in the chronicles of baseball. He fanned fifteen Browns and won the game, 4-1. Three weeks later the boy turned in a performance no American League man ever had been able to equal. He struck out seventeen hitters in a game with the Athletics to tie Dizzy Dean's major league record. Two years later he was to gain outright possession of the record by striking out eighteen Tigers in nine innings.

At the end of the 1936 season Bob had the brightest future of any adolescent in America. So what did he do? He went back to Van Meter to finish his last year in high school. He carried his lunch in a box and rode the school bus with the other kids.

He tried to make himself as inconspicuous as possible, but in the winter of 1936 he was in the headlines all over again as the central figure in the most important test case ever brought before the late Judge Landis.

Des Moines, of the Western League, claimed that Cleveland had violated baseball law by invading its territory and signing Feller, a sand-lotter, to a major league contract "covered up" by assigning his services to Fargo-Moorehead, then to New Orleans. The petition went

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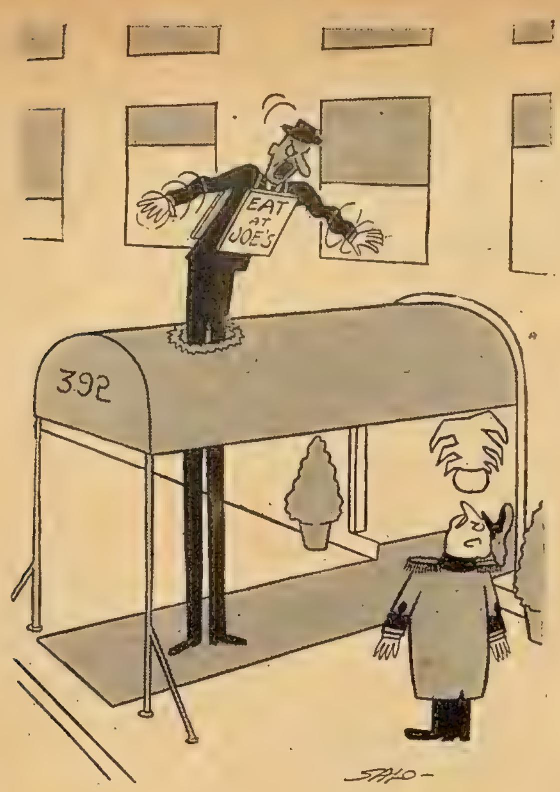

"Never mind how it happened—get me out!"

on to point out that Feller never had pitched for either team. Landis pondered the evidence and finally upheld the validity of Cleveland's contract. There are students of baseball law who insist that Feller should have been declared a free agent under the interpretation of Landis' previous rulings on "cover-up" deals, an abuse he was crusading to eliminate. There is reason to believe that contention is correct. But Landis, a tough, fearless codger who once fined the Standard Oil Company $29,400,000, apparently was abashed by the consequences were he to declare Feller a free agent. In that event Bob could have peddled his services for perhaps $200,000. It was a tough break. The Indians assuaged his wounds by paying him $20,000 a year when he was twenty, and he currently is the highest-salaried pitcher in history, with a contract for $50,000.

The Cleveland ball club, no philanthropic institution, gives him $50,000 for working every fourth day six months of the year for a very good reason: He earns the money. It is estimated that Feller doubles the attendance in any given game he pitches on the road, and he performs the same function at the home box office on night, Sunday, and holiday dates.

Rapid Robert did not become the greatest drawing card since Babe Ruth without trouble and turmoil. Throughout 1937 and '38 he was plagued by a sore arm until the misery was eliminated by A. L. Austin, a Cleveland bone specialist. Then Feller began to pitch as though the angels had sung at his christening. In the last three prewar years he won seventy-six games and led the league in strikeouts and innings pitched.

Attention to small details is the hallmark of a great craftsman, in baseball as well as art. In his early seasons it was easier to steal on Feller than on a drunken watchman. When Ben Chapman, the celebrated base burglar, joined the Indians in 1939, Feller asked him what he was doing that enabled runners to take such liberties with him.

"I watch your left heel," Chapman told him. "If I can see daylight under it, I know you're going to throw to the plate. With that giveaway, it's a cinch to steal on you."

For the next month Feller was out at the ball park early every morning, breaking himself of the habit of raising his heel. He was not satisfied that he had done so until Chapman pronounced him cured.

The most revealing facet of Feller's personality, though, is his deep sense of responsibility as a public figure. It was this awareness that prompted him to request a transfer to active sea duty from his safe berth aboard a concrete battleship as one of Gene Tunney's "muscle benders." Feller became a chief specialist in charge of a twenty-five-man anti-aircraft crew on the Alabama, which saw service in the European and Pacific theaters. Feller earned eight battle stars and five campaign ribbons.

He returned to baseball on August 24, 1945, and was given a fervent welcome by 46,477 fans in a night game. He reciprocated by licking the champion-to-be Tigers and Hal Newhouser, the league's leading pitcher, 4-2 with four hits while fanning twelve. On September 19 he made his comeback stick by pitching a one-hit game against the Tigers.

That was the sixth one-hitter of his big-league career and a reminder that Feller, with a bit of luck here and there, would have today the most prized pitching record in the book. It's a good bet he'll get it anyway—the distinction of pitching three no-hit, no-run games, a feat credited only to Cy Young and Larry Corcoran of the old Chicago White Stockings.

EVERY man is a prophet granted a second guess, but it does seem pretty ridiculous that anyone should have written a premature obituary to Feller's career just because he lost two close games this season.

The players who hit against Feller have the morose suspicion that he will be a harder man to shave than ever before. Although his fast ball properly is his most celebrated delivery, Feller's curve is his most effective pitch.

"I always had a good curve," he comments. "Maybe the fans didn't know it, but the ballplayers did." We submit this as the understatement of the year. In addition to his curve, he developed a first-class slider—swifter than a curve but not as sharp-breaking—in 1940 which he now can control as well as his fast ball.

"He's a better pitcher than he was before the war," Joe DiMaggio says laconically. And Bill Dickey scoffs at reports of Feller's professional decline. "He's as fast as he ever was. The difference is that he doesn't cut loose as often, but when he does, you've had it. He's the greatest I've ever seen."

One more opinion, the clincher: "He makes Dick Merriwell look like a bum," Joe McCarthy declares.

THE END

Advertisement

NOW SHOW
Dave Gerard

"Not a *convincing* picture! He left a half bowl of Wheaties sitting on the table and went chasing after that blonde!"

Picture a big bowlful of crisp-toasted Wheaties. Swimming in cool milk. And topped with fresh fruit. There's *all the convincing you need* to join the "Clean Plate Club." Solid nourishment in Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Flavor that has you chasing down every last flake.

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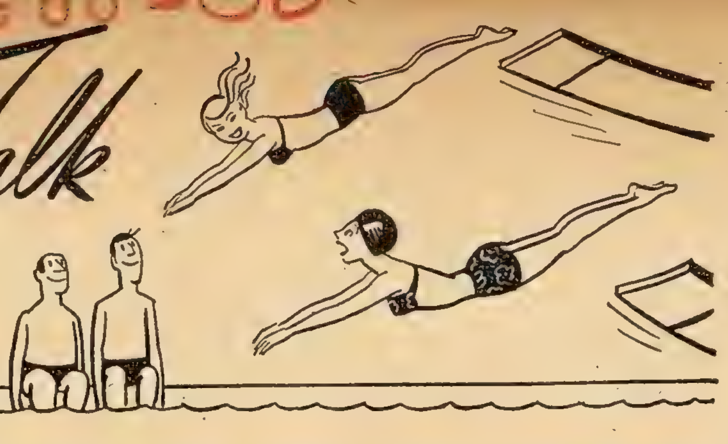
Woman-Talk

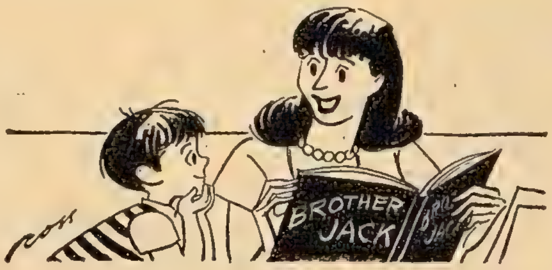


BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

GAUDY BUT NOT NEAT: Not long ago I encountered Madeliene Corey of the Providence Journal, week-ending in New York, with a fine fruity black eye. She hastily advanced the most implausible explanation I've ever heard offered for a shiner. Said she, "My dog, Chi-Chi, jumps on my bed to wake me up every morning. Wednesday, she whacked me just a little harder than usual, and her paw connected with my eye." When I asked what breed Chi-Chi was, Madeliene said she *thought* she was *probably* a smooth-haired fox terrier. Anyway, she was the gift of a G.I. who brought her to the United States from Belgium.

SAVING FACES: A severe case of acne catapulted Georgette Klinger into a career devoted to saving *other* women's faces. Born in Czechoslovakia, she visited many famous skin specialists in her ten-year struggle to cure her own acne. Finally she devised a technique whereby make-up could be sterilized until opened by the user. She became one of the top facial experts in Europe, but in 1939 fled with her husband to London. Now she has opened a charming salon on Madison Avenue in New York City, where she specializes in the rehabilitation of bad skins. No two treatments are alike because no two skins are alike. Creams and lotions are used, but she has far more imposing allies to assist her when she attacks blackheads, crow's-feet, enlarged pores, and acne. With the aid of tiny surgical instruments, magnifying mirrors, and an oxygen suction tank, every pore is relieved of its accumulation of oil, dust, and old make-up. Then an herb tea is used, the clean pores are closed, the face is massaged, a pack is applied, and then her patient is instructed how to apply make-up correctly.

LAMB GOES RITZY: A lamb would never recognize himself in the new "bonmouton" fur developed by Motty Eitingon, one of the leaders in the fur industry. Bonmouton is soft, supple, water resistant, and looks as luxurious as beaver. What's more, it may be dyed the most heavenly colors. Twenty-eight ensembles using this versatile fur were presented to the press at a fashion show in the Waldorf-Astoria. American and Parisian designers were represented in the display. The show clearly proved the adaptability of bonmouton to any hour of the day or night. Coppola's topcoat of gray bonmouton was both practical and dashing worn over a clan-plaid dress. Omar Kiam's short bonmouton jacket, Pink Lady, was done in true hunting pink. Congo-brown bonmouton served as the snug lining of an orange wool house coat worn over lounging pajamas, created by Renie. White bonmouton was used by Hermes to make a parka with suède trimming worn over bright green slacks. In the closing scene three little girls appeared in bonmouton snow suits, one red, one green, and one white. Cutest of all models in the show was the pretty little Negro girl whose dusky skin contrasted strikingly with the snow-white bonmouton. I strongly suspect that there will not be enough bonmouton to go round when women discover that it is a cheap fur despite its expensive look.



Bonmouton is the reason why
Smart Mary's made a rule
That when the wind is sharp and high
She *wears* her lamb to school.

CRITICISM IN REVERSE: Merry-Day House is a new publishing venture responsible for a quartet of best sellers among children's books. Large-scale production makes the sixty-nine-cent price possible even though the books look more costly, thanks to the stiff bindings and many illustrations in color. They are suited to listeners and/or readers between three and seven years of age, not to mention their mothers, who prefer to read *amusing* books to their young. Of the first four, Spunky the Elephant is the favorite of my four-year-old son and myself. The Magic Lamb is his second choice.

MURDER ON 52ND STREET

Continued from Page 15

Suddenly Eve seemed pleased by Eddie's uneasiness. She even laughed. It wasn't a nice laugh. "What are you worrying about?" she asked. "She's divorcing him, isn't she?"

"Yes—she's divorcing him."

"Her third trip to Reno, isn't it? Or will it be her fourth?"

Eddie Buell went out and slid the elevator door open. He held it for her, waiting, his face expressionless. When he was really angry he always had that dead-pan look.

All the mockery faded out of Eve's eyes. She put a hand on his sleeve. "Get some sense, honey," she said in a quick low voice. "This Westleigh deal isn't for you."

"Good night, Eve."

"Eddie—" Sometimes, when she was frightened or anxious, Eve could look like a sixteen-year-old. "You remember the drunk who tried to paw me last night? How you yanked him out the side door and—"

"Forget it, Eve."

"The way you felt about me last night, Eddie—that's the way I feel about you tonight."

He relented then. His face softened, and he smiled at her. It was an odd time to remember that on several nights he'd asked Eve to marry him. And always, at those times, he'd seen tears come into her eyes, and she'd said, "I will, Eddie, in a minute—if you ever ask me when you're sober and know what you're doing." Only, when he was sober he never mentioned it.

BUT all that was past. Eddie patted her shoulder. "Quit worrying, honey," he said. "I'm all grown up. I can look out for myself—with anybody." He jerked his head toward the elevator. "Go back and run the place like a good kid."

When she had gone down, he stood still awhile, looking at the closed door of the elevator shaft. A frown creased his forehead. Things didn't feel right. The sense of high adventure somehow paled.

He lit a cigarette and for several minutes walked back and forth, thinking. Sam, very silent, came in with a tray that he placed on the coffee table. There were ice cubes in a silver bowl, a small decanter of whisky, another of Bacardis all mixed and ready to pour.

Eddie looked at his watch.

"Sam," he said with sudden decision, "I'm going down. When the lady comes, tell her I'll be right back. Ask her to make herself at home. Then clear out."

"Yes, suh."

"You don't have to show up till noon tomorrow."

Sam grinned. "Thank you, Mistuh Buell."

Eddie went down in the elevator

and stepped into the side door of the dimly lit club just as the orchestra started Begin the Béguine. He went past the cage where Eve sat, handling the cash, and she looked up at him in surprise. He passed among a few tables until he could see the whole of the bar that filled the front room of the club. As always, it was jammed; you didn't need a reservation there. His glance slid around the customers to George Westleigh.

The man sat alone, hunched, fingering a brandy and staring at it. He was tall and lean, and he had prematurely white hair. That hair was strange in contrast with his young face; George Westleigh was still in his thirties.

EDDIE looked around for Arnold. But the *maître d'hôtel* wasn't anywhere to be seen, and after a moment Eddie frowned in annoyance. He signaled to a waiter.

"Got a table back there?" he asked. "A table for one?"

"I could fix one up."

"Make it snappy," Eddie said. "For Mr. Westleigh." He went back to the cashier's cage. "Where's Arnold?" he asked Eve. Arnold was Eve's brother.

"I don't know. He was here a minute ago."

Then Arnold appeared, coming in through the side door—elegant in his evening clothes, his silver hair smooth, his manner gracious.

"Where the hell have you been?" Eddie asked.

"My contract," Arnold answered, "says I can go to the washroom any time I find it necessary."

There was nothing strange in Arnold's use of the side door. He and Eve occupied the top floor of the building—the apartment above Eddie's—and if the *maître d'hôtel* wanted to use his own bathroom, that was all right.

Eight years ago Eddie had brought Arnold Lanham over from Brooklyn, where they had worked together at Fritz's. It had been a pretty tough place. But Arnold had come a long way from those days.

Eddie said, "Send George Westleigh a bottle of Mumm's with the compliments of the house. Serve it at a table, not at the bar."

Arnold looked startled. "What's the idea?"

"I feel good, that's all." Eddie walked away, toward the side door. A bottle of champagne should keep Westleigh at his table for an hour or so, he reasoned; certainly it should prevent his leaving at just about the time his wife arrived.

He waited until he saw Arnold lead tall George Westleigh—who seemed astonished—toward a rear table. Then he went out.

In the little hallway he found Doris leaning against the wall smoking a cigarette. Her camera was slung from her shoulder on a strap, and her long legs looked very pretty in black nylon stockings and black nylon tights. The startling thing about Doris Lockhart was her fiery red hair.

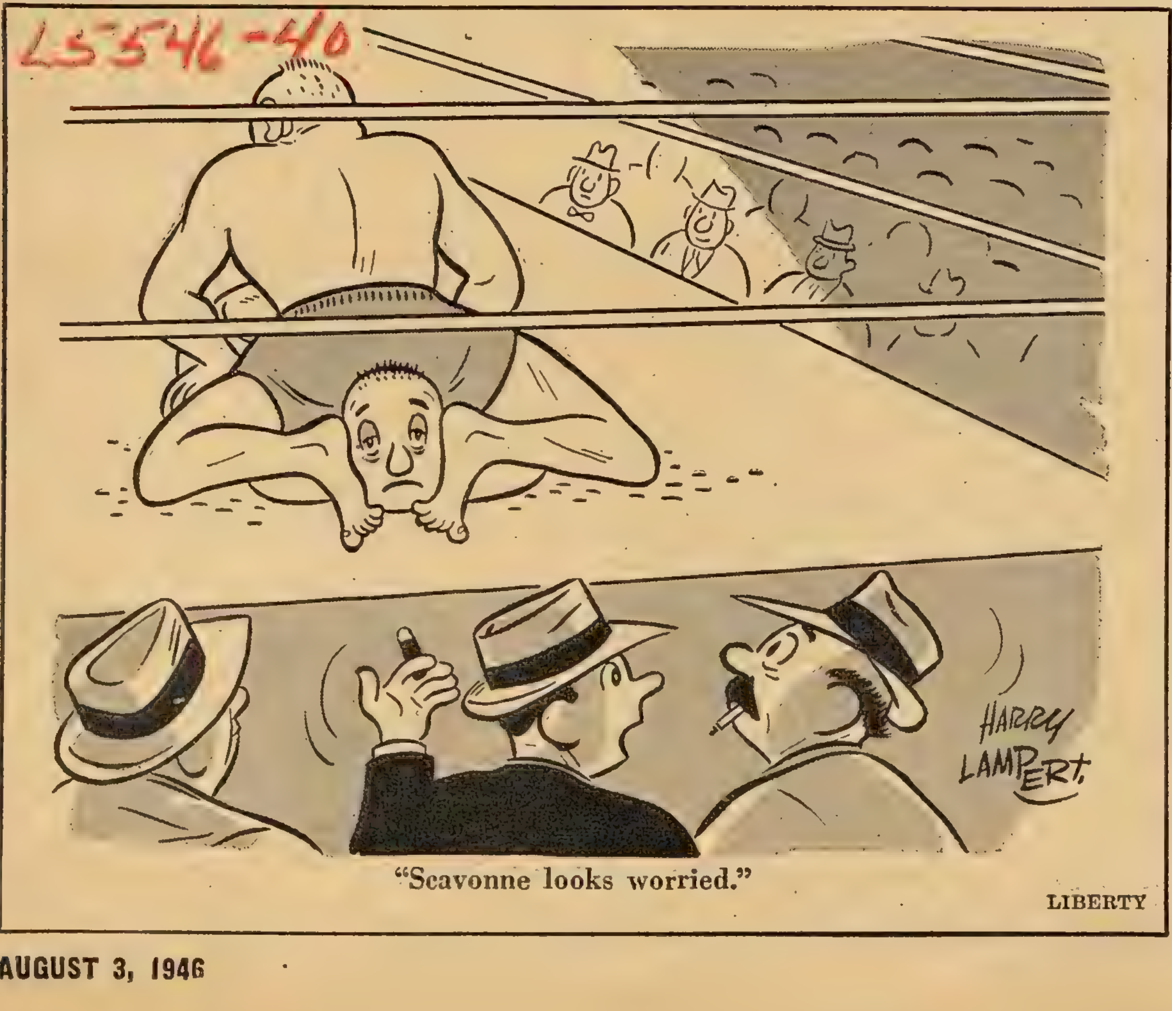
DORIS gave him a smile. Every hour or so, she came out here for a smoke. Eddie knew it and usually he didn't mind. But tonight he did mind. He didn't want Doris hanging around the elevator when Marian arrived.

He said, "Notice Senator Call's party in the corner?"

She nodded. "Super-super de luxe. The tiara set."

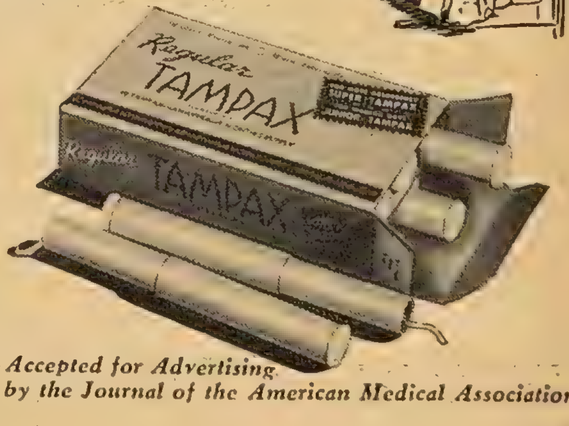
"Hop in and take a few shots with my compliments."

Doris dropped her cigarette, crushed it under her slipper, and said, "Well, I can try." He watched her pick up the box of flash bulbs and go into the club, hips swaying. Those hips and legs were the only



"Scavonne looks worried."

LIBERTY



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Eric Peters

"Next time I catch you loafing I'm gonna fire you both!" LIBERTY

things he'd ever known to disconcert Arnold Lanham.

Going up in the elevator, Eddie still didn't feel right. The fact that Eve was aware of Marian Westleigh's visit tonight cheated him of the anticipation he should have known.

To help rid himself of the mood he swallowed two shots of whisky as soon as he entered the apartment. Then he went to the window, drew the drape aside a few inches, and watched for Marian's arrival. Five minutes later, at midnight, he saw her step out of a car. It was a taxi.

IT seemed to Eddie Buell that she was the most beautiful woman who'd ever come into his club—or into his life, for that matter. She was tall and blonde and vivid. A few years ago, in her early twenties, she had played tournament tennis. She'd never quite made the top ten, but she'd given most of the top girls hard battles, and that included a historic Forest Hills match with Marble. You could still see the fine athletic vigor in her body.

Under her summer furs she wore a gossamer white evening gown, and as Eddie helped her slip out of the wrap, she said in her deep gay voice, "We went to see the Lunts. Afterward the rest of the crowd headed for Archie Winn's boat—it's moored off Seventy-ninth Street. I had to fall back on a fierce headache."

"A Bacardi," Eddie said, "will cure it in a minute."

She laughed. As she ran a hand over her shining hair she looked around the room. "Why, Eddie!" she said. "This is lovely!"

For some reason he didn't believe her. A place like this couldn't be anything to notice for a woman who had a penthouse overlooking the East River and a five-hundred-acre estate, plus racing stables, out on Long Island. Marian had inherited the Suncrest chain of grocery stores; a thousand stores spread from coast to coast. She belonged to a world in which a room like this probably was a curiosity. With luck, Eddie knew, he might soon step into her world.

Then Marian saw the monogrammed compact in the open box. "Oh, no!" she said. And though she said, "Oh, no!" it meant, "Oh, how beautiful!" She picked the thing up. "Eddie, it's a dream!"

"I hoped you'd like it," he said.

"Oh, Eddie. . . . How does one say thanks for a thought like this?"

"I could think of a way."

She glanced at him, her eyes lively and mocking. Then, putting the compact aside, she went to him and placed both hands on his cheeks. "You mean this way?" She kissed him full on the lips. Eddie held her for a moment, tightly, her body close to his; and when at last she stepped back, with a little laugh, adjusting her hair, he felt better. Things were going to be all right.

SAM rolled a serving table into the room. On its top a platter of sole Marguery—prepared as only Felix, the club's chef, could prepare it—sizzled over an alcohol flame. On the lower shelf stood an ice bucket out of which two bottles of champagne lifted their necks. Eddie took the moment to pour a Bacardi for Marian, another whisky for himself.

He didn't know why his hand felt so shaky, so weak.

"Nervous?" Marian asked, amused. "You? Tough Eddie Buell?"

"Not particularly."

"*I'm* the one who ought to be jittery," she said, sitting down and crossing her legs. "Do you know, Eddie, I think George knows I'm here tonight."

Eddie stopped the drink halfway to his mouth. He looked at her. Outside, he could hear the click of the kitchen door as Sam left for the night.

"George?" he repeated.

"He walked into my room this morning just as I finished talking to you. I'd hardly set the telephone down. I had an idea he heard."

"—I thought you and George had separated."

Marian shrugged. "He doesn't like the idea of a divorce. He came back to talk me out of it."

"Oh?"

"But"—Marian smiled—"he didn't." She lifted her glass in a toast. "Here's to the future, Eddie."

As he raised his glass, he spilled some of the whisky. Eddie didn't know what was happening to him. He was startled. His fingers felt numb, tingly. And the floor seemed a bit blurred.

He tried to concentrate on George Westleigh. Why *should* the fellow want a divorce, married to one of the country's grocery fortunes?

"Eddie!"

Marian spoke in quick alarm. She straightened, staring, because he'd suddenly had to reach out for the back of a chair. The little glass fell from his fingers. His knees bent, Eddie sat down, very limp and pale.

"Eddie, what's *wrong?"*

"—I don't know. Feel sort of—queer. Groggy—"

Marian put her glass aside, rose quickly. She placed a hand on his forehead. It was cold and wet. His eyelids began to droop.

"Eddie, you're sick!"

"Sorry, Marian," he mumbled. "I—"

"Let me open your—"

That was the last thing he heard. His head sank to his shoulder, and Eddie Buell blacked out.

HE was awakened by a voice saying, "Mistuh Buell! Mistuh Buell!" A hand wildly shook his shoulder. He opened his eyes to see Sam's brown face hanging over him, and there was a blurred impression of terror in that face. Sunlight came through a space in the drapes.

"Mister Buell! You all right?"

"No. I feel like hell."

Then he began to remember. His mind was shocked back to a blundering kind of awareness, recalling Marian, the way he'd spilled his drink, the way he'd had to sit down. He opened his eyes again.

He was lying on his bed, he saw, still dressed in his evening clothes, but his collar was open. He could feel one wing of it pressing into his cheek. He lifted a hand to pull it away—and then he held the hand in front of him, and stared at it in amazement. There was a wide red smear over the palm.

"What the—" he began. He looked at Sam. The man's face was sweat-covered, full of agony. "What's happened to me, Sam? Am I cut up or something?"

"No, suh!" Sam whispered. "It's *her!"*

"Her?"

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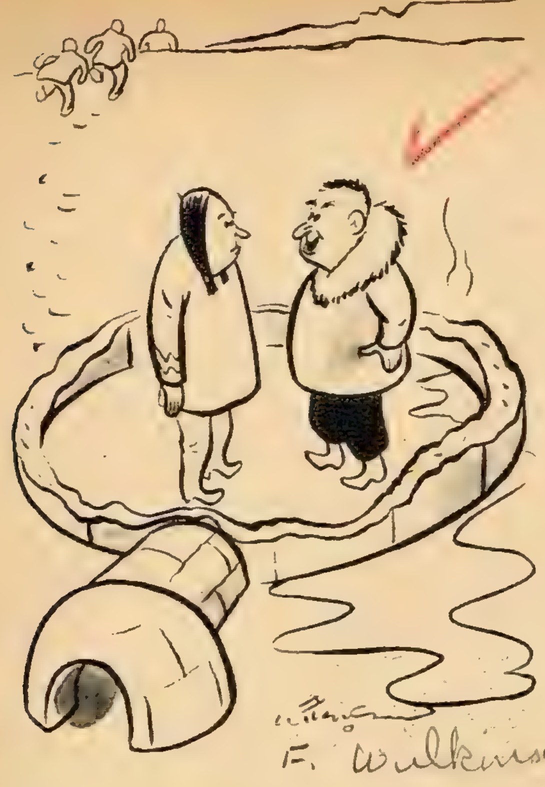

F. Wilkinson

"Boy, that was some house warming!"
LIBERTY

Sam was pointing to something on the floor behind him. Eddie Buell lifted his head—it felt as heavy as a boulder—and then he saw her. Marian Westleigh.

She lay in a corner, just inside the bedroom door, her arms outstretched, her face turned to the floor. There was a dark hole in the side of her head—a horrible gash, with the blonde hair pasted all around it.

"She's dead," Sam whispered. "I shook her, but she's dead!"

Eddie pushed himself out of the bed, slowly, unbelieving. His movement dislodged something that had lain beside his arm. It fell to the floor with a bang. He looked down at it—the small bronze figure of the Dancing Satyr. On its marble base and halfway up its body there was blood.

He didn't attempt to pick it up. He managed to walk across the room, swaying. He put a hand on a chair, and that helped to steady him as he sank to his knees. The instant he touched her skin—cold, colorless skin—he knew that Sam was right. Dead. He looked at Marian Westleigh with stunned eyes. Only a few hours ago she had kissed him, and he had held her tight against himself, his arms encircling a body that was warm and wonderful and alive.

Suddenly he got up, looked around in a dazed way, and his gaze fell on the Dancing Satyr.

"Sam," he said, "was I holding onto that little statue in bed?"

"Y-yes, suh. It was right in yo' hand. Like—like you was holding a club!"

Eddie went into the bathroom and washed the blood away. Back in the bedroom, he ripped off his collar and tossed it on a chair. Sam watched with wide eyes full of fear.

"Gosh, Mistuh Buell," he whispered, "what that woman *do* to you anyhow?"

"She didn't do anything to me."

"Then why—" Sam motioned with a helpless hand; he looked agonized.

"Why did I kill her?" Eddie said. "I didn't kill her. I don't know anything about it, Sam—except that somebody put that statuette in my hand."

"Huh?"

"I was out. Out cold. That whisky must have done it."

"You hardly touched it, Mistuh Buell! It's all still there, in the decanter—"

"I had a couple of shots just before she came in. That was the only thing I drank."

He was now staring down at Marian Westleigh. Now he backed away from her, backed into the living room. He looked around.

The table, so invitingly set for two, hadn't been touched. Even the monogrammed compact lay where Marian had left it. The champagne bottles still stood unopened in the bucket, now filled with water instead of ice.

But one thing was changed. The filet of sole Marguery had been swept to the floor. The platter itself stood tilted against the leg of a chair.

Eddie's eyes went to the alcohol lamp. A cap over the wick showed that the flame had been put out.

"We—we got to call the police, Mistuh Buell! We just *got* to!"

"Wait," Eddie said. "I—I want to figure some of this out. Let in some light, will you?"

While Sam slid the drapes open, Eddie Buell took off the stopper of the decanter that contained the whisky. He sniffed at the liquor. He passed the neck of the bottle back and forth under his nose. He then uttered a little grunt and put it back on the tray.

And at that moment there were five sharp raps at the outer door.

Eddie at once stepped back, drew the bedroom door shut. He sent a quick glance at Sam. "Let me do the talking, understand? Unless I ask you something."

"That—that's just Mistuh Lanham's knock—"

"I know."

Eddie crossed the room to open the door himself. Arnold Lanham looked fit and cheerful in a checkered gray sports jacket and light tan trousers. Behind him, just coming down the stairs, was Eve in a summer print with a halo of bright flowers around her hair.

Arnold glanced over Eddie's rumpled clothes in surprise. "You still dressed for last night?" he said. "We thought you might want to come out for a whiff of air—"

Eve paused on the stairs. An expression of distress came to her face as she looked at Eddie.

"Eddie," she said, "you're a wreck."

He nodded. "There's a reason. Step in a minute. Both of you."

"What's the matter?" Arnold asked.

"Sit down," he said. He went

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across the room to bring three glasses to the table. Then he picked up the decanter.

"Better have a drink first," he said. "You're going to need it. You're in for a shock."

As he began to pour, Arnold quickly leaned forward to check him. "Not for me, thanks. Not so early in the day."

EDDIE glanced at him in an oblique way. "Since when, Arnold? I've seen you take a slug right after breakfast—and even before breakfast."

"But—uh—not today. I—don't feel right."

Eddie filled the glass, thrust it into Arnold's hand. But the man stubbornly set it aside.

"I don't want any, I tell you." Arnold said.

So Eddie offered it to Eve. She shook her head.

"What's it all about, Eddie?" she asked. "What's this—shock?"

"No drink?"

"No."

"Well, then—" He shrugged. "I'll take it myself. I need it."

He lifted the glass to his lips. Eve suddenly jumped up, caught his hand so sharply that the glass dropped out of his fingers and fell to the floor, splashing whisky.

"Please, Eddie!" she said. "What's wrong?"

He looked thoughtfully at the glass on the carpet. Then he raised his eyes to Arnold's strained face.

"That was all I wanted to know," he said. "Somebody slipped me a Mickey Finn last night—in this whisky. What was the idea, Arnold?"

Arnold Lanham stared. "Who, *me?*" he said. "You crazy?"

"Funny how things come back to me now," Eddie said. "You went up to your place while I was down in the club—while I went to see about George Westleigh. You said you'd gone to the washroom." Eddie turned to Sam, whose eyes were enormous. "Sam, did you hear Mr. Lanham come in here last night?"

"No, suh! No, suh, I sure didn't!"

"Were you in the kitchen all the time I was downstairs?"

"I—" Then Sam stopped, remembering something. "Well, no. Come to think of it, Mistuh Buell, I went down to the club kitchen to see about that there sole. You said it was to be ready by midnight."

Eddie swung his eyes back to Arnold Lanham. The silver-haired man tried to look contemptuous of the whole idea.

"Don't be a fool, Eddie," he said. "Why should I want to slip you a Mickey Finn? You of all people?"

"You tell me," Eddie said. "Why?"

"But I didn't!"

"You could prove it easily," Eddie said, again picking up the decanter. "Have a drink, Arnold?"

Arnold's face was quite pale now. "No, thanks."

"Why the Mickey Finn?" Eddie asked. His face had that dangerous dead-pan look. "Why, Arnold?"

Eve rose, holding her white purse tight against herself. Her eyes were too bright. "I'll tell you why, Eddie," she said in a low voice. "I—I was fool enough to cry when I walked out of here last night. Arnold saw it when I got down. I—I told him about that Westleigh woman. He knows how I feel about you—and he knew how it hurt—"

Eddie's eyes shifted to Arnold.

"So you figured out a smart way to spoil my party," he said. "For Eve's sake."

Arnold Lanham made a deprecating gesture, but he looked pretty uneasy. "I didn't put much in, Eddie. Just a few drops. It's harmless stuff. I use it as a sedative myself when I can't sleep. Just some chloral hydrate."

"And *you* let him," Eddie said to Eve, with sudden bitterness.

"No. I—I didn't know about it. I give you my word, Eddie, I didn't know. Not till hours later. It was after two when Arnold told me."

"And did you come in to see how I was?"

"No. I—I tried, but the door was locked. And you didn't answer my knocks."

Eddie glanced back at Arnold. "How about you? Did *you* come in?"

"No. I'm sorry, Eddie. I knew you'd be all right in the morning."

And then Eddie Buell did something he had never done before. He grabbed Arnold's coat and yanked the man to his feet. He drew back his fist—but Eve caught his arm before he could hit.

"Eddie!" she pleaded. "For God's sake—"

After a moment Eddie calmed down. He released Arnold, lowered his arm. He combed unsteady fingers through his hair and jerked his head toward the bedroom door.

"Open and have a look," he said. "Go on. Just see what a Mickey Finn can do."

FIVE minutes later, while Eve and Arnold Lanham were still stupefied in the open bedroom door, Eddie told Sam to telephone the police. He was a little sorry for Eve.

"Better sit down," he said. "There isn't anything you can do."

"But, Eddie." She was horrified. "Somebody—somebody's trying to pin this thing on *you!*"

"Uh-huh. The trick is to find out who." He asked Arnold, "Would you say that after taking the stuff you put in my whisky I'd be *able* to get up and swing a statuette at anybody?"

"No. No." Arnold sounded rattled. All his composure seemed to have vanished. "You were out, Eddie. You were out cold. Stiff."

"In other words, you're ready to swear that somebody put that bloody statuette into my hands while I was asleep. Right?"

Arnold spread helpless hands. "How else could you explain it?"

Eddie didn't say anything to that. He went into the bedroom, stepping

25806-40

carefully around the body in the flimsy white dress. The sight of it still tightened his stomach. He went to a closet, took out a light gray suit. No use being dressed like this when the police came. Especially if they decided to take him down to headquarters, which was quite likely. The room was still dark, with the drapes drawn; so he pulled them over the rear window—not the one that gave upon Fifty-second Street, but one that opened upon a fire escape and a court. The sight of the fire escape stopped him. He looked around at Eve curiously.

"If you were really anxious about me," he said, "you *could* have got in this way."

"But I didn't, Eddie!"

"How come?"

"Arnold kept telling me you'd be all right. He—he laughed at the whole thing. Said it wasn't much worse than taking a phenobarbital for sleep."

Eddie didn't speak. With his suit in his hands he was about to turn to the chest of drawers for a shirt; and then he saw something on the fire escape. He reached out of the open window, picked it up.

It was the heel of a woman's slipper. A silver heel, very high and beautifully fashioned.

FOR a few seconds Eddie stared at it. Then he put down the suit and went to the body of Marian Westleigh. He had to move the hem of her long skirt up a few inches before he could see her slippers. The heel of one of them had been broken off. It was the heel in his hand.

Eddie straightened. His eyes met Eve's and hers were desperate.

"She was out on the fire escape," he said. "Now why in hell should she have gone out there?"

"That fire escape goes right past my window," Eve said. "*I* didn't hear her—or anybody."

"What time did you get upstairs?"

"A little after three."

"It could have happened before then," Eddie said.

He put the heel down on a chair. Now that sunlight poured into the room, he looked around more carefully. And near the door, just beyond the spot where Marian lay, he saw something else, something that glistened; and he picked it up.

It was just a piece of broken glass. Very thin glass, concave. There was hardly a square inch of it. He glanced about the room in perplexity. Nothing seemed to have been broken. He couldn't see anything that might account for it.

In the next room the telephone rang. He lifted his head as Sam hurried to answer it. A moment later Sam, blinking wide eyes, put a hand over the mouthpiece and whispered:

"It—it's Mistuh George Westleigh. He says—*can he please talk to his wife?*"

The conclusion of this story will appear next week

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GOES TO THE MOVIES
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Eleanor Parker tells off her admirer just as Bette Davis once did.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

(Warner Brothers)
Paul Henreid, Eleanor Parker

A STAR—Bette Davis—was born when the first version of this movie was made twelve years ago. Now Eleanor Parker has been given the difficult role, and once again Somerset Maugham's famous story has brought forth a new star.

Mildred (Eleanor), a cockney waitress, can take or leave Philip, a clubfooted medical student (Paul Henreid in the part made famous by the late Leslie Howard). She takes him for about all he's worth and leaves him for higher or handsomer bidders. Just when he's getting over his humiliating love for the hussy and is holding hands with a nice girl (Alexis Smith), Mildred moves back in—this time with a little bundle of illegitimacy. Her hypnotic power over Philip holds until she takes the name along with the game and becomes a streetwalker.

Bette Davis played Mildred as a dissipated chalk-faced neurotic. Eleanor plays her as a tough tease, but her performance ranks close to Davis'—no small praise.

CANYON PASSAGE

(Universal)
Dana Andrews, Brian Donlevy, Susan Hayward

THIS is a Technicolored salute to Oregon's early settlers and the photogenic beauty of the Oregon Trail.

In it are Dana Andrews, an upstanding citizen who's against lawlessness; Brian Donlevy, who can't tear himself away from the poker table long enough to marry up with Susan Hayward; twangy Hoagy Carmichael, who introduces four of his own songs.

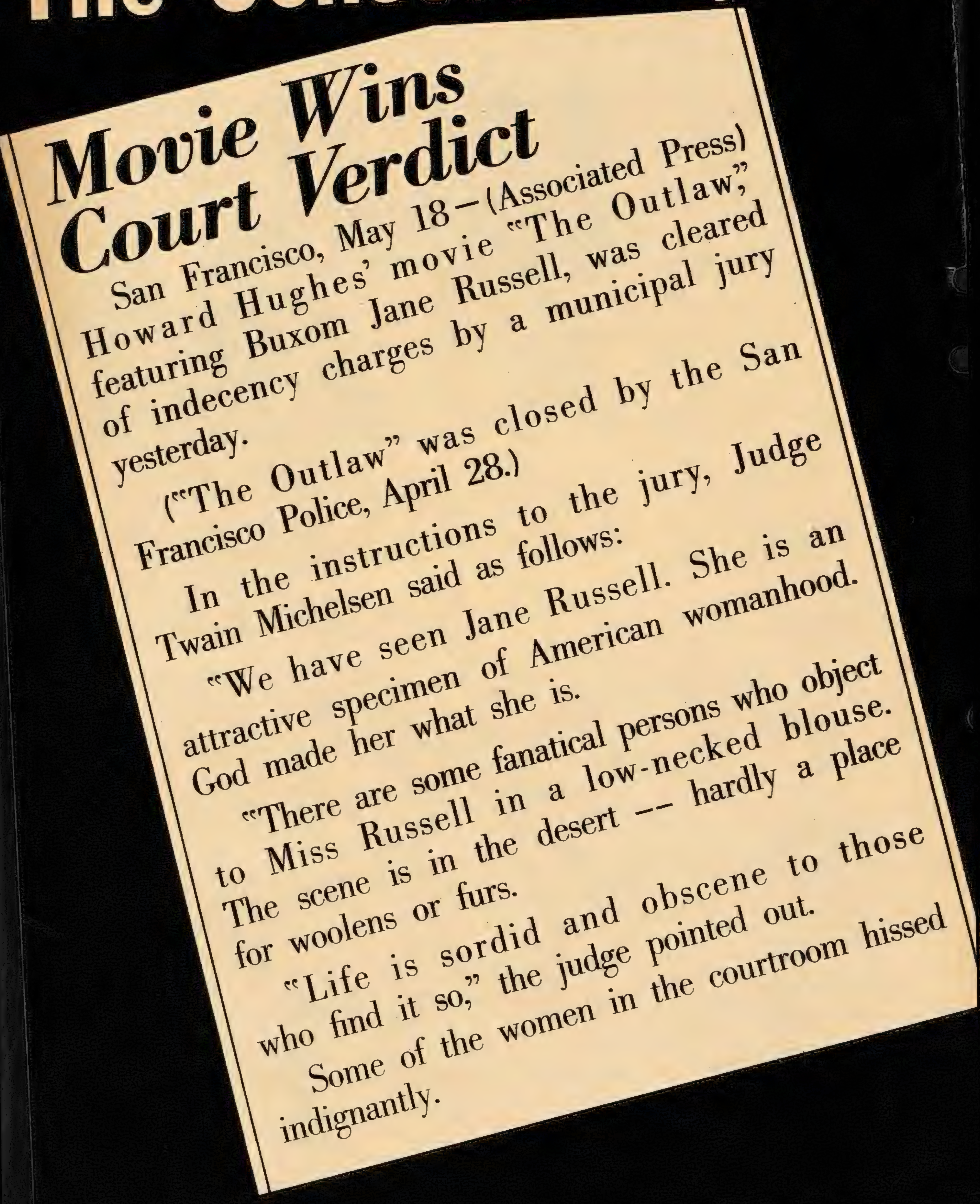
Dana finds outdoor life complicated when he goes on pack trips with the spoken-for Susan, learns his buddy Donlevy is a murderer, teaches manners to a tough guy (Ward Bond), and fights off an Indian raid.

The Indians take care of Brian and Bond, so Dana and Susan are at last free to set up pioneer housekeeping.

A crew of modern pioneers spent a month in Oregon's Umpqua National Forest, building sets—often in hitherto inaccessible regions—for this colorful tale of frontier blood-and-thunder.

A pair of love-struck pioneers.

The Censors may not



Movie Wins Court Verdict

San Francisco, May 18—(Associated Press) Howard Hughes' movie "The Outlaw," featuring Buxom Jane Russell, was cleared of indecency charges by a municipal jury yesterday.

("The Outlaw" was closed by the San Francisco Police, April 28.)

In the instructions to the jury, Judge Twain Michelsen said as follows:

"We have seen Jane Russell. She is an attractive specimen of American womanhood. God made her what she is.

"There are some fanatical persons who object to Miss Russell in a low-necked blouse. The scene is in the desert -- hardly a place for woolens or furs.

"Life is sordid and obscene to those who find it so," the judge pointed out.

Some of the women in the courtroom hissed indignantly.

like it...
but the Public does!

In its first week, "The Outlaw" has broken every attendance record ever established by any motion picture or theatrical production ever shown in any theatre in the history of San Francisco!

"The Outlaw" has exceeded all previous records by the astounding margin of 51,193 persons!

L5587-50

“. . . and if you're ever really hard pressed for cash, it's a regular firetrap.”
LIBERTY

THE FOURTH REICH
Continued from Page 13

burg. After chatting awhile in the colonel's office, the question arose as to where we wanted to go and what we wanted to see in Mecklenburg. We hadn't decided the point ourselves, except in very vague terms. The upshot was that we all started squabbling over the best route to take. At last the colonel broke in and asked for the leader of the group. The fact that we didn't have a recognized leader was a source of wonderment to every Soviet commanding officer we met along the way, and no less to Colonel Seribriski.

THAT night we made our first acquaintance with Russian hospitality. The Russians have always been famous for their sumptuous treatment of guests, but you have to experience it to really believe it. An enormous table had been set in a small dining room of the inn, and not only the boards were groaning but the floor beneath as well.

We had collected two more Russian escorts by suppertime, a hefty dark-haired girl named Genia, who was to act as official interpreter, and a diminutive Chaplinesque-looking young captain named Dimitrenko. A small table had been set separately for our three G.I. drivers, and when we requested that the boys sit at the same table with us, there was a moment of tension on the part of our Russian escorts. We were as yet not aware of the enormous distinction made in the Red Army between officers and men, but this military class-consciousness became strikingly apparent as we continued on the trip.

Of the time our party spent in the Russian zone, approximately 50 per cent was spent at the table, 30 per cent in sleeping off the effects, 15 per cent in traveling, and the remaining 5 per cent in trying to get some work done.

Our first informal supper at our quarters in Schwerin lasted until after 1 A.M., and at nine o'clock next morning we found ourselves again herded round the table. The breakfast consisted of more beer, wine, and schnapps, sour cream, Bismarck herring, anchovies, hard-boiled eggs, and three kinds of cheese, all topped off with enormous quantities of red cabbage and suckling pig. At least, we *thought* it was breakfast. In the middle of it all, our buxom interpreter, Genia, casually announced that this was but a light snack. It seemed we were invited to breakfast at eleven o'clock at General Skossarov's headquarters.

General Skossarov is a short, stocky, and powerful man in his mid-fifties, of a dominant personality and hospitable nature. He speaks only Russian. By this time I was aware that Genia left much to be desired as far as accuracy was concerned. After introductions, we followed the general into a large dining room. He lifted his glass.

“I drink to the great friendship of the American people and the Russian people,” he said. “. . . Our amity was tested in blood and sealed in victory. Let us drink to the continuation and growth of this friendship as we now work together toward the abolishment of Fascism forever.”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A saloonkeeper had just unlocked his premises for the day's business when a pink elephant and a purple rhinoceros mooched up to the bar. “I'm sorry, boys,” said the bartender. “Your pal hasn't come in yet.”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The interpretation, in German, was more exuberant than exact: “The general says we beat the Germans,” quoth Genia.

Throughout the trip the interpretations continued to be edited and abridged, a discrepancy which cannot be said to have been of much assistance in our attempts to get information.

The general was from Moscow, and apparently had imported a good deal of that city when he settled down for occupation duties. All his servants were Moscovite, he told me, and even his dog, a beautiful Irish setter that loped gracefully about the house, had been flown in from the Russian capital.

IN the American zone most of the menial labor and even a large percentage of the Military Government's secretarial work is done by Germans. Not so in the Russian zone. This is largely due to the language barrier, and also, as General Skossarov pointed out, to the individual Russian dislike and distrust of the Germans.

After “breakfast” with General Skossarov, which lasted until four o'clock in the afternoon, the correspondents visited an estate that had recently undergone the so-called land-reform process, which is among the most important platforms of the Russian occupation policy. The idea is to chop up the large estates owned by the Junkers and parcel the land out to the peasants who had worked it before, as well as to refugees who have come in from the evacuated territories of Silesia and East Prussia. This land-reform idea is not new, being one of the original platforms of the National Socialists. The Nazis played around with it for a while, but gave it up early in the regime, due in part to pressure exerted by the Junker class itself, who wielded too much power to be ousted even by Hitler.

Another important reason why Hitler never put the land reform through was because of his early war plans. At the time, his experts pointed out that chopping up the large estates would cut down their producing potential and thus would interfere with the plans for a maximum agricultural independence in Germany to allow for a maximum of imports of material for war machinery. Germany's agricultural peak was in 1938.

Under the present Russian policy, of the 2,800,000 hectares (a hectare is roughly two and a half acres) of arable land in Mecklenburg, about a million hectares have already been parceled out, in tracts that average slightly less than eight hectares. (In the Rostock area, for example, 175 estates were cut up into 6,280 separate holdings, or thirty-six holdings an estate).

The estate we visited was about three miles outside of Schwerin. The manor was a dilapidated structure

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BIG TOP CIRCUS
GEO. RECKAS

LIBERTY
"I've always thought she favored her mother!"

flanked by a huge barn and some smaller stables and sheds. A dozen or more barefooted children were running about in the courtyard, and several peasants approached us as we came in. The estate was 400 hectares in size (or 1,000 acres), and now there were twenty-four full-time settlers on it, and fifteen hand laborers who worked there but lived in a neighboring village. There were sixty refugees living in the manor house, and, in all, twenty-three children belonging to the various families of peasants and refugees. There were plans afoot to build a small village around the manor house and transform one of the barns into a schoolhouse.

A LOOK into the manor house revealed bare and dingy downstairs rooms. A small child told me that "Everyone is upstairs in the attic." I found the staircase and wandered up. Three or four rooms had been improvised in corners of the attic, and from one of these a woman emerged. She looked at me and, to my amazement, promptly fell on my neck.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she cried. "We have always been certain that some day you'd return. 'The Americans are surely coming back!' is what we always said. When are your troops moving in?"

I assured her that the Americans had no intention of returning. But she wasn't convinced. Later, I discovered that this idea had spread like wildfire throughout the farm when we drove up in our three American cars, and that the widespread belief in our return had been nurtured ever since the American troops vacated the territory.

The general attitude of most of the peasants who had become landed gentry was not as exuberant as one might expect. They seemed afraid that they would be unable to fill the food quota imposed by the Central Administration. Fifty per cent of the food goes to the Red Army and the rest to the populace. The quotas are based on production figures established when the estates were still running on the old basis; and today, with much farm equipment missing and many of the new settlers lacking in farm experience, the peasants face difficulties in meeting the production requirements.

They are particularly worried about what will happen to them if they can't meet the quotas. When General Skossarov was asked about this point, he said the question had as yet not arisen because no harvest has been reaped under the new system.

"But never fear," he added, "they'll always be able to steal enough out of their produce to make ends meet. . . . After all, we can't control each little farm down to the last potato."

Our discussions on the future of the land reform boiled down to two points: First, it is too early now to judge the plan with any fairness, and especially so under the difficult present-day circumstances. Germany's soil is poor and sandy for the most part (roughly 25 per cent less fertile than Europe's average) and has always required a great deal of fertilizer and labor to yield good crops. Though the Russian government has sent quantities of fertilizer into Germany to help the new farmers, there is no doubt but that for several years the peasant with his new piece of land will have a hard struggle to get by. Secondly, the present land-reform set-up will eventually have to undergo still another transition to be successful—that of collective farming. Farm machinery, horses and cattle, and the expenses of farming will have to be shared and a collective pooling system established. This is the long-range plan that the Soviet Military Government has in view. Modern methods of farming oppose the small holding and favor the more economical and productive farming of large tracts of land. This principle, according to the Russian authorities, will in time be applied to German agriculture. In a word, the small holdings of the new system will revert into large collective estates, with each peasant sharing in the profit or loss instead of working the land owned by one family.

AS to what had become of the former estate owners, or traditional Junkers, the general said that they had been disposed of in any one of several ways. If they were important Nazis, they were arrested. If they were non-Nazi and still around when the Russians came in, they were told that they could have a piece of their land and work on it just like the

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peasants. A few of them did, but later it turned out that some of the peasants felt uncomfortable about owning the land when the boss was still in the offing, so these Junkers were sent to a different province. After a few months this dispersal policy was adopted for all, until now, according to the general, most of the Mecklenburg estate owners have been sent to Saxony, and vice versa. However, our efforts to find a Saxony Junker, or any other, in Mecklenburg were unsuccessful.

There had been rumors in Berlin about a concentration camp full of former Junkers on the island of Rügen. When we visited the island later on, we wasted a whole day chasing from one village to the next asking the peasantry in guarded tones where the Junkers had been stashed away. None of them knew anything about it. Finally we asked the Russian officers in charge at Rügen what had become of the estate owners. They readily told us that a couple of thousand of the Junkers had been interned on Rügen, "but they were all shipped out six weeks ago."

COLONEL KRYLOFF is the head of Military Government in Rostock, a handsome man who was a Moscow university professor before the war. Rostock was somewhat damaged by bombings with the Neptun shipyards among the important targets. The shipyards were among the areas we wanted to see. But, to the inexpressible regret of the Soviet Military Government, no visitors could be permitted because an epidemic of typhus had broken out there just before our arrival, and the shipyards had been suddenly put in quarantine!

Our interviews with the German leaders of the towns we passed through followed an identical pattern. The German administrators have been selected by the Russian authorities and are, of course, either members of the Communist Party or of the new "Unity" Party, recently welded together from the Communist and Social Democratic parties.

An interview with one Hans Griems, food administrator of the Rostock Kreis, was typical. The interview took place at the Soviet Military Government headquarters. Herr Griems, a small square-headed man of about fifty, sat very erect and looked as though the interview were a third degree.

He assured us that there was an ample supply of clothing and medical supplies and that Rostock has no unemployed. He started to tell us about a housing shortage, but when the interpreter broke in he hastened to say, "But there's no cause for complaint."

The university library, which was untouched by bombs, had undergone precautionary cleansing, and all the Hitlerite and militarist literature had been locked up in what is known as the poison room.

After Rostock we went up to the little town of Stralsund, near the Baltic Sea. In every town where a Russian garrison is stationed, a full colonel, and sometimes two, is always in charge of Soviet Military Government headquarters, no matter how tiny and inconsequential the village may be. At Stralsund we met Colonel Smuregin, an enormous, bald, rousing sort of man whose operatic appearance is coupled with a thundering singing voice. The colonel was from Samarkand, and his barrel chest was covered with medals in the Red Army custom.

During another traditional colossal Russian dinner at Stralsund, the colonel sang scores of wonderful Russian folk songs as only a Russian can sing them, to the accompaniment of an accordionist. The singing, dancing, eating, and drinking went on until after 2 A.M.

The Russians all seem to be interested in American life and ways, particularly the lighter side of our existence. For example, why do all American girls want to be so thin? What is our standard of beauty anyway? Colonel Smuregin explained that the Russian standard was based on the Greek classic figure: Apollo and Minerva. By and large, however, the Russians can be classed as a very small-statured race. Seeing them en masse, I was struck from the beginning by their diminutive size. A man of Smuregin's stature, about six feet two and 240 pounds, is a towering exception. Another universal point of interest to the Russians was the doings of Charlie Chaplin.

Moving on to the island of Rügen, we learned about the new system for the fisheries there. Under the plan, the former slaves of capitalism have become part owners of the product of their labor.

We spoke to the manager of the largest municipally owned fish-packing concern on the island. Though a Communist Party man himself, his version of business affairs was none too optimistic. "Our entire production goes to the Red Army, the quota being so high that for the whole winter we haven't had a single fish to eat ourselves," he said. "In fact, right now we are six tons behind the quota, with the end of the quarter drawing near and no chance of catching up."

IT is difficult to attempt a summary of the impressions gained on a trip such as the one we made through the Russian zone. But several points seem clear. The Russians have instituted what amounts to a social revolution in eastern Germany. The changes being made are basic and fundamental. The land has changed hands, with the peasant class of yesterday becoming the owner class of today. Political power also has been guided into different channels and placed in new hands by the Soviet administration, and a new political party created and established. In our zone we have instigated certain changes too, but not nearly on the sweeping level of the Russians'. In eastern Germany the very pattern of the land and the social structure of the people have been reorganized.

Were we to pull out of Germany within the next year or two, life and conditions in our zone would probably go along on much the same pattern as in pre-Nazi days, simply having reverted to the system already once known in Germany. Were the Russians to move out tomorrow, the traces of their passing would still be indelible imprints on the map of Germany and in the history of Europe.

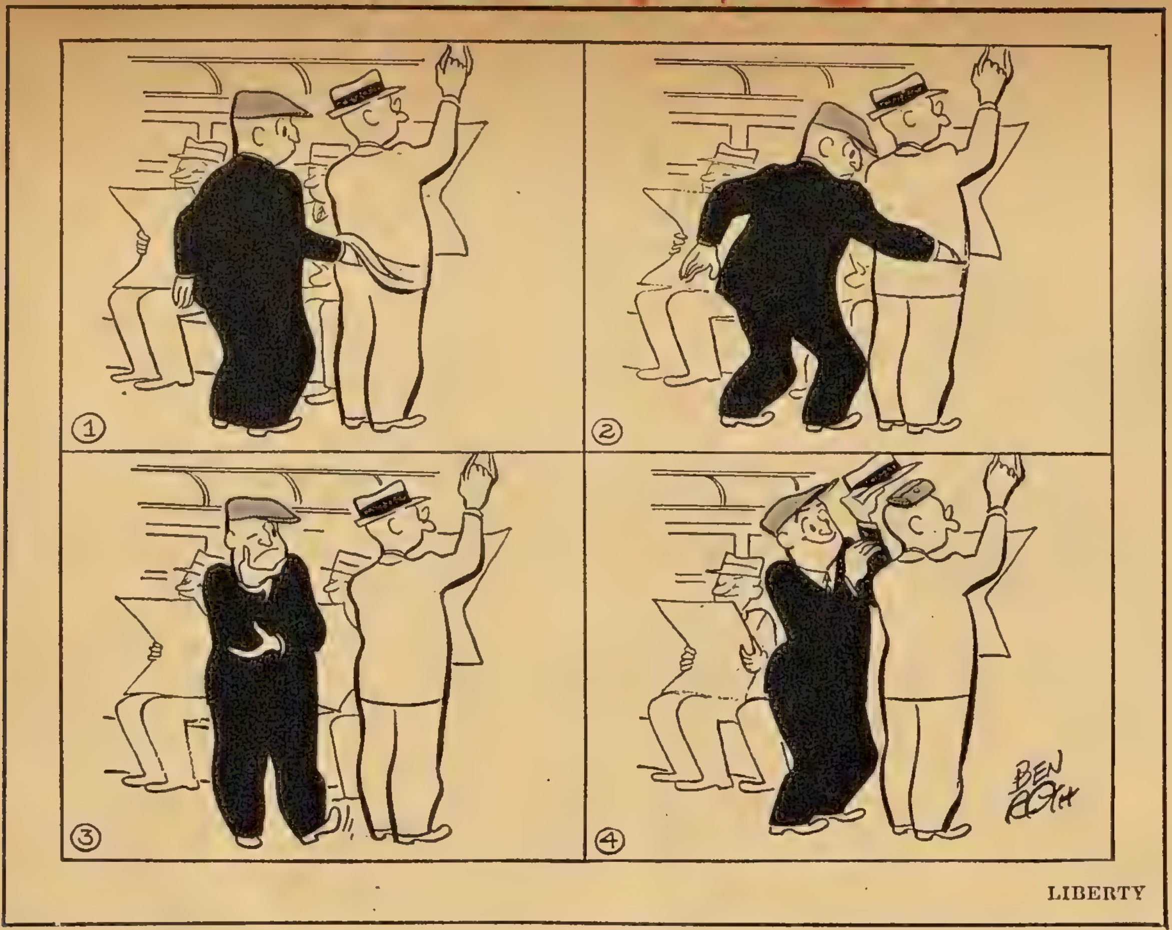
THE END

L5550-40

"I'm afraid that's the lowest heel we have in stock, Miss."

LIBERTY

L5584-50



LIBERTY

BIG NICK

Continued from Page 21

for Gruening has been a popular governor.

Nick now lives in Seattle. He is considered one of the city's wealthy men, although he has no front or pomp, hits everyone on the back with a ringing "Hallo!" and pushes his way through crowds on the street like a big Alaskan musk ox. He enjoys the good life, eats trencherman's meals, and starts off dinner with Scotch-and-water. He began smoking cigarettes at the age of eight, but he stopped in 1937.

Nick married Magdalene Dorotich at a gay Yugoslav wedding in Gig Harbor near Tacoma in 1921. A daughter died in infancy, but they now have two sons. Johnny, twenty-four, served forty-two months on a Coast Guard cutter and is now associated with his father in the Todd Packing Company. Nicholas, Jr., is eight years old. Nick takes both his sons duck hunting and fly fishing. His favorite sport is football, and they sit with him at all University of Washington games. He plays golf at the Rainier Country Club and considers himself lucky to break 100.

"Dat leetle ball is damn hard to hit," he explains.

NICK never goes on a vacation. The business of fishing fascinates him too much. He has no desire to return to his homeland. He knows Louis Adamic, the Yugoslav who wrote The Native's Return; but he says, "For Louis—not for me." He sends clothes and money to his relatives in Yugoslavia.

After Nick Bez came down the gangplank at Ellis Island thirty-six years ago, with $1.50 in his pocket, he worked in New York as a cook until he could purchase a Canadian Pacific day-coach ticket to Vancouver. His first job on the coast was sweeping up shavings in a sawmill outside Tacoma. Then he shipped as cook on the fishing boat Sokol. Soon he was hauling in nets heavy with chum and silver salmon.

He borrowed a rowboat and fished for smelt. It was hard work and no one would pay anything for smelt. He went back to salmon fishing. By 1916 he was master of a purse-seine boat. The next year he received both citizenship papers and his second-mate's ticket. He gradually became proficient with all sorts of fishing gear.

IN 1924 Nick was superintendent of Alaska Consolidated Cannery near the Indian village of Tenakee. Three years later he borrowed $5,000 and bought a tumble-down cannery on Peril Straits. Under his skillful direction the old cannery began to produce hundreds of cases of pink salmon.

Today he cans every kind of salmon—Chinook, chum, pink, silver, red, sockeye, and blueback. Actually, he explains, red, sockeye, and blueback are one and the same fish. "Red salmon you cotch in Alaska," says he. "Cotch de same feesh in Puget Sound and it is de sockeye. Cotch still de same feesh in de Columbia River and it is de blueback. Yet, by gorry, dey are all yust alike!"

But Nick thinks there is no salmon to compare with Columbia River Chinook. And although he is a New Deal Democrat in his political sympathies, he wants no more dams constructed on the Columbia River.

"Civilization and salmon runs—wary bad mixture," asserts Nick.

But he admits that the packers have been greedy, too. "Cotch too damn many feesh," he confesses. Not enough salmon have been allowed

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to escape past the mouth of the river to the creeks in the mountains where they spawn. Although Nick now packs and cans half the Columbia's runs, he says he will gladly reduce his catch if other canneries will do likewise. He also thinks the Fish and Wildlife Service should compel a cut in the Alaskan fish take, lest the world's principal salmon resource eventually dwindle away.

COUNTLESS cans of salmon form the pillars of Nick's fishing empire, but he has other interests as well. This year the Columbia River Packers will put up 150,000 cases of tuna fish. Nick also wants to investigate the fish-filled waters of the Southwest Pacific where the Japs formerly caught 65 per cent of the entire tuna supply.

Nor does fishing encompass all of Nick's activities.

He owns two gold mines above Nome and, remembering his profitable air venture in 1931, recently obtained authorization from the Civil Aeronautics Board to feed passengers and freight toward the North via such cities as Portland, Olympia, Tacoma, and Seattle. He is president of West Coast Airlines, which will fly this route. He modifies these acquisitive tendencies with much time devoted to membership on the board of two tuberculosis sanatoriums which specialize in the treatment of Alaskan victims of the highest t.b. rate on earth.

Friendship with Nick is regarded as a ticket to the finest fishing in the Northwest. President Truman, Governor Wallgren, and Justice William O. Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court are only a few of his rod-and-reel companions. He is a member of Wallgren's Washington State Advisory Commission, and his fellow business men consider him one of their most effective spokesmen.

With the Pacific Exploration Company dropping nets in the Bering Sea and later the Southwest Pacific, Nick will be a fishing sovereign without parallel. Unlike the sheepherders who can't stand mutton, his palate is partial to his own product. Salmon is near the top of his favorite foods.

"Get tired of salmon? Ho! Never!" he roars. "De salmon been too good to Nick for him ever get tired."

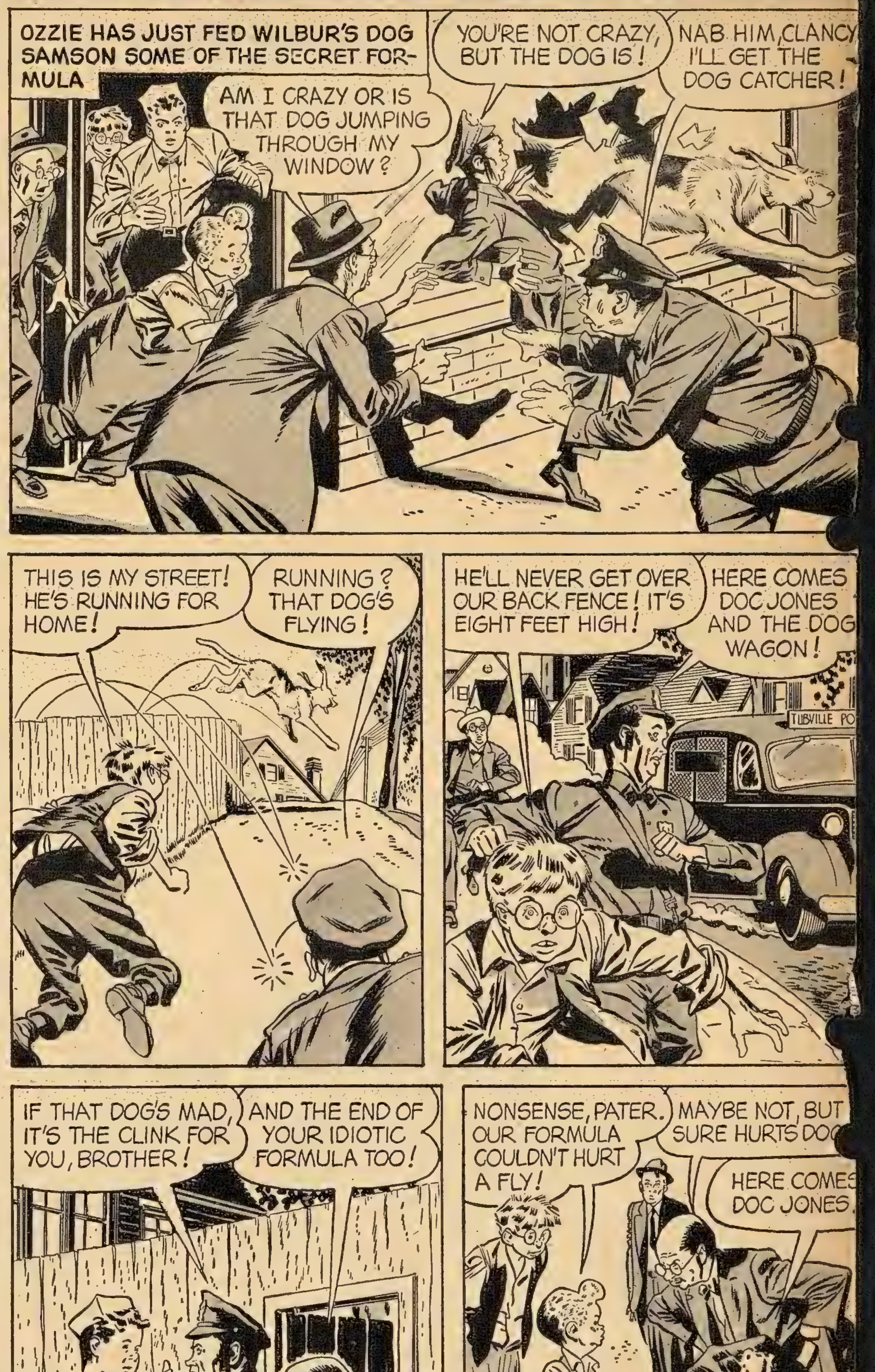
THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Deacon Jones was going to New York for the week-end and the pastor asked him to order a Christmas sign to be tacked over the door of the church. The deacon promptly lost the note which gave the dimensions of the sign and the inscription which was to go thereon, so he wired the pastor, "Please rush copy of motto and dimensions." A new lady clerk in the Western Union office got the reply and promptly fainted. It read: "Unto us a child is born. Eight feet long and three feet wide."—*Betty Gene Little.*

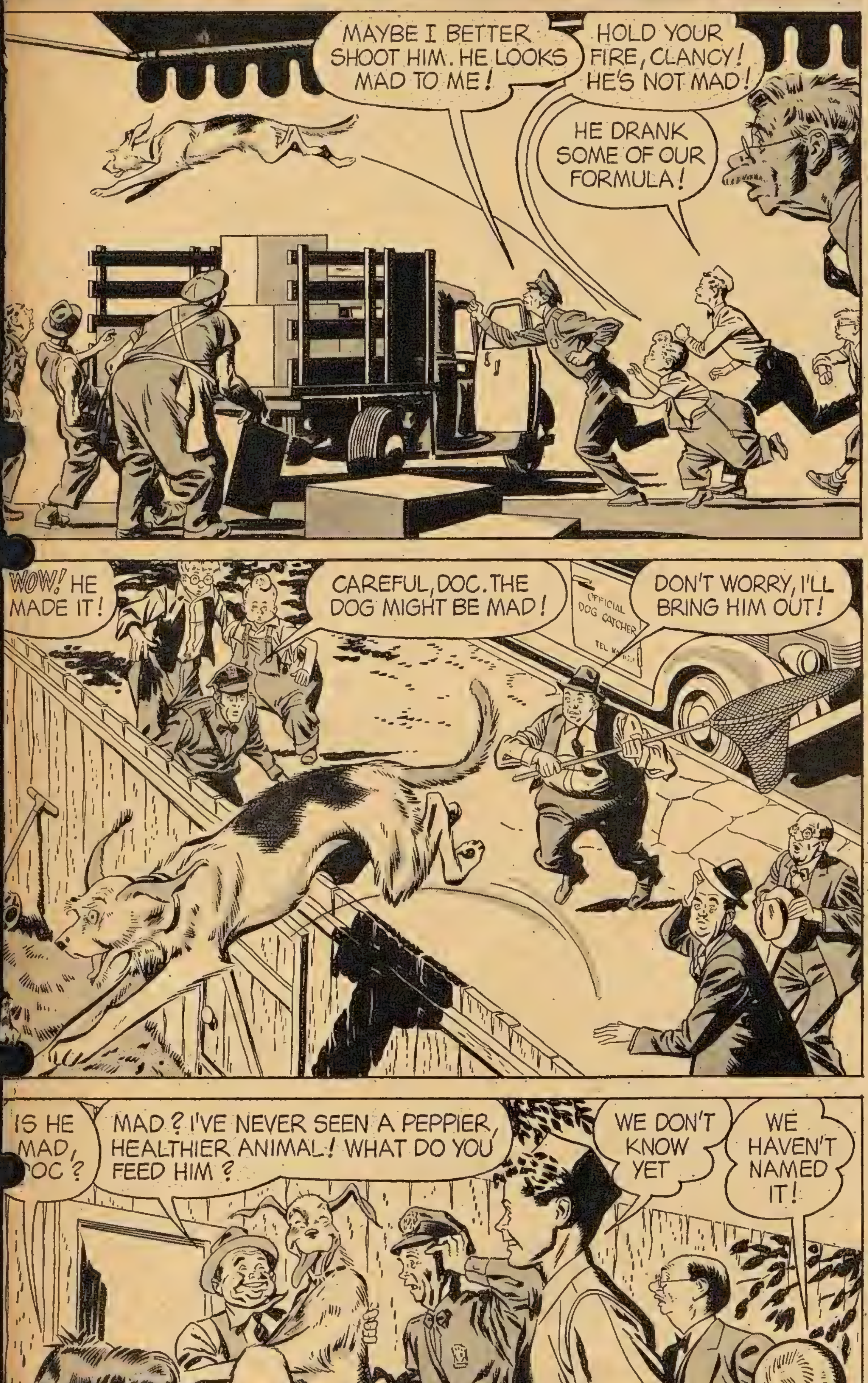
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE THROPP


OZZIE HAS JUST FED WILBUR'S DOG SAMSON SOME OF THE SECRET FORMULA
AM I CRAZY OR IS THAT DOG JUMPING THROUGH MY WINDOW?
YOU'RE NOT CRAZY, BUT THE DOG IS!
NAB HIM, CLANCY I'LL GET THE DOG CATCHER!
THIS IS MY STREET! HE'S RUNNING FOR HOME!
RUNNING? THAT DOG'S FLYING!
HE'LL NEVER GET OVER OUR BACK FENCE! IT'S EIGHT FEET HIGH!
HERE COMES DOC JONES AND THE DOG WAGON!
TUBVILLE PO
IF THAT DOG'S MAD, IT'S THE CLINK FOR YOU, BROTHER!
AND THE END OF YOUR IDIOTIC FORMULA TOO!
NONSENSE, PATER. OUR FORMULA COULDN'T HURT A FLY!
MAYBE NOT, BUT SURE HURTS DO
HERE COMES DOC JONES.

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


MAYBE I BETTER SHOOT HIM. HE LOOKS MAD TO ME!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, CLANCY! HE'S NOT MAD!
HE DRANK SOME OF OUR FORMULA!
WOW! HE MADE IT!
CAREFUL, DOC. THE DOG MIGHT BE MAD!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL BRING HIM OUT!
OFFICIAL DOG CATCHER
IS HE MAD, DOC?
MAD? I'VE NEVER SEEN A PEPPIER, HEALTHIER ANIMAL! WHAT DO YOU FEED HIM?
WE DON'T KNOW YET
WE HAVEN'T NAMED IT!

Continued next week

MELODY ON A PERCH

Continued from Page 32

warblers, and rollers. Choppers do all their singing with the beak wide open, and sing loudly. Rollers sing an entire song with the beak closed, and their song is always soft and well modulated. Warblers are choppers that have roller notes.

Rollers are generally conceded to be the most accomplished artists of the canary world. Even chopper fanatics have been converted once they have heard a really fine roller sing. And in a roller song show, looks don't count. The birds are judged solely on the quality of their songs. It often happens that a big, flashing, bright-yellow bird is hopelessly outclassed by a somber little brown-clad singer eight or nine cages away.

ALL roller canaries in shows are scored for ten tours, a tour being a bar of notes rendered at a certain pitch, speed, and key. The various tours of roller canaries are so finely drawn that they can be detected and properly evaluated only by a judge who has had at least ten years of experience and training. There are usually 500 canaries—125 teams of four birds each—in competition at a roller song show. The tours upon which they are judged are the hollow roll, the bass, the glucke, the water glucke, the hollow bell, the schockel, the water roll, the flute, the bell roll, and the bell tour. It isn't enough just to have all these tours in their repertoire; the birds are judged on the perfection with which they execute them. And, of course, practically no canary can sing all tours perfectly or even possess all.

It's a safe bet that any breeder or fancier would give his finest clutch of prize eggs and mortgage the old homestead as well to come by a bird that could sing kohler. That's a combination of three tours, and is the true lost chord. Roller canaries used to sing it, but for some unknown reason no longer do so. Nor, despite the fact that canary songs have been immeasurably improved, can this lost tour be bred back into them. Some day, in some fledgling that even now may be in the nest, it might reappear. If it does, provided he can use that bird as a breeder to transmit the ability, the fancier who finds it will make a tidy fortune.

Even if they never made a nickel, most canary fanciers would be in the game because they have a love for birds. Due to the growing demand for canaries, however, most of them manage to show some profit and a few do very well. One breeder, for instance, who raises about 150 canaries a year during his spare time, says he has no difficulty in disposing of them at an average price of twenty dollars each. But that is an exceptionally high return. The cost of raising each bird is about a dollar.

Another breeder sells fifty males

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"My goodness! I've never seen him take to anyone so!" LIBERTY

a year for an average of about eight dollars each, and fifty hens for a dollar fifty each. His expenses come to about ninety dollars. But he still realizes a nice enough profit, and besides, a canary breeder counts the time spent with his birds as pleasure anyway.

Only the finest birds bring such fancy prices as $100 and $200. Thus, the breeder who raises 150 birds might, at the very most, have five for which he can ask, and get, $100 each. He may have one worth $200, but only an expert can know whether or not birds are worth that much.

THERE has always been a good deal of controversy about the merits of German-bred canaries as compared to those raised here. And, contrary to popular belief, there are not and never have been wild canaries in Germany. The famous Harz Mountain canaries are merely domesticated birds that have been bred by German peasants either in or out of the Harz Mountains. The popular conception of hardy Germans trapping canaries in the mountains is just another fairy tale. But it's the custom to call any imported canary a Harz Mountain bird because that's a popular name and they are supposed to be superior. American-bred birds are every bit as good, and in many cases better than imported ones.

Canaries are as many sided as humans when it comes to temperament. Some are pugnacious, some sullen, some moody, and some playful. Many show an amusing tendency to imitate their owners. One temperamental bird owned by an actress refused to sing unless it had at least an audience of five admiring people grouped about its cage.

Anyone with the necessary patience can make a fascinating pet of a canary. For example, one bird, allowed the run of the house, was taught to perch on the headboard of the bed promptly at seven o'clock every morning to awaken its owner with a song. Some have been taught to do such tricks as pulling a tiny cart, climbing ladders, and even "driving" miniature autos.

The birds also are particular and varied in their feeding habits and require proper care to survive. The best way to make sure your canary is properly fed is to consult the breeder from whom you bought it. He'll tell you that one of the first requisites is fresh water, for canaries drink little but often.

As for the proper diet, some commercial foods are good. A commercial song restorer, however, is simply a collection of choice seeds which your canary should have been getting in any case. The real meat and potatoes of a canary's diet is seed from the rape plant that grows throughout the northern United States. The birds also need various other kinds of seed, as well as fruits and greens.

If they get their favorite food in over-large amounts they'll eat only that particular food. So it is necessary that the feeding cup should always have the correct proportions of all foods; then the birds will have to eat what's good for them after they've finished what they like. And their feeding habits must be watched. Sometimes a bird may husk its seeds and spit the ejected husks back into the feeding cup. An owner, looking into the cup, might think it full of food when it contains only husks. Many a prized and loved bird has starved to death for this reason. Except when molting, the birds will sing well if fed properly.

Canaries in the southern part of the United States begin their mating about February 15, and in the more northerly climates about March 15. At mating time, the males will sing harshly to impress the females with their own hardihood and toughness. And they'll sing throughout a greater part of the day. The females chatter back at them and are interested in feathers, bits of string, hair, anything that will make a nest. A male and female, in different cages, will be brought close to each other. Finally, after they've had time to become acquainted, the female is put into the male's cage.

The female lays her eggs in the nest provided for that purpose. Four is a normal clutch, but canaries do lay as many as seven. The female broods the eggs, which hatch in thirteen days. A canary is mature and ready for a cage of its own when it is twenty-six days old.

IT is paradoxical that they must be taught to sing. And by exercising much patience, a bird inclined that way can be taught to whistle an entire tune.Fittingly enough, the easiest song for any American-bred canary to learn is Yankee Doodle. But they'll pick up and repeat any catchy simple tune.

At first, however, young canaries are usually placed in a room dominated by an old and experienced singer noted for his purity of tone. Blinds are placed around their cages so that no one bird can see another. They are inclined to be pugnacious, and sight of another male might make them feel like fighting rather than like singing. As long as they cannot see the tutor bird they will ape his notes. But the tutor must be selected with great care, because the students will also imitate harsh or discordant notes, and the quality of his song is what gives a canary value. Of course all do not learn to sing equally well. But by selecting and breeding from the best, some famous strains of canaries have been developed.

Jensen's Minnehaha birds are an example; so are the Gross and Seifert strains. And the people who have developed such strains, or those who breed them, will give you exactly what they say they're giving and what you pay for. A safe way to buy a singing canary is to get in touch with the secretary of any canary club and be referred to a reliable breeder.

Most people who sell canaries have no desire to cheat. It used to be otherwise; those with itching palms would trap birds of almost any kind and sell them as guaranteed singers. Finally, federal laws put a stop to all traffic in native songbirds.

However, it is a fact that some pet shops, department stores, and other places that offer canaries for sale do not always know what they're selling. A breeder calls up, says he has such and such a number of male birds, and accepts a price for the lot. The birds in it may range anywhere from ten months to sixteen years old, and anybody who buys one of the latter cannot expect it to live very long. There is at least one instance of an eighteen-year-old bird being in full song, but eighteen years is very old for a canary.

The best age for a home pet is between eight months and one year. Birds so young have not attained the height of their singing powers, but they have a long life expectancy and adjust themselves more easily. If you wish to be certain of the age of the bird you're buying, don't buy any unless it has a leg band. The year of birth is always stamped on that.

Otherwise the canary you buy is wholly a matter of your own discretion. If the song of any particular bird sounds nice to you, that's the one you should have. Of course other factors may influence your purchase. And you'll be better satisfied if you study your bird's personality as well as its song before you buy.

Don't feel sorry for your bird because he's in a cage. Most canaries will respond in exact measure to the care and affection you may see fit to give them. As one prominent breeder put it, "Canaries sing best when they're happiest."

THE END

$25 PER MONTH PER HOUSE

Continued from Page 18

them at the end of the amortization. This amount, plus the annual service fees over the years, pays the city many times what it might have received in current taxes for the three municipally owned lots we used as building sites," Mr. Boyd says.

The seven years the Princeton project has been in operation, and the six years the New Brunswick apartments have been occupied, have been ample time to show that the Lambert plan of financing provides sufficient monies to pay interest and amortize the principal of the investment, to pay insurance, management, and maintenance costs, and to accumulate a balance in the maintenance account for the years ahead when greater costs may be expected in refurnishing and repairs. However, the features of construction of the buildings are such that costs, even in the latter years of the amortization period, should not be too great.

A major reason for low maintenance costs is the co-operation of the tenants. They are proud of their homes and appreciative of the low rents they pay.

There have been few changes in tenancy in the six years the New Brunswick apartments have been occupied, and not one was due to ejection for nonpayment of rent or for damaging property. The low rent has permitted several of the tenants to save money toward buying a home of their own, and a survey reveals that several of the younger couples plan to build houses for themselves when materials are available in greater quantity and costs have come down.

The tenants are happy in their cheerful apartments. They pay a rent which fits their income and leaves funds for other living expenses. The investors are gratified to be receiving 4 per cent tax-exempt interest on the money they have in the New Brunswick project; the municipality feels it has made a good move in the agreement with the Housing Authority by which it receives the annual cash service fee and will be given the housing properties just twenty-two years from this summer.

The present interest in housing has brought two separate delegations from Worcester, Massachusetts, to New Jersey to study the New Brunswick and Princeton programs. Other inquiries on the financing and building-construction plans have been received from communities half across the continent. The information requested is provided free of charge.

All communities seeking data on the plan have pointed out to them that building and labor costs are higher today than they were just before the war. But neither materials nor labor costs—and union labor was used exclusively in both Princeton and New Brunswick—have doubled in the past six or seven years.

Even if the costs should be 50 per cent greater than they were, the rents would have to be only $37.50 a month; if they should jump to 100 per cent, the rent would still be only $50. But who wouldn't be glad to pay $37.50 or even $50 for a new four-rooms-and-bath apartment in this day of housing shortages?

THE END

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AUG. 3, 1946

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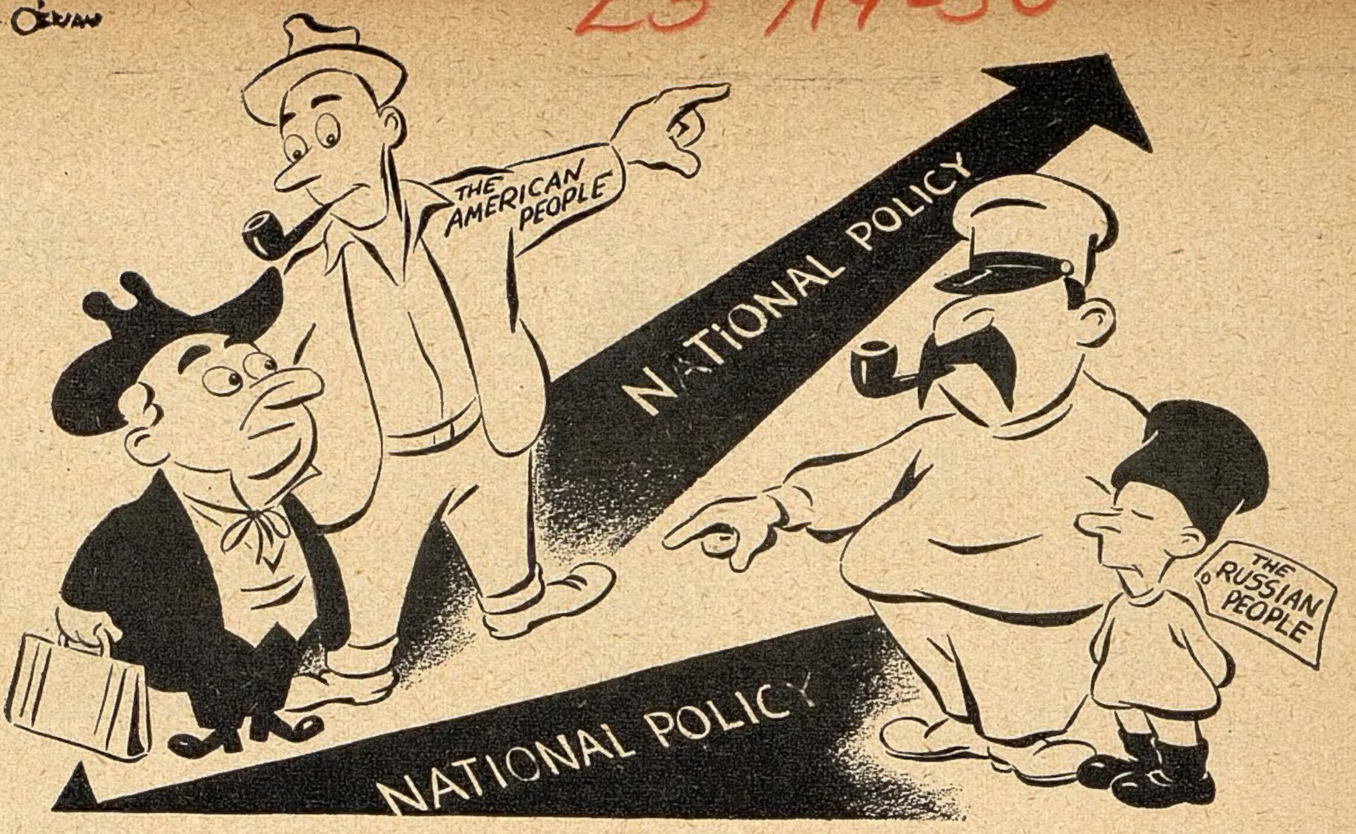

The essential difference.

IS IT PLANNED DISCORD?

THE consistency and regularity with which Soviet Russia disagrees with the Western powers on nearly every topic seems to many people to amount almost to a set policy. No sooner does the United States or Britain offer an idea on any world problem than the Russians leap, automatically it seems, to the opposite view. If this is Russian policy, it is time we fathomed its purpose.

We must remember that in America, and in Britain too, national policy stems directly from the democratic process. The wishes of the people govern the actions of the government. Neither country could go to war except in self-defense. The people would not support aggression and conquest. We would turn out of office any government headed in that direction.

In Soviet Russia the people do not rule. They are ruled. The Russian people themselves have no wish for war or no desire to seize what does not belong to them, but unfortunately they have nothing to say about it. They obey leaders who feed them such information as they want them to know, and only such information. The Russian people can be thrust into a war in the firm belief they are fighting in self-defense when actually their leaders are bent on conquest.

For months the Russians have been getting all their international news well doctored up. The Russian people believe, because they have no means of knowing otherwise, that Fascism is rampant in the United States; that a strong movement is afoot to make slaves of American working people; that America is bent on imperialism and conquest; that the Ku Klux Klan is a dominant force in American life, and that a violent class struggle rages here.

On the other hand, conditions in Russia itself as revealed to the average citizen through his press and radio are presented as idyllic by comparison. Peace and plenty are about to descend upon the Russian people if only the Fascist and imperialist designs of the United States and Great Britain can be thwarted. Russia is depicted as the home of progress and righteousness which the noble and powerful Red Army is only too ready and willing to defend.

Whatever the reason behind this promotion of turmoil abroad and nationalism at home, we may as well recognize the fact that complete trust and co-operation with Russia is impossible as long as that nation remains a dictatorship of the few. Even if the present members of the group are peace-loving, there is no assurance that their successors, when they come along, will be equally so.

The only assurance of peace lies in the will of peoples themselves, when it can prevail, because it is a fact that the people of no nation want war.

This does not mean that we can or should concern ourselves with changing the complexion of Russian politics. However, until the policy of Russia's rulers becomes clear, we must be prepared for disagreement and perhaps to defend our interests if necessary.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
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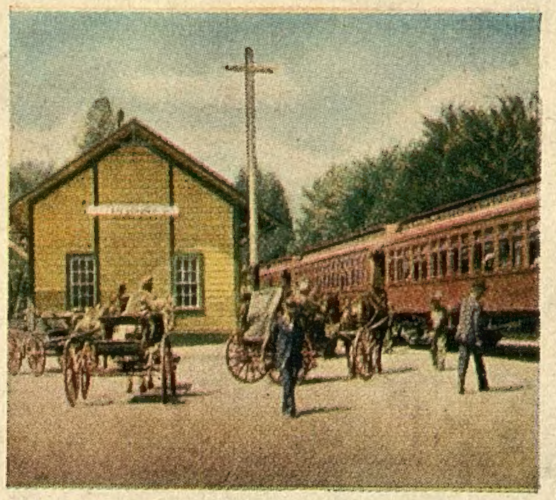

1900 **Medical research** had helped extend the average man's life to 49 years. Lister had pioneered in antisepsis—Pasteur in anti-toxins. Research was winning the fight against epidemics. (And the name Corby's was entering its 42nd year of Canadian fame.)

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